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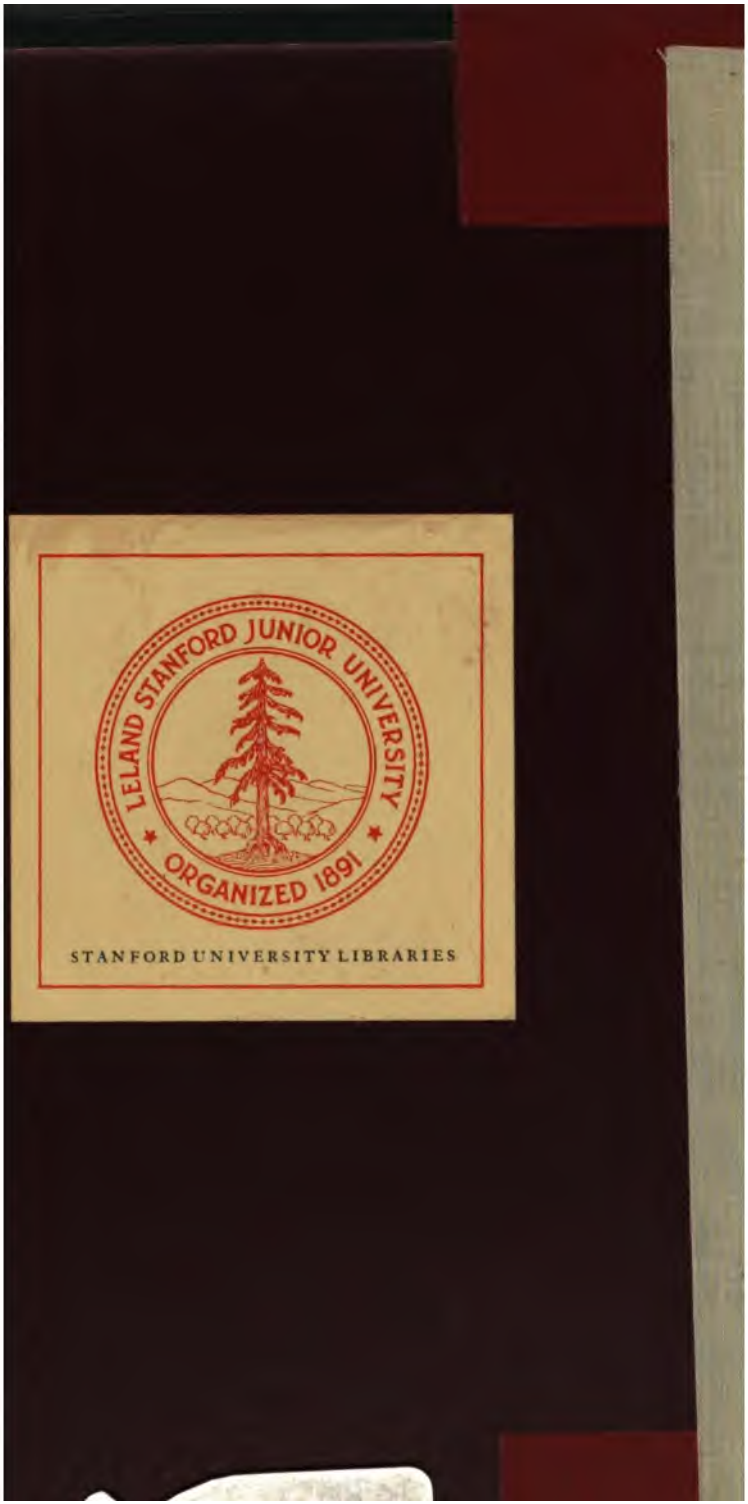
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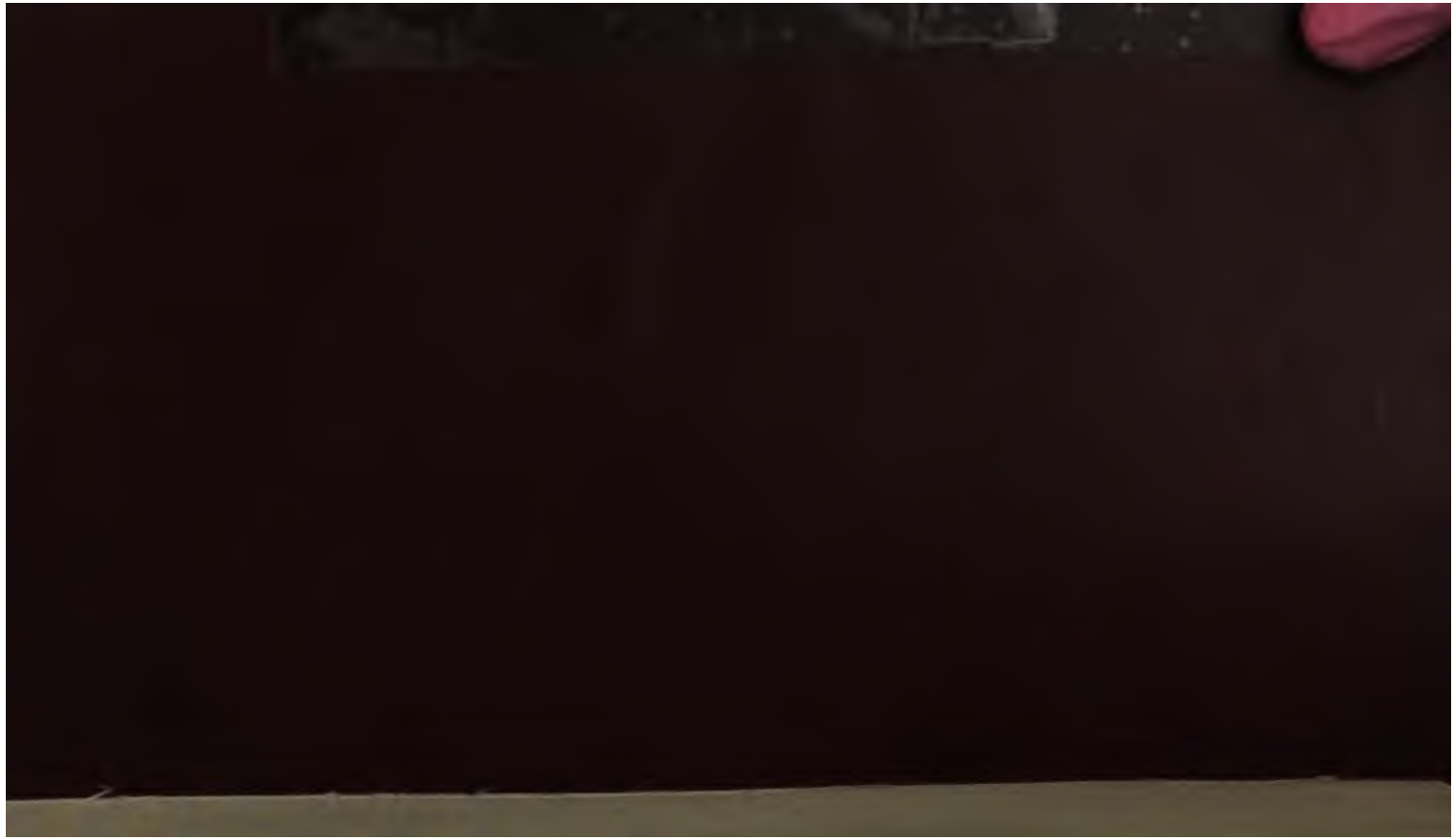

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The English Dramatists

THOMAS MIDDLETON

VOLUME THE EIGHTH

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Three hundred and fifty copies of this Edition have been printed and the type distributed. *No more will be published.*

THE BLACK BOOK.

The Blacke Booke. London, Printed by T. C. for Jeffrey Chorlton. 1604. 4to.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER;

OR,

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF THIS BOOK.

To all those that are truly virtuous, and can touch pitch and yet never defile themselves; read the mischievous lives and pernicious practices of villains, and yet be never the worse at the end of the book, but rather confirmed the more in their honest estates and the uprightness of their virtues;—to such I dedicate myself, the wholesome intent of my labours, the modesty of my phrases, that even blush when they discover vices and unmask the world's shadowed villanies: and I account him as a traitor to virtue, who, diving into the deep of this cunning age, and finding there such monsters of nature, such speckled lumps of poison as panders, harlots, and ruffians do figure, if he rise up silent again, and neither discover or publish them to the civil rank of sober and continent livers, who thereby may shun those two devouring gulfs, to wit, of deceit and luxury,[1] which

[1] Lust.

swallow up more mortals than Scylla and Charybdis, those two cormorants and Woolners[1] of the sea, one tearing, the other devouring. Wherefore I freely persuade myself, no virtuous spirit or judicial worthy but will approve my politic moral, where, under the shadow of the devil's legacies, or his bequeathing to villains, I strip their villanies naked, and bare the infectious bulks[2] of craft, cozenage, and panderism, the three bloodhounds of a commonwealth. And thus far I presume that none will or can except at this—which I call the Black Book, because it doubly damns the devil—but some tainted harlot, noseless bawd, obscene ruffian, and such of the same black nature and filthy condition, that poison the towardly spring of gentility, and corrupt with the mud of mischiefs the pure and clear streams of a kingdom. And to spurgall such, who reads me shall know I dare; for I fear neither the ratsbane of a harlot nor the poniard of a villain.

T. M.

---

[1] Richard Woolner, of Windsor, was a notorious glutton, who, after safely digesting iron, glass, and oyster-shells, at length "by eating a raw eel was overmastered." See Reed's note in Dyce's *Webster*, 1 vol. ed., p. 25.

[2] Bodies.

A MORAL.

LUCIFER *ascending, as Prologue to his own Play.*

Now is hell landed here upon the earth,[1]
When Lucifer, in limbs of burning gold,
Ascends this dusty theatre of the world,
To join his powers; and, were it number'd well,
There are more devils on earth than are in hell.
Hence springs my damnèd joy; my tortur'd spleen
Melts into mirthful humour at this fate,
That heaven is hung so high, drawn up so far,
And made so fast, nail'd up with many a star;
And hell the very shop-board[1] of the earth,
Where, when I cut out souls, I throw the shreds
And the white linings of a new-soil'd spirit,
Pawn'd to luxurious[2] and adulterous merit.
Yea, that's the sin, and now it takes her turn,
For which the world shall like a strumpet burn;
And for an instance to fire false embraces,
I make the world burn now in secret places:
I haunt invisible corners as a spy,
And in adulterous circles there rise I;

---

[1] The allusion is to the "tailor's hell"—the hole under the shop-board where tailors deposited odd pieces of cloth.

[2] Lustful.

There am I conjur'd up through hot desire,
And where hell rises, there must needs be fire.
And now that I have vaulted up so high
Above the stage-rails of this earthen globe,
I must turn actor and join companies,
To share my comic sleek-ey'd villanies;
For I must weave a thousand ills in one,
To please my black and burnt affection.
Why, every term-time I come up to throw[1]
Dissension betwixt ploughmen that should sow
The field's vast womb, and make the harvest grow:
So comes it oft to pass dear years befall,
When ploughmen leave the field to till the Hall;[2]
Thus famine and bleak dearth do greet the land,
When the plough's held between a lawyer's hand.
I fat with joy to see how the poor swains
Do box their country thighs, carrying their packets
Of writings, yet can neither read nor write:
They're like to candles, if they had no light;
For they are dark within in sense and judgment
As is the Hole[3] at Newgate; and their thoughts
Are, like the men that lie there, without spirit.
This strikes my black soul into ravishing music,
To see swains plod and shake their ignorant skulls;
For they are nought but skull, their brain but burr,
Wanting wit's marrow and the sap of judgment;
And how they grate with their hard naily soles
The stones in Fleet-street, and strike fire in Paul's;

[1] Old ed. "sowe." [2] Westminster Hall,—the Law Courts.
[3] See note 3, vol. i. p. 192.

Nay, with their heavy trot and iron stalk,
They have worn off the brass in the Mid-walk.[1]
But let these pass for bubbles, and so die,
For I rise now to breathe my legacy,
And make my last will, which, I know, shall stand
As long as bawd or villain strides the land.
For which I'll turn my shape quite out of verse,
Mov'd with the Supplication[2] of poor Pierce,
That writ so rarely villanous from hence
For spending-money to my excellence;
Gave me my titles freely;[3] for which giving,
I rise now to take order for his living.
The black Knight[4] of the post shortly returns

[1] See note, vol. i. p. 219.

[2] *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell*, 1592,—a famous tract by Thomas Nashe.

[3] An allusion to the whimsical dedication of *Pierce Pennilesse*, "To the high and mightie Prince of darknesse, Donsell dell Lucifer, King of Acheron, Stix and Phlegeton, Duke of Tartary, Marquesse of Cocytus, and Lord high Regent of Lymbo."—Grosart's *Nashe*, ii. 21.

[4] See note 1, vol. i. p. 98. "Nash makes Pierce commit his Supplication to the care of a knight of the post, who describes himself to be 'a fellow that wil sweare you any thing for twelue pence, but indeed I am a spirit in nature and essence, that take vpon me this humane shape, onely to set men together by the eares, and send soules by millions to hell.' *Pierce Pennilesse*, &c., sig. B. ed. 1595.

"In 'A priuate Epistle to the Printer,' originally prefixed to the second ed. of the tract just quoted, the author tells him that 'if my leysure were such as I could wish, I might haps (halfe a yeare hence) write the returne of the Knight of the Post from hell, with the Diuels answere to the Supplication.' Sig. A 2, ed. 1595. What Nash wanted time or inclination to do, was attempted by others after his decease: a writer, who professes to have been his 'intimate and near companion,' put forth *The Returne of the Knight of the Post from Hell*, 1606; and Dekker published a pamphlet, of the same date, called *Newes from*

From hell, where many a tobacconist burns,
With news to smoky gallants, riotous heirs,
Strumpets that follow theatres and fairs,
Gilded-nos'd usurers, base-metall'd panders,
To copper-captains and Pict-hatch [1] commanders,
To all infectious catchpolls through the town,
The very speckled vermin of a crown:
To these and those and every damnèd one
I'll bequeath legacies to thrive upon;
Amongst the which I'll give for his redress
A standing pension to Pierce Pennyless.

Hell, Brought by the Diuells Carrier, the running title of which is *The Diuels Answere to Pierce Pennylesse."—Dyce.*

[1] A notorious brothel in or near Turnmill Street, Clerkenwell.

THE BLACK BOOK.

—o—

No sooner was *Pierce Pennyless* breathed forth, but I, the light-burning sergeant, Lucifer, quenched my fiery shape, and whipt into a constable's night-gown, the cunningest habit that could be, to search tipsy taverns, roosting inns, and frothy alehouses; when calling together my worshipful bench of bill-men,[1] I proceeded toward Pict-hatch, intending to begin there first, which (as I may fitly name it) is the very skirts of all brothel-houses. The watchmen, poor night-crows, followed, and thought still they had had the constable by the hand, when they had the devil by the gown-sleeve. At last, I looking up to the casements of every suspected mansion, and spying a light twinkling between hope and desperation, guessed it to be some sleepy snuff, ever and anon winking and nodding in the socket of a candlestick, as if the flame had been a-departing from the greasy body of Simon Snuff the stinkard. Whereupon I, the black constable, commanded my white guard not only to assist

[1] Watchmen,—who were armed with bills (pikes with hooked points).

my office with their brown bills, but to raise up the house extempory: with that, the dreadful watchmen, having authority standing by them, thundered at the door, whilst the candle lightened in the chamber; and so between thundering and lightening, the bawd risse,[1] first putting the snuff to an untimely death, a cruel and a lamentable murder, and then, with her fat-sagg chin[2] hanging down like a cow's udder, lay reeking out at the window, demanding the reason why they did summon a parley. I told her in plain terms that I had a warrant to search from the sheriff of Limbo.[3] How? from the sheriff of Lime-street? replied mistress wimble-chin (for so she understood the word Limbo, as if Limbo had been Latin for Lime-street); why then all the doors of my house shall fly open and receive you, master constable. With that, as being the watchword, two or three vaulted out of their beds at once, one swearing, stocks and stones, he could not find his stockings, other that they could not hit upon their false bodies, when to speak troth and shame myself, they were then as close to their flesh as they could, and never put them off since they were twelve year old. At last they shuffled up, and were shut out at the back part, as I came in at the north part. Up the stairs I went to examine the feather-beds, and carry the

---

[1] Rose.

[2] The same elegant image occurs in *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, vol. v. p. 37:—

"The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,
Their chins will hang like udders by Easter-eve."

See note on that passage.

[3] The scholastic term for the confines of hell.

sheets before the justice, for there was none else then to carry; only the floor was strewed with busk-points,[1] silk garters, and shoe-strings, scattered here and there for haste to make away from me, and the farther such run, the nearer they come to me. Then another door opening rearward, there came puffing out of the next room a villanous lieutenant without a band, as if he had been new cut down, like one at Wapping,[2] with his cruel[3] garters about his neck, which fitly resembled two of Derrick's[4] necklaces. He had a head of hair like one of my devils in *Doctor Faustus*,[5] when the old theatre cracked and frighted the audience: his brow was made of coarse bran, as if all the flour had been bolted out to make honester men, so ruggedly moulded with chaps and crevices, that I wonder how it held together, had it not been pasted with villany: his eyebrows jetted out like the round casement of an alderman's dining-room, which made his eyes look as if they had been both dammed in his head; for if so be two souls had been so far sunk into hell-pits, they would never have walked abroad again: his nostrils were cousin-germans to coral, though of a softer condition and of a more relenting

[1] The tagged laces that fastened the *busks* (pieces of whalebone worn down the front of the stays to keep them straight).

[2] Wapping was the usual place of execution for pirates. See Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, xi. 188.

[3] "We have the same pun in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, act i. sc. 1, and elsewhere. *Crewel* means a finer kind of yarn."—*Dyce.*

[4] Derrick was the common hangman in the early part of the 17th century.

[5] The allusion is, of course, to Marlowe's play.

humour: his crow-black muchatoes[1] were almost half an ell from one end to the other, as though they would whisper him in the ear about a cheat or a murder; and his whole face in general was more detestable ugly than the visage of my grim porter Cerberus, which showed that all his body besides was made of filthy dust and sea-coal ashes: a down countenance he had, as if he would have looked thirty mile into hell, and seen Sisyphus rolling, and Ixion spinning and reeling. Thus in a pair of hoary slippers, his stockings dangling about his wrists, and his red buttons like foxes out of their holes, he began, like the true champion of a vaulting-house,[2] first to fray me with the bugbears of his rough-cast beard, and then to sound base in mine ears like the bear-garden drum; and this was the humour he put on, and the very apparel of his phrases: Why, master constable, dare you balk us in our own mansion, ha? What! is not our house our Cole-harbour,[3] our castle of come-down and lie-down? Must my honest wedded punk here, my glory-fat Audrey,[4] be taken napping, and raised up by the thunder of bill-men? Are we disannulled of our first sleep, and cheated of our dreams and fantasies? Is there not law too for stealing away a man's slumbers, as well as for sheets off from hedges? Come you to search an honest bawdy-house, this seven and twenty years in

[1] A pair of mustachios.

[2] Brothel.

[3] See note 2, vol. ii. p. 277.

[4] "'Heres fine Backon Sister its *glore Fat.*' *Yorkshire Dialogue*, p. 44 (appended to *The Praise of Yorkshire Ale*, 1697), the *Clavis* to which has '*Glore fat* is very fat.'"—*Dyce.*

fame and shame? Go to, then, you shall search, nay my very boots too; are you well now? the least hole in my house too; are you pleased now? Can we not take our ease in our inn,[1] but we must come out so quickly? Naud,[2] go to bed, sweet Naud; thou wilt cool thy grease anon, and make thy fat cake. This said, by the virtue and vice of my office I commanded my bill-men down stairs; when in a twinkling discovering myself a little, as much as might serve to relish me, and show what stuff I was made of, I came and kissed the bawd, hugged her excellent villanies and cunning rare conveyances;[3] then turning myself, I threw mine arms, like a scarf or bandileer,[4] cross the lieutenant's melancholy bosom, embraced his resolute phrases and his dissolute humours, highly commending the damnable trade and detestable course of their living, so excellent-filthy and so admirable-villanous. Whereupon this lieutenant of Pict-hatch fell into deeper league and farther acquaintance with the blackness of my bosom, sometimes calling me master Lucifer the head-borough, sometimes master Devillin the little black constable. Then telling me he heard from Limbo the second of the last month, and that he had the letter to show, where they were all very merry; marry, as he told me, there were some of his friends in Phlegethon troubled with the heart-burning; yea, and with the soul-burning

[1] A proverbial expression.—See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*, *s.* INN.
[2] Contraction of Audrey.
[3] Tricks, cozenage.
[4] "A broad belt of leather, worn by a musqueteer, over the left shoulder, to which were hung, besides other implements, ten or twelve small cylindrical boxes, each containing a charge of powder."—*Nares.*

too, thought I, though thou little dreamest of the torment: then complaining to me of their bad takings all the last plaguy summer,[1] that there was no stirrings, and therefore undone for want of doings: whereupon, after many such inductions to bring the scene of his poverty upon the stage, he desired, in cool terms, to borrow some forty pence of me. I, stuft with anger at that base and lazy petition, knowing that a right true villain and an absolute practised pander could not want silver damnation, but, living upon the revenues of his wits, might purchase the devil and all, half-conquered with rage, thus I replied to his baseness: Why, for shame! a bawd and poor? why then, let usurers go a-begging, or, like an old Greek, stand in Paul's with a porringer; let brokers become whole honest then, and remove to heaven out of Houndsditch; lawyers turn feeless, and take ten of a poor widow's tears for ten shillings; merchants never forswear themselves, whose great perjured oaths a' land turn to great winds and cast away their ships at sea, which false perfidious tempest splits their ships abroad and their souls at home, making the one take salt water and the other salt fire; let mercers then have conscionable thumbs when they measure out that smooth glittering devil, satin,[2] and that old reveller, velvet, in the days of Monsieur,[3] both which have devoured many an honest field of wheat and barley, that hath been metamorphosed and changed into white money. Pooh, these are but little wonders, and may be easily possible in the

[1] The plague raged fiercely in 1603. Dekker's *Wonderful Year* gives a vivid picture of the havoc that was wrought.

[2] A play on the words *satin* and *Satan*.

[3] See note 2, vol. iii. p. 321.

working. A usurer to cry bread and meat is not a thing impossible; for indeed your greatest usurer is your greatest beggar, wanting as well that which he hath as that which he hath not; then who can be a greater beggar? He will not have his house smell like a cook's shop, and therefore takes an order no meat shall be dressed in it: and because there was an house upon Fish-street-hill burnt to the ground once, he can abide by no means to have a fire in his chimney ever since. To the confirming of which I will insert here a pretty conceit of a nimble-witted gentlewoman, that was worthy to be ladified for the jest; who, entering into a usurer's house in London to take up money upon unmerciful interest for the space of a twelvemonth, was conducted through two or three hungry rooms into a fair dining-room by a lenten-faced fellow, the usurer's man, whose nose showed as if it had been made of hollow pasteboard, and his cheeks like two thin pancakes clapt together; a pitiful knave he was, and looked for all the world as if meal had been at twenty shillings a bushel. The gentlewoman being placed in this fair room to await the usurer's leisure, who was casting up ditches of gold in his counting-house, and being almost frozen with standing—for it was before Candlemas frost-bitten term — ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where she saw a pair of corpulent, gigantical andirons,[1] that stood like two burgomasters, at both corners, a hearth briskly dressed up, and a great cluster

[1] "The ornamental irons on each side of the hearth in old houses, which were accompanied with small rests for the ends of the logs."—*Halliwell.*

of charcoal piled up together like black puddings, which lay for a dead fire, and in the dining-room too: the gentlewoman, wondering it was so long a-kindling, at last she caught the miserable conceit of it, and calling her man to her, bade him seek out for a piece of chalk, or some peeling of a white wall, whilst in the meantime she conceited the device; when, taking up the six former[1] coals, one after another, she chalked upon each of them a satirical letter; which six were these,

T. D. C. R. U. S.;

explained thus,

These dead coals
Resemble usurers' souls.

Then placing them in the same order again, turning the chalked sides inward to try conclusions which, as it happened, made up the jest the better: by that time the usurer had done amongst his golden heaps, and entertaining the gentlewoman with a cough a quarter of an hour long, at last, after a rotten hawk and a hem, he began to spit and speak to her. To conclude; she was furnished of the money for a twelvemonth, but upon large security and most tragical usury. When, keeping her day the twelvemonth after, coming to repay both the money and the breed of it—for interest may well be called the usurer's bastard—she found the hearth dressed up in the same order, with a dead fire of charcoal again, and yet the Thames was half-frozen at that time with the

[1] "Former coals"=the pieces of coal that came first to hand.

bitterness of the season: when turning the foremost rank of coals, determining again, as it seemed, to draw some pretty knavery upon them too, she spied all those six letters which she chalked upon them the twelvemonth before, and never a one stirred or displaced; the strange sight of which made her break into these words:—Is it possible, quoth she, a usurer should burn so little here, and so much in hell? or is it the cold property of these coals to be above a twelvemonth a-kindling? So much to show the frozen charity of a usurer's chimney.

And then a broker to be an honest soul, that is, to take but sixpence a-month, and threepence for the bill-making; a devil of a very good conscience! Possible too to have a lawyer bribeless and without fee, if his clientess, or female client, please his eye well: a merchant to wear a suit of perjury but once a quarter or so,—mistake me not, I mean not four times an hour; that shift were too short, he could not put it on so soon, I think: and, lastly, not impossible for a mercer to have a thumb in folio, like one of the biggest of the guard, and so give good and very bountiful measure. But, which is most impossible, to be a right bawd and poor—it strikes my spleen into dulness, and turns all my blood into cool lead. Wherefore was vice ordained but to be rich, shining, and wealthy, seeing virtue, her opponent, is poor, ragged, and needy? Those that are poor are timorous-honest and foolish-harmless; as your carolling shepherds, whistling ploughmen, and such of the same innocent rank, that never relish the black juice of villany, never taste the red food of murder, or the damnable

suckets of luxury:[1] whereas a pander is the very oil of villains and the syrup of rogues; of excellent rogues, I mean, such as have purchased five hundreds a-year by the talent of their villany. How many such gallants do I know, that live only upon the revenue of their wits! some whose brains are above an hundred mile about; and those are your geometrical thieves, which may fitly be called so, because they measure the highways with false gallops, and therefore are heirs of more acres than five-and-fifty elder brothers: sometimes they are clerks of Newmarket Heath,[2] sometimes the sheriffs of Salisbury Plain; and another time they commit brothelry, when they make many a man stand at Hockley-in-the-Hole. These are your great head landlords indeed, which call the word *robbing* the gathering in of their rents, and name all passengers their tenants-at-will.

Another set of delicate knaves there are, that dive into deeds and writings of lands left to young gullfinches, poisoning the true sense and intent of them with the merciless antimony of the Common Law, and so by some

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[1] Lust.

[2] Cf. Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, ii. 15):—"As for me I live secure from all such perturbations: for (thanks be to God) I am *Vacuus Viator* and care not though I meet the *Commissioners of Newmarket Heath* at high midnight." See also Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, iv. 4:—"Why, I tell you, sir, he has been the only Bid-stand that ever kept Newmarket, Salisbury Plain, Hockley i' the Hole, Gad's-hill; and all the high places of any request; . . . he has done five hundred robberies in his time, more or less, I assure you."

[3] So the lawyer in *The World tost at Tennis*:—

> "I grant my pills are bitter, ay, and costly.
> . . . . . .
> I grant there's bitter egrimony in 'em,
> And antimony."

crafty clau[s]e or two shove the true foolish owners quite beside the saddle of their patrimonies, and then they hang only by the stirrups, that is, by the cold alms and frozen charity of the gentlemen-defeaters, who—if they take after me, their great grandfather—will rather stamp them down in the deep mire of poverty than bolster up their heads with a poor wisp of charity. Such as these corrupt the true meanings of last wills and testaments, and turn legacies the wrong way, wresting them quite awry, like Grantham steeple.[1]

The third rank, quainter than the former, presents us with the race of lusty vaulting gallants, that, instead of a French horse, practise upon their mistresses all the nimble tricks of vaulting, and are worthy to be made dukes for doing the somerset so lively. This nest of gallants, for the natural parts that are in them, are maintained by their drawn-work dames and their embroidered mistresses, and can dispend their two thousand a-year out of other men's coffers; keep at every heel a man, beside a French lacquey (a great boy with a beard), and an English page, which fills up the place of an ingle: they have their city-horse, which I may well term their stone-horse, or their horse upon the stones; for indeed the city being the lusty dame and mistress of the land, lays all her foundation upon good stone-work, and somebody pays well for't where'er it lights, and might with less cost keep London Bridge in reparations every fall

[1] "'A little fall will make a salt [salt-cellar] looke like Grantham Steeple with his cap to the Ale-house.' Dekker's *Owles Almanacke*, 1618, p. 39."—*Dyce.*

than mistress Bridget his wife; for women and bridges always lack mending, and what the advantage of one tide performs comes another tide presently and washes away. Those are your gentlemen gallants that seeth uppermost, and never lin[1] galloping till they run over into the fire; so gloriously accoutred that they ravish the eyes of all wantons, and take them prisoners in their shops with a brisk suit of apparel; they strangle and choke more velvet in a deep-gathered hose than would serve to line through my lord What-call-ye-him's coach.

What need I infer[2] more of their prodigal glisterings and their spangled damnations, when these are arguments sufficient to show the wealth of sin, and how rich the sons and heirs of Tartary[3] are? And are these so glorious, so flourishing, so brimful of golden Lucifers or light angels,[4] and thou a pander and poor? a bawd and empty, apparelled in villanous packthread, in a wicked suit of coarse hop-bags, the wings[5] and skirts faced with the ruins of dishclouts? Fie, I shame to see thee dressed up so abominable scurvy! Complainest thou of bad doings, when there are harlots of all trades, and knaves of all languages? Knowest thou not that sin may be committed either in French, Dutch, Italian, or Spanish, and all after the English fashion? But thou excusest

[1] Cease.
[2] Report.
[3] Tartarus.
[4] See note 2, vol. i. p. 32.
[5] Projections on the shoulders of a doublet. Cunningham observes Jonson's *Works*, 1875, ii. 538) that the word "was long retained for the particular kind of epaulet worn by light infantry and flank companies of regiments."

the negligence of thy practice by the last summer's pestilence: alas, poor shark-gull,[1] that put-off is idle! for sergeant Carbuncle, one of the plague's chief officers, dares not venture within three yards of an harlot, because monsieur Drybone, the Frenchman, is a leiger before him. At which speech the slave burst into a melancholy laugh, which showed for all the world like a sad tragedy with a clown in't; and thus began to reply:—I know not whether it be [a] cross or a curse, noble Philip of Phlegethon, or whether both, that I am forced to pink four ells of bag to make me a summer suit; but I protest, what with this long vacation, and the fidging of gallants to Norfolk and up and down countries, Pierce was never so pennyless as poor lieutenant Prigbeard.

With those words he put me in mind of him for whom I chiefly changed myself into an officious constable, poor Pierce Pennyless: when presently I demanded of this lieutenant the place of his abode, and when he last heard of him (though I knew well enough both where to hear of him and find him); to which he made answer: Who, Pierce? honest Pennyless? he that writ the madcap's *Supplication?* why, my very next neighbour, lying within three lean houses of me at old mistress Silverpin's, the only door-keeper[2] in Europe: why, we meet one another every term time, and shake hands when the Exchequer opens; but when we open our hands, the devil of penny we can see.

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[1] "*i.e.* one who preys on simpletons."—*Dyce.*

[2] Bawd.

With that I cheered up the drooping slave with the aqua-vitæ[1] of villany, and put him in excellent comfort of my damnable legacy; saying I would stuff him with so many wealthy instructions that he should excel even Pandarus himself, and go nine mile beyond him in pandarism, and from thenceforward he should never know a true rascal go under his red velvet slops,[2] and a gallant bawd indeed below her loose-bodied[3] satin.

This said, the slave hugged himself, and bussed the bawd for joy: when presently I left them in the midst of their wicked smack, and descended to my bill-men that waited in the pernicious alley for me their master constable. And marching forward to the third garden-house, there we knocked up the ghost of mistress Silverpin, who suddenly risse out of two white sheets, and acted out of her tiring-house window: but having understood who we were, and the authority of our office, she presently, even in her ghost's apparel, unfolded the doors and gave me my free entrance; when in policy I charged the rest to stay and watch the house below, whilst I stumbled up two pair of stairs in the dark, but at last caught in mine eyes the sullen blaze of a melancholy lamp that burnt very tragically upon the narrow desk of a half bedstead, which descried all the pitiful ruins throughout the whole chamber. The bare privities of the stone-walls were hid with two pieces of painted cloth,[4] but so

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[1] Any kind of ardent spirits.
[2] Loose breeches.
[3] See note 1, vol. i. p. 233.
[4] Hangings of cloth or canvas, painted in oil.

ragged and tottered,[1] that one might have seen all nevertheless, hanging for all the world like the two men in chains between Mile-end and Hackney. The testern, or the shadow over the bed, was made of four ells of cobwebs, and a number of small spinner's-ropes hung down for curtains: the spindle-shank spiders, which show like great lechers with little legs, went stalking over his head as if they had been conning of *Tamburlaine.*[2] To conclude, there was many such sights to be seen, and all under a penny, beside the lamentable prospect of his hose and doublet, which, being of old Kendal-green, fitly resembled a pitched field, upon which trampled many a lusty corporal. In this unfortunate tiring-house lay poor Pierce upon a pillow stuffed with horse-meat; the sheets smudged so dirtily, as if they had been stolen by night out of Saint Pulcher's[3] churchyard when the sexton had left a grave open, and so laid the dead bodies wool-ward:[4] the coverlet was made of pieces a' black cloth clapt together, such as was snatched off the rails in King's-street at the queen's funeral. Upon this miserable

[1] Tattered.

[2] The meaning is that the spiders walked with a swaggering gait, as though they were rehearsing the part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine.* In a note on the present passage Dyce remarks—"The present tract, and the one which follows it (*Father Hubburd's Tales*), both published in 1604, prove that Nash died during that year: he is here described (I fear too truly) as living in a state of squalid poverty; in the next piece he is spoken of as deceased."—But Nashe died in or before 1601, for there is an epitaph on him in Fitzgeoffrey's *Cenotaphia* at the close of *Affaniæ*, 1601.

[3] A corruption of *Saint Sepulchre's.*—The churchyard of St. Sepulchre's was the usual burial-place for criminals executed at Tyburn.

[4] In wool,—without linen.

bed's head lay the old copy of his *Supplication*, in foul-written hand, which my black Knight of the Post conveyed to hell; which no sooner I entertained in my hand, but with the rattling and babbling of the papers poor Pierce began to stretch and grate his nose against the hard pillow; when after a rouse or two, he muttered these reeling words between drunk and sober, that is, between sleeping and waking:—I should laugh, i'faith, if for all this I should prove a usurer before I die, and have never a penny now to set up withal. I would build a nunnery in Pict-hatch[1] here, and turn the walk in Paul's into a bowling-alley: I would have the Thames leaded over, that they might play at cony-holes with the arches under London Bridge. Well (and with that he waked), the devil is mad knave still.

How now, Pierce? quoth I, dost thou call me knave to my face? Whereat the poor slave started up with his hair a-tiptoe; to whom by easy degrees I gently discovered myself; who, trembling like the treble of a lute under the heavy finger of a farmer's daughter, craved pardon of my damnable excellence, and gave me my titles as freely as if he had known where all my lordships lay, and how many acres there were in Tartary. But at the length, having recovered to be bold again, he unfolded all his bosom to me; told me that the Knight of Perjury had lately brought him a singed letter sent from a damned friend of his, which was thus directed as followeth,

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[1] See note, p. 10.

From Styx to Wood's-close,

or

The Walk of Pict-hatch.

After I saw poor Pennyless grow so well acquainted with me, and so familiar with the villany of my humour, I unlocked my determinations, and laid open my intents: in particular[1] the cause of my uprising, being moved both with his penetrable petition, and his insufferable poverty, and therefore changed my shape into a little wapper-eyed[2] constable, to wink and blink at small faults, and through the policy of searching, to find him out the better in his cleanly tabernacle; and therefore gave him encouragement now to be frolic, for the time was at hand, like a pickpurse, that Pierce should be called no more Pennyless, like the Mayor's bench at Oxford,[3] but rather Pierce Pennyfist, because his palm shall be pawed with pence. This said, I bade him be resolved and get up to breakfast, whilst I went to gather my noise[4] of villains together, and made his lodging my convocation-house.

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[1] Old ed. "particulars."

[2] "'*Wapper-eyed*, sore-eyed.' Grose's *Class Dict. of Vulg. Tongue.* '*Wapper-eyed*, goggled-eyed, having full rolling eyes; or looking like one scared; or squinting like a person overtaken with liquor.' Vocab. to *An Exmoor Scolding*, ed. 1839."—*Dyce.*

[3] At the east end of old Carfax church at Oxford there was a seat for loungers which was known as *Penniless Bench.* Hence came the proverb "To sit on Penniless Bench" (= be very poor). See Brand's *Pop. Antiq.*

[4] Company—properly, of musicians.

With that, in a resulting humour, he called his hose and doublet to him (which could almost go alone, borne like a hearse upon the legs of vermin), whilst I thumped downstairs with my cowheel, embraced mistress Silverpin, and betook me to my bill-men; when, in a twinkling, before them all, I leapt out of master constable's night-gown into an usurer's fusty furred jacket; whereat the watchmen staggered, and all their bills fell down in a swoon; when I walked close by them laughing and coughing like a rotten-lunged usurer, to see what Italian faces they all made when they missed their constable, and saw the black gown of his office lie full in a puddle.

Well, away I scudded in the musty moth-eaten habit; and being upon Exchange time, I crowded myself amongst merchants, poisoned all the Burse[1] in a minute, and turned their faiths and troths into curds and whey, making them swear that things now which they forswore when the quarters struck again; for I was present at the clapping up of every bargain, which did ne'er hold, no longer than they held hands together. There I heard news out of all countries, in all languages; how many villains[2] were in Spain, how many luxurs[3] in Italy, how many perjurds in France, and how many reel-pots in Germany. At last I met, at half-turn, one whom I had spent mine eyes so long for, an hoary money-master, that had been off and on some six-and-fifty years damned in his counting-house, for his only recreation was but to hop about the Burse

[1] The Royal Exchange.
[2] Old ed. "villanies."
[3] Lechers.

before twelve, to hear what news from the Bank, and how many merchants were banqrout[1] the last change of the moon. This rammish penny-father[2] I rounded[3] in the left ear, winded in my intent, the place and hour; which no sooner he sucked in, but smiled upon me in French, and replied,—

> O mounsieur Diabla,
> I'll be chief guest at your tabla!

With that we shook hands, and, as we parted, I bade him bring master Cog-bill the scrivener along with him; and so I vanished out of that dressing.

And passing through Birchin-lane,[4] amidst a camp-royal of hose and doublets (master Snip's backside being turned where his face stood), I took excellent occasion to slip into a captain's suit, a valiant buff doublet, stuffed with points[5] like a leg of mutton with parsley, and a pair of velvet slops[6] scored thick with lace, which ran round about the hose like ringworms, able to make a man scratch where it itched not. And thus accoutred, taking up my weapons a' trust in the same order at the next cutler's I came to, I marched to master Bezle's ordinary, where I found a whole dozen of my damned crew, sweating as

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[1] Bankrupt.
[2] Skin-flint, miserly person.
[3] Whispered.
[4] Here dwelt the dealers in old clothes. Dekker has a description of Birchin Lane in *Lanthorn and Candlelight* (Grosart's *Dekker*, iii. 219).
[5] Tagged laces.
[6] Loose breeches.

[illegible] do with the casting of [illegible] I set in a stake amongst them: [illegible] having peeped upon me once, knew [illegible] I was well enough, and would never have [illegible] off a me all the while after. At last came my turn about, the dice quaking in my fist before I threw them; but when I yerked them forth, away they ran like [illegible] as far as their bones would suffer them, I sweeping up all the stakes that lay upon the table; whereat some stamped, others swore, the rest cursed, and all in general fretted to the gall that a new-comer, as they termed me, should gather in so many fifteens at the first vomit. Well, thus it passed on, the dice running as false as the drabs in Whitefriars;[2] and when any one thought himself surest, in came I with a lurching cast, and made them all swear round again; but such gunpowder oaths they were, that I wonder how the ceiling held together without spitting mortar upon them. Zounds, captain, swore one to me, I think the devil be thy good lord and master. True, thought I, and thou his gentleman-usher. In conclusion, it fatted me better than twenty eighteenpence ordinaries,[3] to hear them rage, curse, and swear, like so many emperors of darkness. And all these twelve were of twelve several companies. There was your gallant extraordinary thief that keeps his college of good fellows,[4] and will not

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[1] See note 1, vol. iv. p. 254.
[2] Whitefriars was a place of sanctuary for rogues and drabs.
[3] See note 2, vol. i. p. 189.
[4] Cant term for thieves.

fear to rob a lord in his coach for all his ten trencher-bearers on horseback; your deep-conceited cutpurse, who by the dexterity of his knife will draw out the money, and make a flame-coloured purse show like the bottomless pit, but with never a soul in't; your cheating bowler, that will bank false of purpose, and lose a game of twelvepence to purchase his partner twelve shillings in bets, and so share it after the play;[1] your cheveril-gutted catchpoll,[2] who like a horse-leech sucks gentlemen; and, in all, your twelve tribes of villany; who no sooner understood the quaint form of such an uncustomed legacy, but they all pawned their vicious golls[3] to meet there at the hour prefixed; and to confirm their resolution the more, each slipped down his stocking, baring his right knee, and so began to drink a health half as deep as mother Hubburd's cellar,—she that was called in[4] for selling her working bottle-ale to bookbinders, and spurting the froth upon courtiers' noses. To conclude, I was their only captain (for so they pleased to title me); and so they all risse, *poculis manibusque* applauding my news; then the hour being more than once and once reiterated, we were all at our hands again, and so departed.[5]

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[1] In the *Belman of London* Dekker exposes this and other cheating tricks practised in the bowling alleys (Grosart's *Dekker*, iii. 132–136).

[2] "*Catchpoll*, though it now be used as a word of contempt, yet in ancient times it seemeth to have been used without reproach for such as we now call Sergeants of the Mace, or any other that use to arrest men on any cause."—Cowell's *Interpreter*.

[3] Cant term for hands.

[4] See note on the address "To the Reader" prefixed to *Father Hubburd's Tales*.

[5] Parted.

I could tell now that I was in many a second house in the city and suburbs afterward, where my entertainment was not barren, nor my welcome cheap or ordinary; and then how I walked in Paul's to see fashions, to dive into villanous meetings, pernicious plots, black humours, and a million of mischiefs, which are bred in that cathedral womb and born within less than forty weeks after. But some may object and say, What, doth the devil walk in Paul's then? Why not, sir, as well as a sergeant, or a ruffian, or a murderer? May not the devil, I pray you, walk in Paul's? as well as the horse[1] go a' top of Paul's? for I am sure I was not far from his keeper. Pooh, I doubt, where there is no doubt; for there is no true critic indeed that will carp at the devil.

Now the hour posted onward to accomplish the effects of my desire, to gorge every vice full of poison, that the soul might burst at the last, and vomit out herself upon blue cakes of brimstone. When returning home for the purpose, in my captain's apparel of buff and velvet, I struck mine hostess into admiration at my proper[2] appearance, for my polt-foot[3] was helped out with bumbast; a property which many worldlings use whose toes are dead and rotten, and therefore so stuff out their shoes like the corners of woolpacks.

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[1] Banks's curtal, Morocco, who is mentioned by almost every playwright of the time. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his *Memoranda on Love's Labour Lost*, has collected all available information about the marvellous horse.

[2] Handsome.

[3] Club-foot.

Well, into my tiring-house I went, where I had scarce shifted myself into the apparel of my last will and testament, which was the habit of a covetous barn-cracking farmer, but all my striplings of perdition, my nephews of damnation, my kindred and alliance of villany and sharking, were ready before the hour to receive my bottomless blessing. When entering into a country night-gown, with a cap of sickness about my brows, I was led in between Pierce Pennyless and his hostess, like a feeble farmer ready to depart England and sail to the kingdom of Tartary; who setting me down in a wicked chair, all my pernicious kinsfolks round about me, and the scrivener between my legs (for he loves always to sit in the devil's cot-house), thus with a whey-countenance, short stops, and earthen dampish voice, the true counterfeits of a dying cullion,[1] I proceeded to the black order of my legacies.

The last Will and Testament of Lawrence Lucifer, the old wealthy bachelor of Limbo,

alias

Dick Devil-barn, the griping farmer of Kent.

In the name of Bezle-bub, Amen.

I, Lawrence Lucifer, alias Dick Devil-barn, sick in soul but not in body, being in perfect health to wicked memory do constitute and ordain this my last will and testament

[1] Base fellow.

irrevocable, as long as the world shall be trampled on by villany.

Imprimis, I, Lawrence Lucifer, bequeath my soul to hell, and my body to the earth: amongst you all divide me, and share me equally, but with as much wrangling as you can, I pray; and it will be the better if you go to law for me.

As touching my worldly-wicked goods, I give and bequeath them in most villanous order following:

First, I constitute and ordain lieutenant Prigbeard, archpander of England, my sole heir of all such lands, closes, and gaps as lie within the bounds of my gift; beside, I have certain houses, tenements, and withdrawing-rooms in Shoreditch, Tunbold-street,[1] Whitefriars, and Westminster, which I freely give and bequeath to the aforesaid lieutenant and the base heirs truly begot of his villanous body; with this proviso, that he sell none of the land when he lacks money, nor make away any of the houses, to impair and weaken the stock, no, not so much as to alter the property of any of them, which is, to make them honest against their wills, but to train and muster his wits upon the Mile-end[2] of his mazzard, rather to fortify the territories of Tunbold-street and enrich the county of Pict-hatch[3] with all his vicious endeavours, golden enticements, and damnable practices. And, lieutenant, thou must dive, as thou usest to do, into landed novices, who have only wit to be lickerish and no more,

[1] A corruption of Turnbull Street, a low part of Clerkenwell.
[2] The city trained bands were exercised at Mile-end.
[3] See note, p. 10.

that so their tenants, trotting up to London with their quartridges, they may pay them the rent, but thou and thy college shall receive the money.

Let no young wriggle-eyed damosel, if her years have struck twelve once, be left unassaulted, but it must be thy office to lay hard siege to her honesty, and to try if the walls of her maidenhead may be scaled with a ladder of angels;[1] for one acre of such wenches will bring in more at year's end than a hundred acres of the best harrowed land between Deptford and Dover. And take this for a note by the way,—you must never walk without your deuce or deuce-ace of drabs after your boot-heels; for when you are abroad, you know not what use you may have for them. And, lastly, if you be well-fee'd by some riotous gallant, you must practise, as indeed you do, to wind out a wanton velvet-cap and bodkin from the tangles of her shop, teaching her—you know how—to cast a cuckold's mist before the eyes of her husband, which is, telling him she must see her cousin new-come to town or that she goes to a woman's labour[2] when thou knowest well enough she goes to none but her own. And being set out of the shop, with her man afore her, to quench the

[1] See note 2, vol. i. p. 32.

[2] Dyce compares Middleton's *Trick to Catch the Old One* (vol. ii. p. 351)—

> "Feigning excuse to women's labours,
> When we are sent for to the next neighbour's."

So Nashe, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, iv. 288):—"I see a number of wives cuckolding their husbands under pretence of going to their next neighbour's labour."

jealousy of her husband, she, by thy instructions, shall turn the honest, simple fellow off at the next turning, and give him leave to see *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*,[1] or *A Woman killed with Kindness*,[2] when his mistress is going herself to the same murder. Thousand of such inventions, practices, and devices, I stuff thy trade withal, beside the luxurious[3] meetings at taverns, ten-pound suppers, and fifteen-pound reckonings, made up afterwards with riotous eggs and muscadine.[4] All these female vomits and adulterous surfeits I give and bequeath to thee, which I hope thou wilt put in practice with all expedition after my decease; and to that end I ordain thee wholly and solely my only absolute, excellent, villanous heir.

Item, I give and bequeath to you, Gregory Gauntlet, high thief on horseback, all such sums of money that are nothing due to you, and to receive them in, whether the parties be willing to pay you or no. You need not make many words with them, but only these two, *Stand and deliver!* and therefore a true thief cannot choose but be wise, because he is a man of so very few words.

I need not instruct you, I think, Gregory, about the politic searching of crafty carriers' packs, or ripping up the bowels of wide boots and cloak-bags; I do not doubt

[1] The first edition of this charming comedy (of which the authorship still remains a mystery) was published in 1608.

[2] Heywood's masterpiece, produced in March 1602-3 (Henslowe's *Diary*, pp. 249, 250) and published in 1607.

[3] Lustful.

[4] "Eggs and muscadine"—a provocative.

but you have already exercised them all. But one thing I especially charge you of, the neglect of which makes many of your religion tender their winepipes at Tyburn at least three months before their day; that if you chance to rob a virtuous townsman on horseback, with his wife upon a pillion behind him, you presently speak them fair to walk a turn or two at one side, where, binding them both together, like man and wife, arm in arm very lovingly, be sure you tie them hard enough, for fear they break the bonds of matrimony, which, if it should fall out so, the matter would lie sore upon your necks the next sessions after, because your negligent tying was the cause of that breach between them.

Now, as for your Welsh hue and cry—the only net to catch thieves in — I know you avoid well enough, because you can shift both your beards and your towns well; but for your better disguising henceforward, I will fit you with a beard-maker of mine own, one that makes all the false hairs for my devils, and all the periwigs that are worn by old courtiers, who take it for a pride in their bald days to wear yellow curls on their foreheads, when one may almost see the sun go to bed through the chinks of their faces.

Moreover, Gregory, because I know thee toward enough, and thy arms full of feats, I make thee keeper of Combe Park,[1] sergeant of Salisbury Plain, warden of the standing places, and lastly, constable of all heaths, holes, highways and cony-groves, hoping that thou wilt execute these

[1] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 180.

places and offices as truly as Derrick[1] will execute his place and office at Tyburn.

Item. I give and bequeath to thee, Dick Dogman, grand catchpoll—over and above thy barebone fees, that will scarce hang wicked flesh on thy back—all such lurches, gripes, and squeezes, as may be wrung out by the fist of extortion.

And because I take pity on thee, waiting so long as thou usest to do, ere thou canst land one hare at the Counter, watching sometimes ten hours together in an alehouse, ever and anon peeping forth and sampling thy nose with the red lattice;[2] let him whosoever that falls into thy clutches at night pay well for thy standing all day: and, cousin Richard, when thou hast caught him in the mousetrap of thy liberty with the cheese of thy office, the wire of thy hard fist being clapt down upon his shoulders, and the back of his estate almost broken to pieces, then call thy cluster of fellow-vermins together, and sit in triumph with thy prisoner at the upper end of a tavern-table,[3] where, under the colour of showing him favour (as you term it) in waiting for bail, thou and thy counter-leech may swallow down six gallons of Charnico.[4]

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[1] See note 4, p. 13.

[2] A red lattice (*i.e.* a lattice painted red) was the usual distinction of an alehouse.

[3] Fennor in *The Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617, inveighing against sergeants, says:—"First they will carry him [a country gentleman whom they have arrested] to some tavern (but it shall be nigh one of the counters) where they will call for pottle after pottle, and such meat as the house affords, holding him in delays while [until] their guts are full" (p. 45).

[4] A sweet wine made in the neighbourhood of Lisbon.

and then begin to chafe that he makes you stay so long before Peter Bail[1] comes. And here it will not be amiss if you call in more wine-suckers, and damn as many gallons again, for you know your prisoner's ransom will pay for all; this is, if the party be flush now, and would not have his credit coppered with a scurvy counter.[2]

Another kind of rest you have, which is called shoe-penny—that is, when you will be paid for every stride you take;[3] and if the channel be dangerous and rough, you will not step over under a noble:[4] a very excellent lurch to get up the price of your legs between Paul's-chain and Ludgate.

But that which likes me beyond measure is the villanous nature of that arrest which I may fitly term by the name of cog-shoulder, when you clap a' both sides like old Rowse in Cornwall, and receive double fee both from the creditor and the debtor, swearing by the post of your office to shoulder-clap the party the first time he lights upon the lime-twigs of your liberty; when for a little usurer's oil you allow him day by day free passage

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[1] A jocular allusion to Peter Bales, a famous penman of the time.

[2] "A play on the meaning of the word,—a false piece of money used for reckoning, and a prison."—*Dyce.*

[3] Mynshul in his *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners*, 1618, has some remarks on *keepers which go abroad with prisoners*. "Hast thou a desire," he writes, "to go abroad, thy Argos which attends thee will be more chargeable than the Lord Mayor's galley-foist on Simon and Jude's day, or a citizen's wife to her husband when strawberries and cherries are first cried in the streets, and will consume thee if thou forbear not. Thou may'st better cheap ride on thy foot-cloth than go abroad with thy keeper."

[4] A gold coin worth 6s. 8d.

to walk by the wicked precinct of your noses, and yet you will pimple your souls with oaths, till you make them as well-favoured as your faces, and swear he never came within the verge of your eyelids. Nay, more, if the creditor were present to see him arrested on the one side, and the party you wot on over the way at the other side, you have such quaint shifts, pretty hinderances, and most lawyer-like delays, ere you will set forward, that in the meantime he may make himself away in some by-alley, or rush into the bowels of some tavern or drinking school; or if neither, you will find talk with some shark-shift by the way, and give him the marks of the party, who will presently start before you, give the debtor intelligence, and so a rotten fig for the catchpoll! A most witty, smooth, and damnable conveyance![1] Many such cunning devices breed in the reins of your offices beside. I leave to speak of your unmerciful dragging a gentleman through Fleet-street, to the utter confusion of his white feather, and the lamentable spattering of his pearl-colour silk stockings, especially when some six of your black dogs of Newgate[2] are upon him at once. Therefore, sweet cousin Richard (for you are the nearest kinsman I have), I give and bequeath to you no more than you have already; for you are so well gorged and

[1] Cozenage.

[2] There is extant a tract, partly verse and partly prose, entitled *The Blacke Dogge of Newgate*, n. d. (1600?) 4to; ed. 2, 1638. It exposes the tyranny and fraudulent practices of gaolers. The reputed author was Luke Hutton, who was hanged at York in 1598. In 1602 Day, Smith, and Hathway wrote a play called *The Black Dog of Newgate* (see Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 245).

stuffed with that, that one spoonful of villany more would overlay your stomach quite, and, I fear me, make you kick up all the rest.

Item, I give and bequeath to you, Benedick Bottomless, most deep cutpurse, all the benefit of pageant-days, great market-days, ballat-places,[1] but especially the sixpenny rooms in play-houses, to cut, dive, or nim, with as much speed, art, and dexterity, as may be handled by honest rogues of thy quality. Nay, you shall not stick, Benedick, to give a shave of your office at Paul's-cross in the sermon time: but thou holdest it a thing thou mayest do by law, to cut a purse in Westminster Hall; true, Benedick, if thou be sure the law be on that side thou cuttest it on.

Item, I give and bequeath to you, old Bias, alias Humfrey Hollowbank, true cheating bowler and lurcher,[2] the one half of all false bets, cunning hooks, subtleties, and cross-lays,[3] that are ventured upon the landing of your bowl, and the safe arriving at the haven of the mistress,[4] if it chance to pass all the dangerous rocks and rubs of the alley, and be not choked in the sand like a merchant's ship before it comes half-way home, which is none of your fault (you'll say and swear), although in your own

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[1] Places—open spaces—where ballads were sung.

[2] *Lurch* has frequently the meaning—cheat; but it seems also to have been a technical term in the game of bowls. Cf. Dekker's *Belman of London* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, iii. 132):—"Whose inn is a bowling-alley, whose books are bowls, and whose law-cases are *lurches* and rubbers."

[3] "*i.e.* cheating wagers."—*Dyce.*

[4] The *Jack*,—the ball at which the players aimed in the game of bowls.

turned conscience you know that you threw it above three yards short out of hand, upon very set purpose.

Moreover, Humfrey, I give you the lurching of all young novices, citizens' sons, and country gentlemen, that are hooked in by the winning of one twelvepenny game at first, lost upon policy, to be cheated of twelve pounds' worth a' bets afterward.[1] And, old Bias, because thou art now and then smelt out for a cozener, I would have thee sometimes go disguised (in honest apparel), and so drawing in amongst bunglers and ketlers [2] under the plain frieze of simplicity, thou mayest finely couch the wrought velvet of knavery.

Item, I give and bequeath to your cousin-german here, Francis Fingerfalse, deputy of dicing-houses, all cunning lifts, shifts, and couches, that ever were, are, and shall be invented from this hour of eleven-clock upon Black Monday,[3] until it smite twelve a' clock at doomsday. And this I know, Francis, if you do endeavour to excel, as I know you do, and will truly practise falsely, you may live more gallanter far upon three dice, than many of your foolish heirs about London upon thrice three hundred acres.

But turning my legacy to you-ward, Barnaby Burning-glass, arch-tobacco-taker of England, in ordinaries, upon

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1 See note 1, p. 31.

2 "This word occurs in Kempe's *Nine daies Wonder*, 1600:—'Those that have shewne themselves honest men I wil set before them this Caracter, H. for honesty; before the other Bench-whistlers shal stand K. for *kettlers* and keistrels, that wil drive a good companion without need in them to contend for his owne.'"—*Dyce.*

3 See Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary.*

stages[1] both common and private, and lastly, in the lodging of your drab and mistress; I am not a little proud, I can tell you, Barnaby, that you dance after my pipe so long, and for all counterblasts[2], and tobacco-Nashes (which some call railers), you are not blown away, nor your fiery thirst quenched with the small penny-ale of their contradictions, but still suck that dug of damnation with a long nipple, still burning that rare Phœnix of Phlegethon, tobacco, that from her ashes, burned and knocked out, may arise another pipeful. Therefore I give and bequeath unto thee a breath of all religions save the true one, and tasting of all countries save his[3] own; a brain well sooted, where the Muses hang up in the smoke like red herrings; and look how the narrow alley of thy pipe shows in the inside, so shall all the pipes through thy body. Besides, I give and bequeath to thee[4] lungs as smooth as jet, and just of the same colour, that when thou art closed in thy grave, the worms may be consumed with them, and take them for black puddings.

Lastly, not least, I give and bequeath to thee, Pierce Pennyless, exceeding poor scholar, that hath made clean shoes in both universities, and been a pitiful battler[5]

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[1] It was a common practice for gallants to sit on the stage and smoke during the performance of a play.

[2] An allusion to King James' work *A Counterblast to Tobacco.*

[3] "Qy. 'thy'?—A friend suggests that 'his own' may be a reverential mode of expressing 'God's.'"—*Dyce.*

[4] Old ed. "thy."

[5] A poor student at the university,—in the meanest condition of those who were wholly maintained by their parents. See Todd's *Johnson.*

all thy lifetime, full often heard with this lamentable cry at the buttery-hatch, Ho, Launcelot, a cue[1] of bread, and a cue of beer! never passing beyond the confines of a farthing, nor once munching commons but only upon gaudy-days;[2] to thee, most miserable Pierce, or pierced through and through with misery, I bequeath the tithe of all vaulting-houses,[3] the tenth denier of each heigh pass,[4] come aloft! beside the playing in and out of all wenches at thy pleasure, which I know, as thou mayest use it, will be such a fluent pension, that thou shalt never have need to write *Supplication* again.

Now, for the especial trust and confidence I have in both you, Mihell[5] Moneygod, usurer, and Leonard Lavender,[6] broker or pawn-lender, I make you two my full executors to the true disposing of all these my hellish intents, wealthy villanies, and most pernicious damnable legacies.

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[1] A small portion. "Q should seem to stand for *quadrans*, a farthing; but Minshew, who finished his first edition in Oxford, says it was only half that sum, and thus particularly explains it: 'Because they set down in the battle or butterie bookes in Oxford and Cambridge, the letter q for half a farthing; and in Oxford when they make that cue or q a farthing, they say, *Cap my q*, and make it a farthing, thus ¼.'"—*Nares*.

[2] High festivals.—The term is still used at Oxford.

[3] Brothels.

[4] *Heigh pass!*—a juggler's term. *Come aloft!*—the cry of the apeward.

[5] "Qy. 'Michael'?"—*Dyce*. No; Mihell was a recognised form of Michael: cf. Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 163: "Lent unto *Mihell* Drayton." See other instances in Nares' *Glossary*. Of course, in the present passage, the second syllable of "Mi*hell*" is to be emphasized.

[6] *Lay in lavender* = pawn.

And now, kinsmen and friends, wind about me; my breath begins to cool, and all my powers to freeze; and I can say no more to you, nephews, than I have said,—only this, I leave you all, like ratsbane, to poison the realm. And, I pray, be all of you as arrant villains as you can be; and so farewell: be all hanged, and come down to me as soon as you can.

This said, he departed to his molten kingdom: the wind risse, the bottom of the chair flew out, the scrivener fell flat upon his nose; and here is the end of a harmless moral.

Now, sir, what is your censure[1] now? you have read me, I am sure; am I black enough, think you, dressed up in a lasting suit of ink? do I deserve my dark and pitchy title? stick I close enough to a villain's ribs? is not Lucifer liberal to his nephews in this his last will and testament? Methinks I hear you say nothing; and therefore I know you are pleased and agree to all, for *qui tacet, consentire videtur;* and I allow you wise and truly judicious, because you keep your censure to yourself.

[1] Judgment.

FATHER HUBBURD'S TALES;

OR,

THE ANT AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Father Hubburds Tales. or The Ant, and the Nightingale. London Printed by T. C. for William Cotton, and are to be solde at his Shop neare adioyning to Ludgate. 1604. 4to.

Another edition,[1] in which several verses and the whole of "The Ant's Tale when he was a scholar" are omitted, was published in the same year under the title of *The Ant and the Nightingale: or Father Hubburds Tales. London Printed by T. C. for Tho: Bushell, and are to be solde by Jeffrey Chorlton, at his Shop at the North doore of Paules.* 4to. I assume, with Dyce, that the edition containing "The Ant's Tale when he was a scholar," and the additional verses, is the second edition.

"Taylor, the water-poet, in a 'Preamble' to *The Praise of Hempseed* (first printed in 1620), thus alludes to the present piece:

'One wrote the Nightingale and lab'ring Ant.'

P. 62—*Workes*, 1630."—*Dyce.*

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[1] I have set down the readings of this edition as I find them recorded by Dyce; I have not been able to see a copy of the rare original.

To the true general patron of all Muses, Musicians, Poets, and Picture-drawers, SIR CHRISTOPHER CLUTCHFIST, *knighted at a very hard pennyworth, neither for eating musk-melons, anchovies, or caviare, but for a costlier exploit and a hundred-pound*[1] *feat of arms,* OLIVER HUBBURD, *brother to the nine waiting-gentlewomen the Muses, wisheth the decrease of his lands and the increase of his legs, that his calves may hang down like gamashoes.*[2]

MOST guerdonless sir, pinching patron, and the Muses' bad paymaster, thou that owest for all the pamphlets, histories, and translations that ever hath been dedicated to thee since thou wert one and twenty, and couldst make water upon thine own lands: but beware, sir, you cannot carry it away so, I can tell you, for all your copper-gilt spurs and your brood of feathers; for there are certain line-sharkers that have coursed the countries to seek you out already, and they nothing doubt but to find you here this Candlemas-term; which, if it should fall out so—as I hope your worship is wiser than to venture up so soon to the chambers of London—they have plotted together with the best common play-plotter

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[1] An allusion to the indiscriminate creation of knights at the accession of James.

[2] "The term was formerly applied to a kind of loose drawers or stockings worn outside the legs over the other clothing, and much used by travellers."—*Halliwell.*

in England to arrest you at the Muses' suit—though they shoot short of them—and to set one of the sergeants of poetry, or rather the Poultry,[1] to claw you by the back, who, with one clap on your shoulder, will bruise all the taffeta to pieces. Now what the matter is between you, you know best yourself, sir; only I hear that they rail against you in booksellers' shops very dreadfully, that you have used them most unknightly, in offering to take their books, and would never return so much as would pay for the covers, beside the gilding too, which stands them in somewhat, you know, and a yard and a quarter of broad sixpenny ribband; the price of that you are not ignorant of yourself, because you wear broad shoe-string; and they cannot be persuaded but that you pull the strings off from their books, and so maintain your shoes all the year long; and think, verily, if the book be in folio, that you take off the parchment, and give it to your tailor, but save all the gilding together, which may amount in time to gild you a pair of spurs withal. Such are the miserable conceits they gather of you, because you never give the poor Muse-suckers a penny: wherefore, if I might counsel you, sir, the next time they came with their gilded dedications, you should take the books, make your men break their pates, then give them ten groats a-piece, and so drive them away.

Your worship's,
If you embrace my counsel,
OLIVER HUBBURD.

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[1] The Counter prison in the Poultry.

TO THE READER.

SHALL I tell you what, reader?—but first I should call you gentle, courteous, and wise; but 'tis no matter, they're but foolish words of course, and better left out than printed; for if you be so, you need not be called so; and if you be not so, there were law against me for calling you out of your names:—by John of Paul's-churchyard,[1] I swear, and that oath will be taken at any haberdasher's, I never wished this book better fortune than to fall into the hands of a true-spelling printer, and an honest-minded[2] bookseller; and if honesty could be sold by the bushel like oysters, I had rather have one Bushel[3] of honesty than three of money.

Why I call these *Father Hubburd's Tales*, is not to have them called in again, as the *Tale of Mother Hubburd*:[4] the world would show little judgment in that, i'faith; and I should say then, *plena stultorum omnia;*

---

[1] "Was, it appears from this passage, a haberdasher: he is again mentioned in the present tract. That he sold hats, we are informed by more than one old writer; so Dekker: 'John in Paul's churchyard shall fit his head for an excellent block [*i.e.* hat].' *The Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, p. 94, reprint."—*Dyce.*

[2] Ed. 1. "honest-stitching."

[3] The first edition was printed for Thomas Bushell. (This pun on Bushell's name clearly proves that Collier was wrong in supposing that the edition printed for William Cotton was the *first* edition.)

[4] "Assuredly," says Dyce, "the allusion is not to Spenser's poem: in it the 'ape' indeed figures conspicuously, but there is no mention of

for I entreat[1] here neither of ragged[2] bears or apes, no, nor the lamentable downfall of the old wife's platters,—I deal with no such metal: what is mirth in me, is as harmless as the quarter-jacks in Paul's, that are up with their elbows[3] four times an hour, and yet misuse no creature living; the very bitterest in me is but like a physical frost, that nips the wicked blood a little, and so makes the whole body the wholesomer: and none can justly except at me but some riotous vomiting Kit, or some gentleman-swallowing malkin. Then, to condemn these Tales following because Father Hubburd tells them in the small size of an ant, is even as much as if these two words, *God* and *Devil*, were printed both in one line, to skip it over and say that line were naught, because the devil were in it. *Sat sapienti;* and I hope there be many wise men in all the twelve Companie[s].

Yours,

If you read without spelling or hacking,

T. M.

'rugged bears' or 'the lamentable downfal of the old wife's platters.'" There are passages in Spenser's *Mother Hubburd's Tale* that must have given very serious offence to Burghley; and it seems not at all improbable that an attempt was made to 'call in' the poem.

[1] Treat.

[2] Ed. 1 "rugged."

[3] "Compare Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, 'If Paul's jacks be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven,' p. 96, reprint. The figures which in old public clocks struck the bell on the outside were called *Jacks of the clock* or *clock-house:* many readers will recollect those which a few years ago were to be seen at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street."—*Dyce.*

THE

ANT AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE west-sea's goddess in a crimson robe,
  Her temples circled with a coral wreath,
Waited her love, the lightener of earth's globe:
  The wanton wind did on her bosom breathe;
The nymphs of springs did hallow'd[1] water pour;
Whate'er was cold help'd to make cool her bower.

And now the fiery horses of the Sun
  Were from their golden-flaming car untrac'd,
And all the glory of the day was done,
  Save here and there some light moon-clouds enchas'd,
A parti-colour'd canopy did spread
Over the Sun and Thetis' amorous bed.

Now had the shepherds folded in their flocks,
  The sweating teams uncoupled from their yokes:
The wolf sought prey, and the sly-murdering fox
  Attempts to steal; fearless of rural strokes,

[1] Old eds. "hollowed."

All beasts took rest that liv'd by labouring toil;
Only such rang'd as had delight in spoil.

Now in the pathless region of the air
The wingèd passengers had left to soar,
Except the bat and owl, who bode sad care,
And Philomel, that nightly doth deplore,
In soul-contenting tunes, her change of shape,
Wrought first by perfidy and lustful rape.

This poor musician, sitting all alone
On a green hawthorn from the thunder blest,
Carols in varied notes her antique moan,
Keeping a sharpen'd briar[1] against her breast:
Her innocence this watchful pain doth take,
To shun the adder and the speckled snake.

These two, like her old foe the lord of Thrace,
Regardless of her dulcet-changing song,
To serve their own lust have her life in chase;
Virtue by vice is offer'd endless wrong:
Beasts are not all to blame, for now and then
We see the like attempted amongst men.

Under the tree whereon the poor bird sat,
There was a bed of busy-toiling ants,

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[1] A common conceit with the poets. Cf. Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victory*:—

"Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eyes,
But *leaning on a thorn* her dainty chest,
For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,
Expresses in her song grief not to be expressed."

See Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Book iii. chap. xxviii.

That in their summer winter's comfort gat,
  Teaching poor men how to shun after-wants;
Whose rules if sluggards could be learn'd to keep,
They should not starve awake, lie cold asleep.

One of these busy brethren, having done
  His day's true labour, got upon the tree,
And with his little nimble legs did run;
  Pleas'd with the hearing, he desir'd to see
What wondrous creature nature had compos'd,
In whom such gracious music was enclos'd.

He got too near; for the mistrustful bird
  Guess'd him to be a spy from her known foe:
Suspicion argues not to hear a word:
  What wise man fears not that's inur'd to woe?
Then blame not her she caught him in her beak,
About to kill him ere the worm[1] could speak.

But yet her mercy was above her heat;
  She did not, as a many silken men
Call'd by much wealth, small wit, to judgment's seat,[2]
  Condemn at random; but she pitied then
When she might spoil: would great ones would do so!
Who often kill before the cause they know.

O, if they would, as did this little fowl,
  Look on their lesser captives with even ruth,

---

[1] *Worm* was frequently used in the sense of "poor wretch."
[2] So ed. 1.—Ed. 2 "Judgement *seate*."

They should not hear so many sentenc'd howl,
  Complaining justice is not friend to truth!
But they would think upon this ancient theme,
Each right extreme is injury extreme.

Pass them to mend, for none can them amend
  But heaven's lieutenant and earth's justice-king;
Stern will hath will; no great one wants a friend;
  Some are ordain'd to sorrow, some to sing;
And with this sentence let thy griefs all close,
Whoe'er are wrong'd are happier than their foes.[2]

So much for such. Now to the little ant
  In the bird's beak and at the point to die:
Alas for woe, friends in distress are scant!
  None of his fellows to his help did hie;
They keep them safe; they hear, and are afraid:
'Tis vain to trust in the base number's aid.

Only himself unto himself is friend:
  With a faint voice his foe he thus bespake;
Why seeks your gentleness a poor worm's end?
  O, ere you kill, hear the excuse I make!
I come to wonder, not to work offence:
There is no glory to spoil innocence.

---

[1] "*Summum jus, summa injuria*, factum est jam tritum sermone proverbium." Cicero, *Off.*, i. 10. Cf. Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, i. 2:

"Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong."

[2] "Satius est ἀδικεῖσθαι quam ἀδικεῖν."

Perchance you take me for a soothing spy,
By the sly snake or envious adder fee'd:
Alas, I know not how to feign and lie,
Or win a base intelligencer's meed,
That now are Christians, sometimes Turks, then Jews,
Living by leaving heaven for earthly news.

I [1] am a little emmet, born to work,
Ofttimes a man, as you were once a maid:
Under the name of man much ill doth lurk,
Yet of poor me you need not be afraid;
Mean men are worms, on whom the mighty tread;
Greatness and strength your virtue injurèd.

With that she open'd wide her horny bill,
The prison where this poor submissant lay;
And seeing the poor ant lie quivering still,
Go, wretch, quoth she, I give thee life and way;
The worthy will not prey on yielding things,
Pity's infeoffèd to the blood of kings.

For I was once, though now a feather'd veil
Cover my wrongèd body, queen-like clad;
This down about my neck was erst a rail [2]
Of byss [3] embroider'd—fie on that we had!

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[1] Old eds. "Trust me: I am," &c.

[2] "'A garment of fine linen formerly worn by women round the neck. 'Rayle for a woman's necke, *crevechief, en quartire doubles.*' Palsgrave. 'Anything worne about the throate or necke, as a neck-kercher, a partlet, a raile.' Florio, p. 216."—*Halliwell.*

[3] Fine linen.

Unthrifts and fools and wrongèd ones complain
Rich things were theirs must ne'er be theirs again.

I was, thou know'st, the daughter to a king,
Had palaces and pleasures in my time;
Now mine own songs I am enforc'd to sing,
Poets forget me in their pleasing rhyme;
Like chaff they fly, toss'd with each windy breath,
Omitting my forc'd rape by Tereus' death.

But 'tis no matter; I myself can sing
Sufficient strains to witness mine own worth:
They that forget a queen soothe with a king;[1]
Flattery's still barren, yet still bringeth forth:
Their works are dews shed when the day is done,
But suck'd up dry by the next morning's[2] sun.

What more of them? they are like Iris' throne,
Commix'd with many colours in moist time:
Such lines portend what's in that circle shewn;
Clear weather follows showers in every clime,
Averring no prognosticator lies,
That says, some great ones fall, their rivals rise.

Pass such for bubbles; let their bladder-praise
Shine and sink with them in a moment's change:
They think to rise when they the riser raise;
But regal wisdom knows it is not strange

[1] "A queen . . . a king."—There is an allusion to the death of Elizabeth and the accession of James.
[2] So ed. 1.—Ed. 2 "morning."

For curs to fawn: base things are ever low;
The vulgar eye feeds only on the show.

Else would not soothing glosers oil the son,
  Who, while his father liv'd, his acts did hate:
They know all earthly day with man is done
  When he is circled in the night of fate;
So the deceasèd they think on no more,
But whom they injur'd late, they now adore.

But there's a manly lion now can roar
  Thunder more dreaded than the lioness;
Of him let simple beasts his aid implore,
  For he conceives more than they can express:
The virtuous politic is truly man,
Devil the atheist politician.

I guess'd thee such a one; but tell thy tale:
  If thou be simple, as thou hast exprest,
Do not with coinèd words set wit to sale,
  Nor with the flattering world use vain protest:
Sith[1] man thou say'st thou wert, I prithee, tell
While thou wert man what mischiefs thee befell.

Princess, you bid me buried cares revive,
  Quoth the poor ant; yet sith by you I live,
So let me in my daily labourings thrive
  As I myself do to your service give:

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[1] Since.

I have been oft a man, and so to be
Is often to be thrall to misery.

But if you will have me my mind disclose,
I must entreat you that I may set down
The tales of my black fortunes in sad prose:
Rhyme is uneven, fashion'd by a clown;
I first was such a one, I till'd the ground;
And amongst rurals verse is scarcely found.

Well, tell thy tales; but see thy prose be good;
For if thou Euphuize, which once was rare,
And of all English phrase the life and blood,
In those times for the fashion past compare,
I'll say thou borrow'st, and condemn thy style,
As our new fools, that count all following vile.

Or if in bitterness thou rail, like Nash—
Forgive me, honest soul, that term thy phrase
Railing! for in thy works thou wert not rash,
Nor didst affect in youth thy private praise:
Thou hadst a strife with that Trigemini;[1]
Thou hurt'dst not them till they had injur'd thee.

---

[1] Gabriel Harvey and his two brothers, Richard and John. The contest between Nashe and Harvey is one of the most memorable quarrels on record. All the pamphlets written on either side have been collected in Dr. Grosart's editions of Nashe and Harvey. It would be rash to pronounce who was the original aggressor; but it is certain that Nashe in the preface to the first edition of *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1593, apologised in the frankest and most conciliatory manner to his opponent, and desired that the strife should cease. Nashe's offer was contemptuously refused. Then followed the bitter preface to the second

Thou wast indeed too slothful to thyself,
  Hiding thy better talent in thy spleen;
True spirits are not covetous in pelf;
  Youth's wit is ever ready, quick, and keen:
Thou didst not live thy ripen'd autumn-day,
But wert cut off in thy best blooming May:

Else hadst thou left, as thou indeed hast left,
  Sufficient test, though now in others' chests,
T' improve[1] the baseness of that humorous theft,[2]
  Which seems to flow from self-conceiving breasts:
Thy name they bury, having buried thee;
Drones eat thy honey—thou wert the true bee.

Peace keep thy soul! And now to you, sir ant:
  On with your prose, be neither rude nor nice;
In your discourse let no decorum want,
  See that you be sententious and concise;

---

edition (1594) of *Christ's Tears*. In 1596 Nashe published *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, an unequalled masterpiece of invective, to which Harvey feebly replied with *The Trimming of Thomas Nash*, 1597. In 1599 the Archbishop of Canterbury called in all the pamphlets.

[1] Prove.

[2] "At p. 317 of a copy of Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, Malone has appended the following MS. note to the title of Samuel Rowlands's *Letting of humours blood in the head-vaine, &c.*: 'Stolen from Nash's papers after his death in 1600. So says T. Middleton.' What the '*humorous theft*' was I know not; but the expression certainly has not the meaning which Malone chose to make it bear: Nash did not die till 1604, and *The Letting of humours blood in the head-vaine, &c.*, was first printed in 1600."—*Dyce*. Malone's interpretation of the obscure statement in the text is not improbably correct. Dyce is wrong in saying that Nashe died in 1604; I have already mentioned (note 2, p. 25) that Nashe died in or before 1601.

And, as I like the matter, I will sing
A canzonet, to close up everything.

With this, the whole nest of ants hearing their fellow was free from danger, like comforters when care is over, came with great thanks to harmless Philomel, and made a ring about her and their restored friend, serving instead of a dull audience of stinkards sitting in the penny-galleries[1] of a theatre, and yawning upon the players; whilst the ant began to stalk like a three-quarter sharer,[2] and was not afraid to tell tales out of the villanous school of the world, where the devil is the schoolmaster and the usurer the under-usher, the scholars young dicing landlords, that pass away three hundred acres with three dice in a hand, and after the decease of so much land in money become sons and heirs of bawdy-houses; for it is an easy labour to find heirs without land, but a hard thing indeed to find land without heirs. But for fear I interrupt this small actor in less than *decimo sexto*,[3] I leave, and give the ant leave to tell his tale.

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[1] *Penny-rooms* are mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, iv. 5:

"Till you break in at plays, like prentices,
For three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars
In penny rooms again and fight for apples."

So in Dekker's *Gull's Horn-book*, chap. vi.—"When your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the penny."

[2] See note 1, vol. iii. p. 340.

[3] Cf. Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, iii, 1.:

"Proceed, my little wit,
In decimo sexto.'

The expression was frequently applied to boys.

The Ant's Tale when he was a ploughman.

I was sometimes, most chaste lady Nightingale, or rather, queen Philomel the ravished, a brow-melting husbandman: to be man and husband is to be a poor master of many rich cares, which, if he cannot subject and keep under, he must look for ever to undergo as many miseries as the hours of his years contain minutes: such a man I was, and such a husband, for I was linked in marriage: my havings was small and my means less, yet charge came on me ere I knew how to keep it; yet did I all my endeavours, had a plough and land to employ it, fertile enough if it were manured, and for tillage I was never held a truant.

But my destruction, and the ruin of all painful husbandmen about me, began by the prodigal downfall of my young landlord, whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, for many generations had been lords of the town wherein I dwelt, and many other towns near adjoining: to all which belonged fair commons for the comfort of the poor, liberty of fishing, help of fuel by brush and underwood never denied, till the old devourer of virtue, honesty, and good neighbourhood, death, had made our landlord dance after his pipe,—which is so common that every one knows the way, though they make small account of it. Well, die he did; and as soon as he was laid in his grave, the bell might well have tolled for hospitality, and good housekeeping: for whether they fell sick with him and died, and so were buried, I

know not; but I am sure in our town they were never seen since, nor, that I can hear of, in any other part; especially about us they are impossible to be found. Well, our landlord being dead, we had his heir, gentle enough and fair-conditioned, rather promising at first his father's virtues than the world's villanies; but he was so accustomed to wild and unfruitful company about the court and London (whither he was sent by his sober father to practise civility and manners), that in the country he would scarce keep till his father's body was laid in the cold earth; but as soon as the hasty funeral was solemnised, from us he posted, discharging all his old father's servants (whose beards were even frost-bitten with age), and was attended only by a monkey and a marmoset;[1] the one being an ill-faced fellow, as variable as Newfangle[2] for fashions; the other an imitator of anything, however villanous, but utterly destitute of all goodness. With this French[3] page and Italianate serving-man was our young landlord only waited on, and all to save charges in serving-men, to pay it out in harlots: and we poor men had news of a far greater expense within less than a quarter. For we were sent for to London, and

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[1] Ape.

[2] "This word is printed in both eds. with a capital letter: there seems to be some allusion, which I am unable to explain."—*Dyce.* The allusion is to Nichol Newfangle, the "Vice" in the old interlude *Like will to Like*, 1568; ed. 2, 1587.

[3] French pages were held in high estimation. Cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:—

"Three [*sic*] things there be that should thine anger 'swage,—
An English mastiff and a *fine French* page" (v. 2).

found our great landlord in a little room about the Strand; who told us, that whereas we had lived tenants at will, and might in his forefathers' days [have] been hourly turned out, he, putting on a better conscience to usward, intended to make us leases for years; and for advice 'twixt him and us he had made choice of a lawyer, a mercer, and a merchant, to whom he was much beholding, who that morning were appointed to meet in the Temple church. Temple and church, both one in name, made us hope of a holy meeting; but there is an old proverb, *The nearer the church, the farther from God:* to approve[1] which saying, we met the mercer and the merchant, that, loving our landlord or his land well, held him a great man in both their books. Some little conference they had; what the conclusion was we poor men were not yet acquainted with; but being called at their leisure, and when they pleased to think upon us, told us they were to dine together at the Horn in Fleet-street, being a house where their lawyer resorted; and if we would there attend them, we should understand matter much for our good: and in the meantime, they appointed us near the old Temple Garden to attend their counsellor, whose name was master Prospero,[2] not the great rider of horse,—for I heard there was once such a one,—but a more cunning rider, who had rid many men till they were more miser-

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[1] Prove.

[2] "'But if like a restie Jade thou wilt take the bitt in thy mouth, and then runne over hedge and ditch, thou shalt be broken as *Prosper* broke his horses, with a muzzoule,' &c. Lyly's *Pappe with an Hatchet*, n. d. sig. D. 4."—*Dyce*

able than beasts, and our ill hap it was to prove his hackneys. Well, though the issue were ill, on we went to await his worship, whose chamber we found that morning fuller of clients than I could ever see suppliants to heaven in our poor parish church, and yet we had in it three hundred households: and I may tell it with reverence, I never saw more submission done to God than to that great lawyer; every suitor there offered gold to this gowned idol, standing bareheaded in a sharp-set morning, for it was in booted[1] Michaelmas-term, and not a word spoke to him but it was with the[2] bowing of the body and the submissive flexure of the knee. Short tale to make, he was informed of us what we were, and of our coming up; when with an iron look and shrill voice, he began to speak to the richest of our number, ever and anon yerking out the word *fines*, which served instead of a full-point to every sentence.

But that word *fines* was no fine word, methought, to please poor labouring husbandmen, that can scarce sweat out so much in a twelvemonth as he would demand in a twinkling. At last, to close up the lamentable tragedy of us ploughmen, enters our young landlord, so metamorphosed into the shape of a French puppet, that at the first we started, and thought one of the baboons had marched in in man's apparel. His head was dressed up in white feathers like a shuttlecock, which agreed so

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[1] "In allusion to the dress of the various persons who rode up to London on law business during that term."—*Dyce.*

[2] Omitted in ed. 2.

well with his brain, being nothing but cork, that two of the biggest of the guard might very easily have tossed him with battledores, and made good sport with him in his majesty's great hall. His doublet was of a strange cut; and to show the fury of his humour, the collar of it rose up so high and sharp as if it would have cut his throat by daylight. His wings,[1] according to the fashion now, was as little and diminutive as a puritan's ruff,[2] which showed he ne'er meant to fly out of England, nor do any exploit beyond sea, but live and die about London, though he begged in Finsbury. His breeches, a wonder to see, were full as deep as the middle of winter, or the roadway between London and Winchester, and so large and wide withal, that I think within a twelvemonth he might very well put all his lands in them; and then you may imagine they were big enough, when they would outreach a thousand acres: moreover, they differed so far from our fashioned hose in the country, and from his father's old gascoynes,[3] that his back-part seemed to us like a monster; the roll of the breeches standing so low, that we conjectured his house

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[1] See note 5, p. 22.

[2] The Puritans' short ruffs were constantly ridiculed. Cleveland has a neat description of a Puritan preacher:—

> "With pate cut shorter than the brow,
> *With little ruff starch'd you know how,*
> With cloak like Paul, no cape, I trow,
> With surplice none; but lately now,
> With hands to thump, no knees to bow,
> See a new teacher of the town,
> O the town, O the town's new teacher."

[3] Galligaskins,—wide loose breeches.

of office, sir-reverence,[1] stood in his hams. All this while his French monkey bore his cloak of three pounds a-yard, lined clean through with purple velvet, which did so dazzle our coarse eyes, that we thought we should have been purblind ever after, what with the prodigal aspect of that and his glorious rapier and hangers[2] all bost[3] with pillars of gold, fairer in show than the pillars in Paul's or the tombs at Westminster; beside, it drunk up the price of all my plough-land in very pearl, which stuck as thick upon those hangers as the white measles upon hog's flesh. When I had well viewed that gay gaudy cloak and those unthrifty wasteful hangers, I muttered thus to myself: That is no cloak for the rain, sure; nor those no hangers for Derrick;[4] when of a sudden, casting mine eyes lower, I beheld a curious pair of boots of king Philip's[5] leather, in such artificial wrinkles,[6] sets, and plaits, as if they had been starched

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[1] A corruption of *save reverence*.

[2] See note 4, vol. iii. p. 138.

[3] Embossed.

[4] See note 4, p. 13.

[5] *i.e.* Spanish leather, which was much esteemed. Fastidious Brisk's boots were of Spanish leather:—"But, ere I proceed, I must tell you, signior, that in this last encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the ruffle of my boot, and being *Spanish leather* not subject to tear, overthrows me." *Every Man out of his Humour*, iv. 4.

[6] "The tops of the boots of Jonson's time, as Whalley observed, turned down and hung in loose folds over the leg; they were probably of a finer leather than the rest of the boot, and seem to have had their edges fringed or scalloped; the exact form of them may be seen in several of the whole-length portraits of James and Charles's days, particularly in those by Vandyke; the edges of the ruffle in some cases were evidently laid with gold lace."—Gifford's *Jonson*, ed. 1875, ii. 147 (note).

lately and came new from the laundress's, such was my ignorance and simple acquaintance with the fashion, and I dare swear my fellows and neighbours here are all as ignorant as myself. But that which struck us most into admiration, upon those fantastical boots stood such huge and wide tops, which so swallowed up his thighs, that had he sworn, as other gallants did, this common oath, Would I might sink as I stand! all his body might very well have sunk down and been damned in his boots. Lastly, he walked the chamber with such a pestilent gingle,[1] that his spurs over-squeaked the lawyer, and made him reach his voice three notes above his fee; but after we had spied the rowels of his spurs, how we blest ourselves! they did so much and so far exceed the compass of our fashion, that they looked more like the forerunners of wheelbarrows. Thus was our young landlord accoutred in such a strange and prodigal shape, that it amounted to above two years' rent in apparel. At last approach [2] the mercer and the merchant, two notable arch-tradesmen, who had fitted my young master in clothes, whilst they had clothed themselves in his acres, and measured him out velvet by the thumb, whilst they received his revenues by handfuls; for he had not so many yards in his suit as they had yards and houses bound for the payment, which now he was forced to pass

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[1] "*Car.* How! the sound of the spur?

"*Fast.* O, it's your only humour now extant, sir; a good gingle, a good gingle."—*Every Man out of his Humour*, ii. 1 (see Gifford's note, Jonson's *Works*, 1875, ii. 48).

[2] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "approached."

over to them, or else all his lands should be put to[1] their book and to their forfeiting neck-verse;[2] so my youngster was now at his pension, not like a gentleman-pensioner, but like a gentleman-spender. Whereupon entered master Bursebell, the royal scrivener, with deeds and writings hanged, drawn, and quartered for the purpose: he was a valiant scribe, I remember; his pen lay mounted between his ear like a Tower-gun, but not charged yet till our young master's patrimony shot off, which was some third part of an hour after. By this time, the lawyer, the mercer, and the merchant, were whispering and consulting together about the writings and passage of the land in very deep and sober conference; but our wiseacres all the while, as one regardless of either land or money, not hearkening or inquisitive after their subtle and politic devices, held himself very busy about the burning of his tobacco-pipe (as there is no gallant but hath a pipe to burn about London), though we poor simple men never heard of the name till that time; and he might very fitly take tobacco there, for the lawyer and the rest made him smoke already. But to have noted the apish humour of him, and the fantastical faces he coined in the receiving of the smoke, it would have made your ladyship have sung nothing but merry jigs[3] for a twelvemonth after,—one time winding the pipe like a horn at the Pie-corner of his mouth,

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[1] For "put to" old eds. give "to put."
[2] See note, vol. iv. p. 419.
[3] Ballads.

which must needs make him look like a sow-gelder,[1] and another time screwing his face like one of our country players, which must needs make him look like a fool; nay, he had at least his dozen of faces, but never a good one amongst them all; neither his father's face, nor the face of his grandfather, but yet more wicked and riotous faces than all the generation of him. Now their privy whisperings and villanous plots began to be drawn to a conclusion, when presently they called our smoky landlord in the midst of his draught, who in a valiant humour dashed his tobacco-pipe into the chimney-corner: whereat I started, and beckoning his marmoset to me, asked him if those long white things did cost no money? to which the slave replied very proudly, Money! yes, sirrah; but I tell thee, my master scorns to have a thing come twice to his mouth. Then, quoth I, I think thy master is more choice in his mouth than in any member else: it were good if he used that all his body over, he would never have need, as many gallants have, of any sweating physic. Sweating physic! replied the marmoset; what may thy meaning be? why, do not you ploughmen sweat too? Yes, quoth I, most of any men living; but yet there is a difference between the sweat of a ploughman and the sweat of a gentleman, as much as

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[1] "Have ye any work for the sow-gelder, ho?
My horn goes to high, to low, to high, to low."
—Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, iii. 1.

"He comes, rings out his horn with an alarum, enters with a shout; all the house rises, thinking some sow-gelder pressed in."—Dekker and Webster's *Westward Ho*, v. 4.

between your master's apparel and mine, for when we sweat, the land prospers, and the harvest comes in; but when a gentleman sweats, I wot how the gear goes then. No sooner were these words spoken but the marmoset had drawn out his poniard half-way to make a show of revenge, but at the smart voice of the lawyer he suddenly whipt it in again. Now was our young master with one penful of ink doing a far greater exploit than all his forefathers; for what they were a-purchasing all their lifetime, he was now passing away in the fourth part of a minute; and that which many thousand drops of his grandfather's brows did painfully strive for, one drop now of a scrivener's inkhorn did easily pass over: a dash of a pen stood for a thousand acres: how quickly they were dashed in the mouth by our young landlord's prodigal fist! it seemed he made no more account of acres than of acorns. Then were we called to set our hands for witnesses of his folly, which we poor men did witness too much already; and because we were found ignorant in writing, and never practised in that black art—which I might very fitly term so, because it conjured our young master out of all—we were commanded, as it were, to draw any mark with a pen, which should signify as much as the best hand that ever old Peter Bales[1] hung out in the Old Bailey. To conclude, I took the pen first of the lawyer, and turning it arsy-versy, like no

[1] Peter Bales was a famous penman and bracygraphist. One of his great feats was the writing of the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Decalogue, and two Latin prayers in the compass of a penny. He kept a school at the upper end of the Old Bailey. See his life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

instrument for a ploughman, our youngster and the rest of the faction burst into laughter at the simplicity of my fingering; but I, not so simple as they laughed me for, drew the picture of a knavish emblem, which was a plough with the heels upward, signifying thereby that the world was turned upside down since the decease of my old landlord, all hospitality and good housekeeping kicked out of doors, all thriftiness and good husbandry tossed into the air, ploughs turned into trunks,[1] and corn into apparel. Then came another of our husbandmen to set his mark by mine: he holding the pen clean at the one side towards the merchant and the mercer, showing that all went on their sides, drew the form of an unbridled colt, so wild and unruly, that he seemed with one foot to kick up the earth and spoil the labours of many toiling beasts, which was fitly alluded to our wild and unbridled landlord, which, like the colt, could stand upon no ground till he had no ground to stand upon.

These marks, set down under the shape of simplicity, were the less marked with the eyes of knavery; for they little dreamed that we ploughmen could have so much satire in us as to bite our young landlord by the elbow. Well, this ended, master Bursebell, the calves'-skin scrivener, was royally handled, that is, he had a royal[2] put in his hand by the merchant. And now I talk of calves'-skin, 'tis great pity, Lady Nightingale, that the skins of harmless and innocent beasts should be as instruments to

[1] Trunk-hose,—stuffed breeches.
[2] A gold coin worth fifteen shillings.

work villany upon, entangling young novices and foolish elder brothers, which are caught like woodcocks in the net of the law; for[1] 'tis easier for one of the greatest fowls to slide through the least hole of a net, than one of the least fools to get from the lappet of a bond. By this time the squeaking lawyer began to re-iterate that cold word *fines*, which struck so chill to our hearts, that it made them as cold as our heels, which were almost frozen to the floor with standing. Yea, quoth the merchant and the mercer, you are now tenants of ours; all the right, title, and interest of this young gentleman, your late landlord, we are firmly possessed of, as you yourselves are witnesses: wherefore this is the conclusion of our meeting; such fines as master Prospero here, by the valuation of the land, shall, out of his proper judgment, allot to us, such are we to demand at your hands; therefore we refer you to him, to wait his answer at the gentleman's best time and leisure. With that, they stiffled two or three angels in the lawyer's right hand:—right hand, said I? which hand was that, trow ye? for it is impossible to know which is the right hand of a lawyer, because there are but few lawyers that have right hands, and those few make much of them. So, taking their leaves of my young landlord that was, and that never shall be again, away they marched, heavier by a thousand acres at their parting than they were before at their meeting. The lawyer then, turning his Irish face to usward, willed us to attend his worship the next term,

[1] Omitted in ed. 2.

when we should further understand his pleasure. We, poor souls, thanked his worship, and paid him his fee out in legs;[1] when, in sight of us, he embraced our young gentleman (I think, for a fool), and gave him many riotous instructions how to carry himself, which he was prompter to take than the other to put into him; told him he must acquaint himself with many gallants of the Inns-of-Court, and keep rank with those that spend most, always wearing a bountiful disposition about him, lofty and liberal; his lodging must be about the Strand,[2] in any case, being remote from the handicraft scent of the city; his eating must be in some famous tavern, as the Horn,[3] the Mitre, or the Mermaid; and then after dinner he must venture beyond sea, that is, in a choice pair of noblemen's oars, to the Bankside,[4] where he must sit out the breaking-up[5] of a comedy, or the first cut of a tragedy; or rather, if his humour so serve him, to call in at the Blackfriars,[6] where he should see a nest of boys able to ravish a man. This said, our young goose-cap, who was ready to embrace such counsel, thanked him for his fatherly admonitions, as he termed them, and told him again that he should not find him with the

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[1] Bows.

[2] At this time a very fashionable part of the town.

[3] The Horn was a tavern in Fleet-street; the Mitre and the Mermaid were in Bread-street, Cheapside.

[4] In Southwark. The Globe, the Rose, the Swan, and the Hope were on the Bankside.

[5] Carving.

[6] The company of the Children of the Revels performed at the Blackfriars theatre at this date.

breach of any of them, swearing and protesting he would keep all those better than the ten commandments: at which word he buckled on his rapier and hangers,[1] his monkey-face casting on his cloak by the book; after an apish congee or two, passed downstairs, without either word or nod to us his old father's tenants. Nevertheless we followed him, like so many russet[2] serving-men, to see the event of all, and what the issue would come to; when, of a sudden, he was encountered by a most glorious-spangled gallant, which we took at first to have been some upstart tailor, because he measured all his body with a salutation, from the flow of the doublet to the fall of the breeches; but at last we found him to be a very fantastical sponge, that licked up all humours, the very ape of fashions, gesture, and compliment,—one of those indeed, as we learned afterward, that fed upon young landlords, riotous sons and heirs, till either he or the Counter in Wood-street had swallowed them up; and would not stick to be a bawd or pander to such young gallants as our young gentleman, either to acquaint them with harlots, or harlots with them; to bring them a whole dozen of taffeta punks at a supper, and they should be none of these common Molls neither, but discontented and unfortunate gentlewomen, whose parents being lately deceased, the brother ran away with all the land, and they,[3] poor squalls,[4] with a little money, which

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[1] See note 4, vol. iii. p. 138.
[2] Plainly attired in suits of coarse brown cloth.
[3] So ed. 1.—Ed. 2, "the."
[4] See note, vol. i. p. 267.

cannot hold out long without some comings in; but they will rather venture a maidenhead than want a head-tire; such shuttlecocks as these, which, though they are tossed and played withal, go still[1] like maids, all white on the top: or else, decayed gentlemen's wives, whose husbands, poor souls, lying for debt in the King's Bench, they go about to make monsters in the King's-Head tavern; for this is a general axiom, all your luxurious[2] plots are always begun in taverns, to be ended in vau[l]ting-houses;[3] and after supper, when fruit comes in, there is small fruit of honesty to be looked for,—for you know that the eating of the apple always betokens the fall of Eve. Our prodigal child, accompanied with this soaking swaggerer and admirable cheater, who had supt up most of our heirs about London like poached eggs, slips into White-Friars'[4] nunnery, whereas[5] the report went he kept his most delicate drab of three hundred a-year, some unthrifty gentleman's daughter, who had mortgaged his land to scriveners, sure enough from redeeming again; for so much she seemed by her bringing up, though less by her casting down. Endued she was, as we heard, with some good qualities, though all were converted then but to flattering villanies: she could run upon the lute very well, which in others would have appeared virtuous, but in her lascivious, for her running was rather jested at, because she was a light runner besides: she had likewise the gift of singing very deliciously, able to charm

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[1] Omitted in ed. 2.
[2] Lustful.
[3] Brothels.
[4] See note 2, p. 30.
[5] Where.

the bearer; which so bewitched away our young master's money, that he might have kept seven noise[1] of musicians for less charges, and yet they would have stood for serving-men too, having blue[2] coats of their own. She had a humour to lisp often, like a flattering wanton, and talk childish, like a parson's daughter; which so pleased and rapt our old landlord's lickerish son, that he would swear she spake nothing but sweetmeats, and her breath then sent forth such a delicious odour, that it perfumed his white-satin doublet better than sixteen milliners. Well, there we left him, with his devouring cheater and his glorious cockatrice;[3] and being almost upon dinner-time, we hied us and took our repast at thrifty mother Walker's, where we found a whole nest of pinching bachelors, crowded together upon forms and benches, in that most worshipful three-halfpenny ordinary, where presently they were boarded with hot monsieur Mutton-and-porridge (a Frenchman by his blowing); and next to them we were served in order, every one taking their degree: and I tell you true, lady, I have known the time when our young landlord's father hath been a three-halfpenny eater there,—nay more, was the first that acquainted us with that sparing and thrifty ordinary, when his riotous son hath since spent his five pound at a sitting. Well, having discharged our small shot (which was like hail-shot in respect of our young master's cannon-reckonings in taverns), we plodded home to our ploughs, carrying these heavy news to our wives both of the prodigality of

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[1] Bands. [2] The livery of serving-men. [3] Whore.

our old landlord's son, as also of our oppressions to come by the burden of uncharitable fines. And, most musical madam Nightingale, do but imagine now what a sad Christmas we all kept in the country, without either carols, wassail-bowls, dancing of Sellenger's round[1] in moonshine nights about May-poles, shoeing the mare,[2] hoodman-blind,[3] hot-cockles,[4] or any of our old Christmas gambols; no, not so much as choosing king and queen on twelfth night: such was the dulness of our pleasures, —for that one word *fines* robbed us of all our fine pastimes.

This sour-faced Christmas thus unpleasantly past over, up again we trotted to London, in a great frost, I remember, for the ground was as hard as the lawyer's conscience; and arriving at the luxurious Strand some three days before the term, we inquired for our bountiful landlord, or the fool in the full, at his neat and curious lodging; but answer was made us by an old chambermaid, that our gentleman slept not there all the Christmas time, but had been at court, and at least in five masques; marry, now, as she thought, we might find him at master Poops his ordinary, with half-a-dozen of gallants more at dice. At dice? at the devil! quoth I, for that is a dicer's last

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[1] St. Leger's round,—an old country dance.

[2] A youth was chosen to be the wild mare; he was given a start, and the rest of the company pursued him with the object of shoeing him.

[3] Blind-man's buff.

[4] In the game of hot-cockles a player was blindfolded and laid his head in another's lap, in which position he had to endure a buffeting from the rest of the players until he guessed the name of the person who struck him.

throw. Here I began to rail, like Thomas Nash against Gabriel Harvey, if you call that railing; yet I think it was but the running a tilt of wits in booksellers' shops on both sides of John of Paul's[1] churchyard; and I wonder how John scaped unhorsing. But when we were entered the door of the ordinary, we might hear our lusty gentleman shoot off a volley of oaths some three rooms over us, cursing the dice, and wishing the pox were in their bones, crying out for a new pair of square ones, for the other belike had cogged[2] with him and made a gull of him. When the host of the ordinary coming downstairs met us with this report, after we had named him, Troth, good fellows, you have named now the most unfortunatest gentleman living, at passage[3] I mean; for I protest I have stood by myself as a heavy eye-witness, and seen the beheading of five hundred crowns, and what pitiful end they all made. With that he showed us his embost girdle and hangers[4] new-pawned for more money, and told us beside, not without tears, his glorious cloak was cast away three hours before overboard, which was, off the table. At which lamentable hearing, we stood still in the lower room, and durst not venture upstairs, for fear he would have laid all us ploughmen to pawn too; and yet I think all we could scarce have made up one

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[1] See note 1, p. 53.

[2] "The same pun occurs in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, 'Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you,' act v. sc. 2; where Johnson remarks, 'To *cog* signifies to *falsify the dice*, and to *falsify a narrative* or *to lie* [or *to cheat*].'"—*Dyce*.

[3] See note 1, vol. vi. p. 272.

[4] See note 4, vol. iii. p. 138.

throw. But to draw to an end, as his patrimony did, we had not lingered the better part of an hour, but down came [the host] fencing his glittering rapier and dagger, as if he had been newly shoulder-clapt by a pewter-buttoned sergeant and his weapons seized upon. At last, after a great peal of oaths on all sides, the court broke up, and the worshipful bench of dicers came thundering down-stairs, some swearing, some laughing, some cursing, and some singing, with such a confusion of humours, that had we not[1] known before what rank of gallants they were, we should have thought the devils had been at dice in an ordinary. The first that appeared to us was our most lamentable landlord, dressed up in his monkey's livery-cloak, that he seemed now rather to wait upon his monkey than his monkey upon him, which did set forth his satin suit so excellent scurvily, that he looked for all the world like a French lord in dirty boots. When casting his eye upon us, being desirous, as it seemed, to remember us now if we had any money, brake into these fantastical speeches: What, my whole warren of tenants? —thinking indeed to make conies of us,—my honest nest of ploughmen, the only kings of Kent! More dice, ho! i'faith, let's have another career, and vomit three dice in a hand again. With that I plucked his humour at one side, and told him we were indeed his father's tenants, but his we were sorry we were not; and as for money to maintain his dice, we had not sufficient to stuff out the lawyer. Then replied our gallant in a rage,

[1] Omitted in ed. 2.

tossing out two or three new-minted oaths, These ploughmen are politicians, I think; they have wit, the whorsons; they will be tenants, I perceive, longer than we shall be landlords. And fain he would have swaggered with us, but that his weapons were at pawn: so, marching out like a turned gentleman, the rest of the gallants seemed to cashier him, and throw him out of their company like a blank die—the one having no black peeps,[1] nor he no white pieces. Now was our gallant the true picture of the prodigal; and having no rents to gather now, he gathered his wits about him, making his brain pay him revenues in villany; for it is a general observation, that your sons and heirs prove seldom wise men till they have no more land than the compass of their noddles. To conclude, within few days' practice he was grown as[2] absolute in cheating, and as exquisite in pandarism, that he outstripped all Greene's books[3] *Of the Art of Cony-catching;* and where before he maintained his drab, he made his drab now maintain him; proved the only true captain of vaulting-houses, and the valiant champion against constables and searchers; feeding upon the sin of White-Friars, Pict-hatch,[4] and Turnboll-street. Nay,

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[1] Eyes (spots).

[2] "Grown as"—omitted in ed. 2.

[3] (1) A notable Discovery of Coosnage. Now daily practised by Sundry lewd persons called Connie-Catchers and Crosse-Biters, 1591; (2) The Second and last Part of Conny-catching, 1591; (3) The Thirde and last Part of Conny-catching, 1591; (4) A Disputation betweene a Hee Conny-catcher and a Shee Conny-catcher, 1592; (5) The Blacke Bookes Messenger, 1592.

[4] "Pict-hatch and Turnboll-street."—See note, p. 10.

there was no landed novice now but he could melt him away into nothing, and in one twelvemonth make him hold all his land between his legs, and yet but straddle easily neither; no wealthy son of the city but within less than a quarter he could make all his stock not worth a Jersey stocking: he was all that might be in dissolute villany, and nothing that should be in his forefathers' honesty. To speak troth, we did so much blush at his life, and were so ashamed of his base courses, that ever after we loathed to look after them. But returning to our stubble-haired lawyer, who reaped his beard every term-time (the lawyer's harvest), we found the mercer and the merchant crowded in his study amongst a company of law-books, which they justled so often with their coxcombs, that they were almost together by the ears with them; when at the sight of us they took an *habeas corpus*, and removed their bodies into a bigger room. But there we lingered not long for our torments; for the mercer and the merchant gave fire to the lawyer's tongue with a rope of angels, and the word *fines* went off with such a powder, that the force of it blew us all into the country, quite changed our ploughmen's shapes, and so we became little ants again.

This, madam Nightingale, is the true discourse of our rural fortunes, which, how miserable, wretched, and full of oppression they were, all husbandmen's brows can witness, that are fined with more sweat still year by year; and I hope a canzonet of your sweet singing will set them forth to the world in satirical harmony.

The remorseful nightingale, delighted with the ant's

quaint discourse, began to tune the instrument of her voice, breathing forth these lines in sweet and delicious airs.

The Nightingale's Canzonet.

Poor little ant,
Thou shalt not want
The ravish'd music of my voice!
Thy shape is best,
Now thou art least,
For great ones fall with greater noise:
And this shall be the marriage of my song,
Small bodies can have but a little wrong.

Now thou art securer,
And thy days far surer;
Thou pay'st no rent upon the rack,
To daub a prodigal landlord's back,
Or to maintain the subtle running
Of dice and drabs, both one in cunning;
Both pass from hand to hand to many,
Flattering all, yet false to any;
Both are well link'd, for, throw dice how you can,
They will turn up their peeps [1] to every man.

Happy art thou, and all thy brothers,
That never feel'st the hell of others!
The torment to a luxur [2] due,
Who never thinks his harlot true;

[1] See note 1, p. 84. Lecher.

Although upon her heels he stick his eyes,
Yet still he fears that though she stands she lies.

Now are thy labours easy,
Thy state not sick or queasy;
All drops thou sweat'st are now thine own;
Great subsidies be as unknown
To thee and to thy little fellow-ants,
Now none of you under that burden pants.

Lo, for example, I myself, poor worms,[1]
That have outworn the rage of Tereus' storms,
Am ever blest now, in this downy shape,
From all men's treachery or soul-melting rape;
And when I sing *Tereu, Tereu,*
Through every town, and so renew
The name of Tereus, slaves, through fears,
With guilty fingers bolt their ears,
All[2] ravishers do rave and e'en fall mad,
And then such wrong'd souls as myself are glad.

So thou, small wretch, and all thy nest,
Are in those little bodies blest,
Not tax'd beyond your poor degree
With landlord's fine and lawyer's fee:
But tell me, pretty toiling worm,
Did that same ploughman's weary form

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[1] See note 1, p. 57.
[2] So ed. 1.—Ed. 2 "And all."

Discourage thee so much from others,
That neither thou nor those thy brothers,
In borrow'd shapes, durst once agen
Venture amongst perfidious men?

ANT.

Yes, lady, the poor ant replied,
I left not so; but then I tried
War's sweating fortunes; not alone
Condemning rash all states for one,
Until I found by proof, and knew by course,
That one was bad, but all the rest were worse.

NIGHTINGALE.

Didst thou put on a rugged soldier then?
A happy state, because thou fought'st 'gainst men.
Prithee, discourse thy fortunes, state, and harms;
Thou wast, no doubt, a mighty man-at-arms.

The Ant's Tale when he was a soldier.

Then thus, most musical and prickle-singing[1] madam (for, if I err not, your ladyship was the first that brought up prick-song, being nothing else but the fatal notes of your pitiful ravishment), I, not contented long, a vice cleaving to all worldlings, with this little estate of an ant, but stuffed with envy and ambition, as small as I was, desired to venture into the world again, which I may rather term the upper hell or *frigida gehenna*, the cold-

[1] See note, p. 56.

charitable hell, wherein are all kind of devils too; as your gentle devil, your ordinary devil, and your gallant devil; and all these can change their shapes too, as to-day in cowardly white, to-morrow in politic black, a third day in jealous yellow; for believe it, sweet lady, there are devils of all colours. Nevertheless, I, covetous of more change, leapt out of this little skin of an ant, and hung my skin on the hedge, taking upon me the grisly shape of a dusty soldier. Well made I was, and my limbs valiantly hewn out for the purpose: I had a mazzard,[1] I remember, so well lined in the inside with my brain, it stood me in better stead than a double headpiece; for the brain of a soldier, differing from all other sciences, converts itself to no other[2] use but to line, fur, and even quilt the coxcomb, and so makes a pate of proof: my face was well leavened, which made my looks taste sour, the true relish of a man of war; my cheeks dough-baked, pale, wan, and therefore argued valour and resolution; but my nose somewhat hard-baked, and a little burnt in the oven, a property not amiss in a soldier's visage, who should scorn to blush but in his nose; my chin was well thatched with a beard, which was a necessary shelter in winter, and a fly-flap in summer, so brushy and spreading, that my lips could scarce be seen to walk abroad, but played at all-hid, and durst not peep forth for starting a hair. To conclude, my arms, thighs, and legs were so sound, stout, and weighty, as if they had come all out of the timber-yard, that my very presence only was able to

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[1] Head. [2] Omitted in ed. 2.

still the bawlingest infant in Europe. And I think, madam, this was no unlikely shape for a soldier to prove well; here was mettle enough for four shillings a-week to do valiant service till it was bored as full of holes as a skimmer. Well, to the wars I betook me, ranked myself amongst desperate hot shots,[1]—only my carriage put on more civility, for I seemed more like a spy than a follower, an observer rather than a committer of villany. And little thought I, madam, that the camp had been supplied with harlots too as well as the Curtain,[2] and the guarded tents as wicked as garden tenements;[3] trulls passing to and fro in the washed shape of laundresses, as your bawds about London in the manner of starchwomen, which is the most unsuspected habit that can be to train out a mistress. And if your ladyship will not think me much out of the way though I take a running leap from the camp to the Strand again, I will discover a pretty knavery of the same breeding between such a starch-woman and a kind wanton mistress; as there are few of those balassed vessels now-a-days but will have a love and a husband.

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[1] "Hot shots" = sharpshooters.

[2] The playhouse so called, in Shoreditch. It was situated "on the southern side of Holywell Lane, a little to the westward of the two trees which are seen in Aggas's view in the middle of a field adjoining Holywell Lane."—Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, ed. 3, p. 415.—"It appears from Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1592, and several other authorities, that the neighbouring village of Shoreditch was distinguished by the number of houses which were inhabited by the frail sisterhood. In *Skialetheia*, 1598, mention is made of an old citizen 'who, comming from the Curtaine, sneaketh in To some odde garden noted house of sinne.'"—*Ibid.* p. 426.

[3] See note, vol. ii. p. 48.

The woman crying her ware by the door (a most pitiful cry, and a[1] lamentable hearing that such a stiff thing as starch should want customers), passing cunningly and slily by the stall, not once taking notice of the party you wot on, but being by this some three or four shops off, Mass, quoth my young mistress to the weathercock her husband, such a thing I want, you know: then she named how many puffs and purls[2] lay in a miserable case for want of stiffening. The honest plain-dealing jewel her husband sent out a boy to call her (not bawd by her right name, but starchwoman): into the shop she came, making a low counterfeit curtsey, of whom the mistress demanded if the starch were pure gear, and would be stiff in her ruff, saying she had often been deceived before, when the things about her have stood as limber as eelskins. The woman replied as subtilely, Mistress, quoth she, take this paper of starch of my hand; and if it prove not to your mind, never bestow penny with me, —which paper, indeed, was a letter sent to her from the gentleman her exceeding favourite. Say you so? quoth the young dame, and I'll try it, i'faith. With that she ran upstairs like a spinner[3] upon small cobweb ropes, not to try or arraign the starch, but to conster[4] and parse the letter (whilst her husband sat below by the counter, like one of these brow-bitten catchpolls[5] that wait for one man all day, when his wife can put five in the counter before him), wherein she found many words that pleased

[1] Omitted in ed. 2.
[2] Fringes.
[3] Spider.
[4] Construe.
[5] Sergeants.

her. Withal the gentleman writ unto her for a certain sum of money, which no sooner was read, but was ready to be sent: wherefore, laying up the starch and that, and taking another sheet of clean paper in her hand, wanting time and opportunity to write at large, with a penful of ink, in the very middle of the sheet, writ these few quaint monosyllables, *Coin, Cares, and Cures, and all C's else are yours.* Then rolling up the white money like the starch in that paper very subtilely and artificially, came tripping downstairs with these colourable words, Here's goodly starch indeed! fie, fie!—trust me, husband, as yellow as the jaundice; I would not have betrayed my puffs with it for a million:—here, here, here (giving her the paper of money). With that the subtle starch-woman, seeming sorry that it pleased her not, told her, within few days she would fit her turn with that which should like[1] her; meaning indeed more such sweet news from her lover. These and such like, madam, are the cunning conveyances of secret, privy, and therefore unnoted harlots, that so avoid the common finger of the world, when less committers than they are publicly pointed at.

So likewise in the camp, whither now I return, borne on the swift wings of apprehension, the habit of a laundress shadows the abomination of a strumpet; and our soldiers are like glovers, for the one cannot work well, nor the other fight well, without their wenches. This was the first mark of villany that I found sticking upon the brow of war; but after the hot and fiery copulation

[1] Please.

of a skirmish or two, the ordnance playing like so many Tamburlaines, the muskets and calivers answering like drawers, Anon, anon, sir, I cannot be here and there too,—that is, in the soldier's hand and in the enemy's belly, I grew more acquainted, and, as it were, entered into the entrails of black-livered policy. Methought, indeed, at first, those great pieces of ordnance should speak English, though now by transportation[1] turned rebels: and what a miserable and pitiful plight it was, lady, to have so many thousands of our men slain by their own countrymen the cannons,—I mean not the harmless canons of Paul's, but those cannons that have a great singing in their heads! Well, in this onset I remember I was well smoke-dried, but neither arm nor leg perished, not so much as the loss of a petty finger; for when I counted them all over, I missed not one of them; and yet sometimes the bullets came within a hair of my coxcomb, even like a barber scratching my pate, and perhaps took away the left limb of a vermin, and so departed; another time shouldering me like a bailiff against Michaelmas-term, and then shaking me by the sleeve as familiarly as if we had been acquainted seven years together. To conclude, they used me very courteously and gentlemanlike awhile; like an old cunning

[1] In the Parliament of 1601 a bill was brought forward to prohibit the transportation of ordnance. Sir Walter Raleigh observed on that occasion, "I am sure heretofore one ship of her Majesty's was able to beat twenty Spaniards: but now by reason of our own ordnance we are hardly matched one to one." See Townshend's *Historical Collections*, 1680, pp. 291–297, 334.

bowler to fetch in a young ketling[1] gamester, who will suffer him to win one sixpenny-game at the first, and then lurch him in six pounds afterward: and so they played with me, still training me, with their fair promises, into far deeper and deadlier battles, where, like villanous cheating bowlers, they lurched me of two of my best limbs, viz. my right arm and right leg, that so, of a man of war, I became in show a monster of war; yet comforted in this, because I knew war begot many such monsters as myself in less than a twelvemonth. Now I could discharge no more, having paid the shot dear enough, I think, but rather desired to be discharged, to have pay and begone: whereupon I appeared to my captain and other commanders, kissing my left hand, which then stood for both (like one actor that plays two parts), who seemed to pity my unjointed fortunes and plaster my wounds up with words, told me I had done valiant service in their knowledge; marry, as for pay, they must go on the score with me, for all their money was thumped out in powder: and this was no pleasing salve for a green sore, madam; 'twas too much for me, lady, to trust calivers with my limbs, and then cavaliers with my money. Nevertheless, for all my lamentable action of one arm, like old Titus Andronicus,[2] I could

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[1] See note 2, p. 42.

[2] The reference is of course to the tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*. In v. 2 Andronicus says—

"How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand *to give it action?*"

purchase no more than one month's pay for a ten months' pain and peril, nor that neither, but to convey away my miserable clamours, that lay roaring against the arches of their ears, marry, their bountiful favours were extended thus far,—I had a passport to beg in all countries.

Well, away I was packed; and after a few miseries by the way, at last I set one foot into England again (for I had no more then to set), being my native though unnatural country, for whose dear good I pawned my limbs to bullets, those merciless brokers, that will take the vantage of a minute; and so they were quite forfeited, lost, and unrecoverable. When I was on shore, the people gathered,—which word *gathering* put me in hope of good comfort, that afterward I failed of; for I thought at first they had gathered something for me, but I found at last they did only but gather about me; some wondering at me, as if I had been some sea-monster cast ashore, some jesting at my deformity, whilst others laughed at the jests: one amongst them, I remember, likened me to a sea-crab, because I went all of one side; another fellow vied [1] it, and said I looked like a rabbit cut up and half-eaten, because my wing and leg, as they termed it, were departed. Some began to pity me, but those were few in number, or at least their pity was as pennyless as Pierce,[2] who writ to the devil for maintenance. Thus passing from place to place, like the motion [3] of Julius Cæsar or the City Nineveh,

[1] "Vied it" = capped it. *Vie* was a term in card-playing, for backing one's cards against an opponent's. (Ed. 2 omits "it.")

[2] See note 2, p. 9.

[3] Puppet-show.—The motion of Nineveh has been already mentioned:

though not altogether in so good clothes, I overtook the city from whence I borrowed my first breath, and in whose defence I spent and laid out my limbs by whole sums to purchase her peace and happiness, nothing doubting but to be well entreated [1] there, my grievous maims tenderly regarded, my poor broken estate carefully repaired, the ruins of my blood built up again with redress and comfort: but woe the while, madam! I was not only unpitied, succourless, and rejected, but threatened with the public stocks, loathsome jails, and common whipping-posts, there to receive my pay—a goodly reward for my [2] bleeding service—if I were once found in the city again.

Wherefore I was forced to retire towards the Spital and Shoreditch, which, as it appeared, was the only Cole-harbour [3] and sanctuary for wenches and soldiers; where I took up a poor lodging a' trust till the Sunday, hoping that then master Alms and mistress Charity would walk abroad and take the air in Finsbury. At which time I came hopping out from my lodging, like old lame Giles of Cripplegate; but when I came there, the wind blew so bleak and cold, that I began to be quite out of hope of charity; yet, like a torn map of misery, I waited my single halfpenny fortunes; when, of a sudden, turning myself about, and looking down the Windmill

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see vol. 1, p. 8. In Day and Chettle's *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, mention is made of the motion of Julius Cæsar:—"You shall likewise see the famous city of Norwich, and the stabbing of Julius Cæsar in the French Capitol by a sort of Mesopotamians:" p. 72 (reprint).

[1] Treated.

[2] Omitted in ed. 2.

[3] See note 2, vol. ii. p. 277.

hill, I might espy afar off a fine-fashioned dame of the city, with her man bound by indenture before her; whom no sooner I caught in mine eyelids, but I made to with all possible speed, and with a premeditated speech for the nonce, thus, most soldier-like, I accosted her: Sweet lady, I beseech your beauty to weigh the estate of a poor unjointed soldier, that hath consumed the moiety, or the one-half of his limbs, in the dismembering and devouring wars, that hath cheated me of my flesh so notoriously, I protest I am not worth at this instant the small revenue of three farthings, beside my lodging unpleased[1] and my diet unsatisfied; and had I ten thousand limbs, I would venture them all in your sweet quarrel, rather than such a beauty as yourself should want the least limb of your desire. With that, as one being rather moved by my last words of promise than my first words of pity, she drew her white bountiful hand out of her marry-muff,[2] and quoited a single halfpenny; whereby I knew her then to be cold mistress Charity, both by her chill appearance and the hard, frozen pension she gave me. She was warm[3] lapt, I remember, from the sharp injury of the biting air: her visage was benighted with a taffeta-mask, to fray away the naughty wind from her face, and yet her very nose seemed so sharp with cold, that it almost bored a hole quite through: this was frost-bitten Charity; her teeth chattered in her head, and leaped up and down like virginal-

[1] Unpaid.

[2] See note 1, vol. i. p. 42.

[3] Omitted in ed. 2.

jacks,[1] which betrayed likewise who she was: and you would have broke into infinite laughter, madam (though misery made me leaden and pensive), had you been present, to have seen how quickly the muff swallowed her hand again; for no sooner was it drawn forth to drop down her pitiful alms, but, for fear the sun and air should have ravished it, it was extempore whipt up again. This the true picture of Charity, madam, which is as cold as ice in the middle of July.

Well, still I waited for another fare; but then I bethought myself again, that all the fares went by water a' Sundays to the bear-baiting,[2] and a' Mondays to West-

[1] The keys of the virginal (a musical instrument resembling a spinnet).—The comparison is common. Cf. Day's *Isle of Gulls* (ed. Bullen, p. 97):—"Who would ha' thought the cold had been so good a musician? how it plays upon my chaps and makes my teeth skip up and down my mouth like a company of virginal-jacks! but I find small music in it." So in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, ii. 222):—"But if . . . the morning, like charity waxing cold, thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosom, pinching thee black and blue (with her nails made of ice) like an invisible goblin, so that thy teeth (as if thou wert singing prick-song) stand coldly quavering in thy head and leap up and down like the nimble jacks of a pair of virginals."

[2] At Paris Garden, in Southwark, bear-baiting was a favourite Sunday amusement. Stubbes in his *Anatomy of Abuses* has a chapter on the subject. John Norden in *A Progress of Piety*, 1596–97, observes:—"It seemeth lawful (for it is tolerated) that every man at his pleasure may leave his travail and go to the play-house, bowling-alleys, *bear-gardens*, alehouses, taverns, and gaming, where they lose their time, consume their thrift, and offend the laws of God and her majesty. And the Sabbath day, which should be sanctified with prayer and hearing of the Word, is profaned with these accustomed evils; which, if they were cast out as unprofitable in this our earthly abiding-place, we should the more sweetly pass on the way to our heavenly heart's ease" (ed. Parker Society, p. 177). In 1625 an Act was passed prohibiting "bear-baiting, bull-baiting, interludes, common plays, and other unlawful exercises and pastimes upon the Lord's-day."

minster-hall; and therefore little to be looked for in Moorfields all the week long: wherefore I sat down by the rails there, and fell into these passionate,[1] but not railing speeches: Is this the farthest reward for a soldier? is valour and resolution, the two champions of the soul, so slightly esteemed and so basely undervalued? doth reeling Fortune not only rob us of our limbs, but of our living? are soldiers, then, both food for cannon and for misery? But then, in the midst of my passion, calling to memory the peevish turns[2] of many famous popular gallants, whose names were writ even upon the heart of the world—it could not so much as think without them, nor speak but in the discourse of them—I began to outdare the very worst of cruel and disaster chances, and determined to be constant in calamity, and valiant against the battering siege of misery. But note the cross star that always dogged my fortunes: I had not long rested there, but I saw the tweering[3] constable of Finsbury, with his bench of brown-bill men,[4] making towards me, meaning indeed to stop some prison-hole with me, as your soldiers, when the wars have done with them, are good for nothing else but to stop holes withal; at which sight, I scrambled up of all two, took my skin off the hedge, cozened the constable, and slipt[5] into an ant again.

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[1] Sorrowful.

[2] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "fortunes."

[3] Twiring, prying.—See Gifford's note, Jonson's *Works*, ed. 1875, vi. p. 263, and Cunningham's additional note, *ibid.*, p. 505.

[4] See note, p. 11.

[5] So ed. 1.—Ed. 2 "stint."

NIGHTINGALE.

O, 'twas a pretty, quaint deceit,
(The Nightingale began to sing,)
To slip from those that lie in wait,
Whose touch is like a raven's wing,
Fatal and ominous, which, being spread
Over a mortal, aims him dead.

Alas, poor emmet! thou wast tost
In thousand miseries by this shape;
Thy colour wasted, thy blood lost,
Thy limbs broke with the violent rape
Of hot impatient cannons, which desire
To ravish lives, spending their lust in fire.

O what a ruthful sight it is to see,
Though in a soldier of the mean'st degree,
That right member perish'd
Which the[1] body cherish'd!
That limb dissever'd, burnt, and gone,
Which the best part was borne upon:
And then, the greatest ruth of all,
Returning home in torn estate,
Where he should rise, there most to fall,
Trod down with envy, bruis'd with hate:
Yet, wretch, let this thy comfort be,
That greater worms have far'd like thee.

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[1] So ed 1.—Ed. 2 "thy."

[2] See note, 1, p. 57.

So here thou left'st, bloodless and wan,
Thy journeys thorough man and man;
These two cross'd shapes, so much opprest,
Did fray thy weakness from the rest.

ANT.

No, madam, once again my spleen did thirst
To try the third, which makes men blest or curst;
That number three many stars wait upon,
Ushering clear hap or black confusion:
Once more I ventur'd all my hopes to crown,—
But, aye me: leapt into a scholar's gown.

NIGHTINGALE.

A needy scholar! worse than worst,
Less fate in that than both the first:
I thought thou'dst leapt into a law-gown, then
There had been hope t' have swept up all agen;
But a lank scholar! study how you can,
No academe makes a rich alderman.
Well, with this comfort yet thou may'st discourse,
When fates are worst, then they can be no worse.

The Ant's Tale when he was a scholar.

You speak oracle, madam; and now suppose, sweet lady, you see me set forth, like a poor scholar, to the university, not on horseback, but in Hobson's[1] waggon,

[1] See note, vol. v. p. 8.

and all my pack contained in less than a little hood-box, my books not above four in number, and those four were very needful ones too, or else they had never been bought; and yet I was the valiant captain of a grammar-school before I went, endured the assault and battery of many unclean lashes, and all the battles I was in stood upon points[1] much, which, once let down, the enemy the schoolmaster would come rearward, and do such an exploit 'tis a shame to be talked of. By this time, madam, imagine me slightly entertained to be a poor scholar and servitor to some Londoner's son, a pure cockney, that must hear twice a-week from his mother, or else he will be sick ere the Sunday of a university-mulligrub. Such a one, I remember, was my first puling master, by whose peevish service I crept into an old battler's[2] gown, and so began to be a jolly fellow. There was the first point of wit I showed in learning to keep myself warm; to the confirming of which, you shall never take your true philosophers without two nightcaps at once and better, a gown of rug with the like appurtenances; and who be your wise men, I pray, but they? Now, as for study and books, I had the use of my young master's; for he was all day a courtier in the tennis-court, tossing of balls instead of books, and only holding disputation with the court-keeper how many dozen he was in; and when any friend of his would remember him to his book with this old moth-eaten sentence, *nulla dies sine linea*, True, he

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[1] Tagged laces that held up the breeches.

[2] See note 5, p. 43.

would say, I observe it well, for I am no day from the line of the racket-court. Well, in the meantime, I kept his study warm, and sucked the honey of wit from the flowers of Aristotle—steeped my brain in the smart juice of logic, that subtle virtue,—and yet, for all my weighty and substantial arguments, being able indeed to prove anything by logic, I could prove myself never the richer, make the best syllogism I could: no, although I daily rose before the sun, talked and conversed with midnight, killing many a poor farthing candle, that sometimes was ungently put to death when it might have lived longer, but most times living out the full course and hour, and the snuff dying naturally in his bed. Nevertheless, I had entered as yet but the suburbs of a scholar, and sat but upon the skirts of learning: full often I have sighed when others have snorted; and when baser trades have securely rested in their linens, I have forced mine eyes open, and even gagged them with capital letters, stretching them upon the tenters of a broad text-line when night and sleep have hung pound weights of lead upon my eyelids.

How many such black and ghastly seasons have I passed over, accompanied only with a demure watching-candle, that blinked upon Aristotle's works, and gave even sufficient glimmering to read by, but none to spare! Hitherto my hopes grew comfortable upon the spreading branches of art and learning, rather promising future advancement than empty days and penurious scarcity. But shall I tell you, lady? O, here let me sigh out a full point, and take my leave of all plenteous hours and

wealthy hopes! for in the spring of all my perfections, in the very pride and glory of all my labours, I was unfruitfully led to the lickerish study of poetry, that sweet honey-poison, that swells a supple scholar with unprofitable sweetness and delicious false conceits, until he burst into extremities and become a poetical almsman, or at the most, one of the Poor Knights of Poetry, worse by odds than one of the Poor Knights of Windsor. Marry, there was an age once, but, alas, long since dead and rotten, whose dust lies now in lawyers' sand-boxes! in those golden days, a virtuous writer might have lived, maintained himself better upon poems than many upon ploughs, and might have expended more by the year by the revenue of his verse than any riotous elder brother upon the wealthy quartridges of three times three hundred acres, according to the excellent report of these lines:

> There was a golden age—who murder'd it?
> How died that age, or what became of it?
> Then poets, by divinest alchemy,
> Did turn their ink to gold; kings in that time
> Hung jewels at the ear of every rhyme.
>
> But O, those days are wasted! and behold
> The golden age that was is coin'd to gold:
> And why Time now is call'd an iron man,
> Or this an iron-age, 'tis thus exprest,—
> The golden age lies in an iron chest:

Or,

Gold lies now as prisoner in an usurer's great iron-barred chest, where the prison-grates are the locks and the key-

holes, but so closely mewed, or rather dammed up, that it never looks to walk abroad again, unless there chance to come a speedy rot among usurers,—for I fear me the piddling gout will never make them away soon enough; for your rank money-masters live their threescore and ten years as orderly as many honester men: and it is great pity, lady Philomel, that the gout should be such a long courtier in a usurer's great toe, revelling and domineering above thirty years together in his rammish blood and his fusty flesh; and I wonder much, madam, that gold, being the spirit of the Indies, can couch so basely under wood and iron, two dull slaves, and not muster up his legion of angels,[1] burst through the wide bulk of a coffer, and so march into bountiful and liberal bosoms, shake hands with virtuous gentlemen, industrious spirits, and true-deserving worthies, detesting the covetous clutches and loathsome fangs of a goat-bearded usurer, a sable soul[ed] broker, and an infectious law-fogger.

O, but I chide in vain! for gold wants eyes,
And, like a whore, cares not with whom it lies.

Yet that which makes me most admire his baseness are these verses following, wherein he proudly sets forth his own glory, which he vaunts so much of, that I shame to think any ignoble spirit or copper disposition should fetter his smooth golden limbs in boisterous and sullen iron, but rather be let free to every virtuous, and therefore poor scholar (for poverty is niece to virtue); so should each elegant poem be truly valued, and divine

[1] See note, vol. i. p. 32.

Here's golden majesty enough, I trow! and, Gold, art thou so powerful, so mighty, and yet snaffled with a poor padlock? O base drudge, and too unworthy of such an angel-like form! much like a fair sleek-faced courtier, without either wit or virtue; thou that throwest the earthen bowl of the world, with the bias the wrong way, to peasantry, baseness, ingentility, and never givest desert his due, or shakest thy yellow wings in a scholar's study! But why do I lose myself in seeking thee, when thou art found of few but illiterate hinds, rude boors, and hoary penny-fathers,[1] that keep thee in perpetual durance, in vaults under false boards, subtle-contrived walls, and in horrible dark dungeons bury thee most unchristian-like, without amen, or the least noise of a priest or clerk, and make thee rise again at their pleasures many a thousand time before doomsday; and yet will not all this move thee once to forsake them, and keep company with a scholar that truly knows how to use thee?

By this time I had framed an elaborate poetical building—a neat, choice, and curious poem,—the first-fruits of my musical-rhyming study, which was dispersed into a quaint volume fairly bound up in principal vellum, double-filleted with leaf-gold, strung most gentlemanlike with carnation silk riband; which book, industriously heaped with weighty conceits, precious phrases, and wealthy numbers, I, Oliver Hubburd, in the best fashion I might, presented to Sir Christopher Clutchfist, whose

[1] See note 2, p. 29.

Poesy sit crowned in gold, as she ought, where now she only sits with a paper on her head, as if she had committed some notorious trespass, either for railing against some brawling lawyer, or calling some justice of peace a wise man; and how magnificently Gold sings of his own fame and glory, these his own verses shall stand for witnesses:—

Know, I am Gold,
The richest spirit that breathes in earth or hell,
The soul of kingdoms, and the stamp of souls;
Bright angels[1] wear my livery, sovereign kings
Christen their names in gold, and call themselves
Royal[2] and sovereign[3] after my gilt name;
All offices are mine and in my gift;
I have a hand in all; the statist's veins
Flow in the blood of gold; the courtier bathes
His supple and lascivious limbs in oil
Which my brow sweats; what lady brightly spher'd
But takes delight to kiss a golden beard?
Those pleaders, forenoon players, act my parts
With liberal[4] tongues and desperate-fighting spirits,
That wrestle with the arms of voice and air;
And lest they should be out, or faint, or cold,
Their innocent clients hist them on with gold:
What holy churchman's not accounted even,
That prays three times to me ere once to heaven?
Then to let shine the radiance of my birth,
I am the enchantment both in hell and earth.

[1] See note, vol. i. p. 32.
[2] See note 2, p. 75.
[3] See note 2, vol. ii. p. 235.
[4] Free, licentious.

Here's golden majesty enough, I trow! and, Gold, art thou so powerful, so mighty, and yet snaffled with a poor padlock? O base drudge, and too unworthy of such an angel-like form! much like a fair sleek-faced courtier, without either wit or virtue; thou that throwest the earthen bowl of the world, with the bias the wrong way, to peasantry, baseness, ingentility, and never givest desert his due, or shakest thy yellow wings in a scholar's study! But why do I lose myself in seeking thee, when thou art found of few but illiterate hinds, rude boors, and hoary penny-fathers,[1] that keep thee in perpetual durance, in vaults under false boards, subtle-contrived walls, and in horrible dark dungeons bury thee most unchristian-like, without amen, or the least noise of a priest or clerk, and make thee rise again at their pleasures many a thousand time before doomsday; and yet will not all this move thee once to forsake them, and keep company with a scholar that truly knows how to use thee?

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[1] See note 2, p. 29.

bountiful virtue I blaze in my first epistle. The book he entertained but, I think, for the cover's sake, because it made such a goodly show on the backside: and some two days after, returning for my remuneration, I might espy—O lamentable sight, madam! — my book dismembered very tragically; the cover ript off, I know not for what purpose, and the carnation silk strings pulled out and placed in his Spanish-leather[1] shoes; at which ruthful prospect I fell down and sounded;[2] and when I came to myself again, I was an ant, and so ever since I have kept me.

NIGHTINGALE.

There keep thee still;
Since all are ill,
  Venture no more;
'Tis better be a little ant
Than a great man and live in want,
  And still deplore:
  So rest thee now
  From sword, book, or plough.

By this the day began to spring,
  And seize upon her watchful eyes,
When more tree-quiristers did sing,
  And every bird did wake and rise:
Which was no sooner seen and heard,
But all their pretty chat was marr'd;

---

[1] See note 5, p. 70. [2] Swooned.

And then she said,
We are betray'd,
The day is up, and all the birds
And they abroad will blab our words.

With that she bade the ants farewell,
And all they likewise Philomel:
Away she flew,
Crying *Tereu!*
And all the industrious ants in throngs,
Fell to their work and held their tongues.

MICRO-CYNICON.

Micro-cynicon. Sixe Snarling Satyres.

Insatiat Cron.
Prodigall Zodon.
Insolent Superbia.
Cheating Droone.
Ingling Pyander.
Wise Innocent.

Adsis pulcher homo canis hic tibi pulcher emendo. Imprinted at London by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Bushell, and are to be sold at his shop at the North doore of Paules Church. 1599. 8vo.

Micro-Cynicon and *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased*, exceedingly uninteresting productions, have been relegated to an appendix and printed in small type. I would gladly exclude them from the present collection; but the "Defiance to Envy" prefixed to the satires is subscribed with the dramatist's initials, and the dedication to *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased* is signed "Thomas Middleton."

In 1842 Utterson printed privately a few copies of a "facsimile" edition of *Micro-Cynicon*. Utterson's text contains several misprints and misreadings. Dyce is far more accurate; Not more than two copies of these wretched satires are in existence. The copy that I have used is in the Bodleian Library.

HIS DEFIANCE TO ENVY.[1]

ENVY, which mak'st thyself in common guise,
To haunt deservers, and to hunt desarts;
Hard-soft, cold-hot, well-evil, foolish-wise,
Miscontrarieties, agreeing parts;
Avaunt, I say! I'll anger thee enough,
And fold thy fiery eyes in thy smazky[2] snuff.

Defiance, resolution, and neglects,
True trine of bars against thy false assault,
Defies, resolves defiance, and rejects
Thy interest to claim the smallest fault:
Thou lawless landlady, poor prodigal,
Sour solace, credit's crack, fear's festival!

More angry satire-days[3] I'll muster up
Than thou canst challenge letters in thy name;
My nigrum[4] true-born ink no more shall sup
Thy stained blemish, character'd in blame:
My pen's two nebs shall turn into a fork,
Chasing old Envy from so young a work:
I, but the author's mouth, bid thee avaunt!
He more defies thy hate, thy hunt, thy haunt.

T. M. *Gent.*

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[1] "In imitation of Hall, who had ushered in his Satires with *Defiance to Envy.*"—*Dyce.*

[2] "*i.e.*, perhaps, smitchy or smeechy (reechy, black)."—*Dyce.*

[3] "Does he intend to pun upon the last day of the week—*Saturda*
It may be a misprint for *Satyr-Dogs*, in allusion to his title, 'Sixe *Sna*
ing Satyres.'"—Collier's *Poet. Decam.*, vol. i. p. 286.

[4] Old ed. "negrum."—The word *nigrum* (black) occurs in our autho
Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

FIRST BOOK.

DISMOUNTED from the high-aspiring hills
Which the all-empty airy kingdom fills,
Leaving the scorchèd mountains threatening heaven,
From whence fell fiery rage my soul hath driven,
Passing the down-steep valleys all in hast,[1]
Have tript it through the woods; and now, at last,
Am veilèd with a stony sanctuary,
To save my ire-stuft soul, lest it miscarry,
From threatening storms, o'erturning verity,
That shames to see truth's refin'd purity;
Those open plains, those high sky-kissing mounts,
Where huffing winds cast up their airy accounts,
Were too, too open, shelter yielding none,
So that the blasts did tyrannize upon
The naked carcass of my heavy soul,
And with their fury all my all control.
But now, environ'd with a brazen tower,
I little dread their stormy-raging power;
Witness this black defying embassy,
That wanders them beforn[2] in majesty,

---

[1] "Frequently thus written for the sake of the rhyme—even long after the date of the present poem (as by Butler in *Hudibras*, &c.)." —*Dyce.*

[2] Old form of *before*.

Undaunted of their bugbear threatening words,
Whose proud-aspiring vaunts time past records.
Now, windy parasites, or the slaves of wine,
That wind from all things save the truth divine,
Wind, turn, and toss, into the depth of spite,
Your devilish venom cannot me affright;
It is a cordial of a candy taste,
I'll drink it up, and then let 't run at waste;
Whose druggy lees, mix'd with the liquid flood
Of muddy fell defiance, as it stood,
I'll belch into your throats all open wide,
Whose gaping swallow nothing runs beside;
And if it venom, take it as you list;
He spites himself that spites a satirist.

MICRO-CYNICON.

—o—

THE FIRST BOOK.

SATIRE I.—INSATIATE CRON.

Cur[1] *eget indignus quisquam, te divite?*

TIME was when down-declining toothless age
Was of a holy and divine presage,
Divining prudent and foretelling truth,
In sacred points instructing wandering youth;
But, O detraction of our latter days!
How much from verity this age estrays
Ranging the briery deserts of black sin,
Seeking a dismal cave to revel in!
This latter age, or member of that time
Of whom my snarling Muse now thundereth rhyme,
Wander'd the brakes, until a hidden cell
He found at length, and still therein doth dwell:
The house of gain insatiate it is,
Which this hoar-agèd peasant deems his bliss.
O that desire might hunt amongst that fur!
It should go hard but he would loose a cur

[1] Hor. *Sat.* ii. 2. 103.

To rouse the fox, hid in a bramble-bush,
Who frighteth conscience with a wry-mouth'd push.[1]
But what need I to wish or would it thus,
When I may find him starting at the Burse,[2]
Where he infecteth other pregnant wits,
Making them co-heirs to his damnèd fits.
There may you see this writhen-facèd mass
Of rotten mouldering clay, that prating ass,
That riddles wonders, mere[3] compact of lies,
Of heaven, of hell, of earth, and of the skies.
Of heaven thus he reasons; heaven there's none,
Unless it be within his mansion:
O, there is heaven! why? because there's gold,
That from the late to this last age controll'd
The massy sceptre of earth's heavenly round,
Exiling forth her silver-pavèd bound
The leaders, brethren, brazen counterfeits,
That in this golden age contempt begets:
Vaunt then I, mortal[4] I, I only king,
And golden god of this eternal being.
Of hell Cimmerian thus Avarus reasons;
Though hell be hot, yet it observeth seasons,
Having within his kingdom residence,
O'er which his godhead hath pre-eminence:
An obscure angel of his heaven it is,
Wherein's contain'd that hell-devouring bliss;
Into this hell sometimes an angel falls,
Whose white aspèct black forlorn souls appals;
And that is when a saint believing gold,
Old in that heaven, young in being old,
Falls headlong down into that pit of woe,

---

[1] Pish.
[2] Royal Exchange.
[3] Wholly.
[4] "'I, mortal.'—Qy. 'immortal'?"—*Dyce.*

Fit for such damnèd creature's overthrow :
To make this public that obscurèd lies,
And more apparent vulgar secrecies ;
To make this plain, harsh unto common wits,
Simplicity in common judgment sits.
This downcast angel, or declining saint,
Is greedy Cron, when Cron makes his comp[lain]t
For his poor creditors faln to decay,
Being bankerouts,[1] take heels and run away :
Then frantic Cron, gall'd to the very heart,
In some by-corner plays a devil's part,
Repining at the loss of so much pelf,
And in a humour goes and hangs himself ;
So of a saint a devil Cron is made,
The devil lov'd Cron, and Cron the devil's trade.
Thus may you see such angels often fall,
Making a working-day a festival.
Now to the third point of his deity,
And that's the earth, thus reasons credulity ;
Credulous Cron, Cron credulous in all,
Swears that his kingdom is in general :
As he is regent of this heaven and hell,
So of the earth all others he'll expel ;
The skies at his dispose, the earth his own,
And if Cron please, all must be overthrown.
Cron, Cron, advise thee, Cron with the copper nose,
And be not rul'd so much by false suppose,
Lest Cron's professing holiness turn evil,
And of a false god prove a perfect devil.
I prithee, Cron, find out some other talk,
Make not the Burse a place for spirits to walk ;

---

[1] Old form of *bankrupts*.

For doubtless, if thy damnèd lies take place,
Destruction follows: farewell, sacred grace!
Th' Exchange for goodly[1] merchants is appointed;
Why not for me, says Cron, and mine anointed?
Can merchants thrive, and not the usurer nigh?
Can merchants live without my company?
No, Cron helps all, and Cron hath help from none;
What others have is Cron's, and Cron's his own:
And Cron will hold his own, or 't shall go hard,
The devil will[2] help him for a small reward.
The devil's help, O 'tis a mighty thing!
If he but say the word, Cron is a king.
O then the devil is greater yet than he!
I thought as much, the devil would master be.
And reason too, saith Cron; for what care I,
So I may live as god, and never die?
Yea, golden Cron, death will make thee away,
And each dog, Cron, must have a dying day;
And with this resolution I bequeath thee
To God or to the devil, and so I leave thee.

SATIRE II.—PRODIGAL ZODON.

Who knows not Zodon? Zodon! what is he
The true-born child of insatiety.
If true-born, when? if born at all, say where?
Where conscience begg'd in worst time of the year:
His name young Prodigal, son to greedy Gain,
Let blood by folly in a contrary vein;

---

[1] "Qy. 'godly?'"—*Dyce.*

[2] Utterson's facsimile (!) gives "The diuel help him," omitting the word "will."

For scraping Cron, seeing he needs must die,
Bequeathèd all to prodigality:
The will once prov'd, and he possess'd of all,
Who then so gallant as young Prodigal?
Mounted aloft on flattering fortune's wings,
Where like a nightingale secure he sings,
Floating on seas of scarce prosperity,
Ingirt with pleasure's sweet tranquillity:
Suit upon suit, satin too, too base;
Velvet laid on with gold or silver lace
A mean man doth become; but he[1] must ride
In cloth of finèd gold, and by his side
Two footmen at the least, with choice of steeds,
Attirèd, when he[2] rides, in gorgeous weeds:
Zodon must have his chariot gilded o'er;
And when he triumphs, four bare before
In pure white satin to usher out his way,
To make him glorious on his progress-day:
Vail[3] bonnet he that doth not, passing by,
Admiring on that sun-enriching sky,
Two days encag'd at least in strongest hold:
Storm he that list, he scorns to be controll'd.
What! is it lawful that a mounted beggar
May uncontrollèd thus bear sway and swagger?
A base-born issue of a baser sire,
Bred in a cottage, wandering in the mire,
With nailèd shoes, and whipstaff in his hand,
Who with a hey and ree the beasts command;
And being seven years practis'd in that trade,
At seven years' end by Tom a journey's made
Unto the city of fair Troynovant;

[1] Old ed. "yee." [2] Old ed. "she."
[3] Lower.

Where, through extremity of need and want,
He's forc'd to trot with fardle at his back
From house to house, demanding if they lack
A poor young man that's willing to take pain
And mickle labour, though for little gain.
Well, some kind Troyan, thinking he hath grace
Keeps him himself, or gets some other place.
The world now, God be thank'd, is well amended;
Want, that erewhile did want, is now befriended;
And scraping Cron hath got a world of wealth:
Now what of that? Cron's dead; where's all his pelf?
Bequeathèd to young Prodigal; that's well:
His god hath left him, and he's fled to hell.
See, golden souls, the end of ill-got gain,
Read and mark well, to do the like refrain.
This youthful gallant, like the prince of pleasure,
Floating on golden seas of earthly treasure,
Treasure ill got by ministering of wrong,
Made a fair show, but endur'd not long;
Ill got, worse spent, gotten by deceit;
Spent on lascivious wantons, which await
And hourly expect such prodigality,
Lust-breathing lechers given to venery:
No day expir'd but Zodon hath his trull,
He hath his tit, and she likewise her gull;
Gull he, trull she: O 'tis a gallant age!
Men may have hackneys of good carriage;
Provided that there rain a golden shower,
Then come whos' will at the appointed hour:
Hour me no hours, hours break no square;[1]
Where gold doth rain, be sure to find them there.
Well, Zodon hath his pleasure, he hath gold;
Young in his golden age, in sin too old.

[1] "Break no square"—do not depart from the accustomed order.

Now he wants gold, all his treasures done,
He's banishèd the stews, pity finds none;
Rich yesterday in wealth, this day as poor,
To-morrow like to beg from door to door.
See, youthful spendthrifts, all your bravery
Even in a moment turn'd to misery!

SATIRE III.—INSOLENT SUPERBIA.

List, ye profane, fair-painted images,
Predestinated by the Destinies,
At your first being, to fall eternally
Into Cimmerian black obscurity;
Ill-favour'd idols, pride anatomy,
Foul-colour'd puppets, balls of infamy,
Whom zealous souls do racket to and fro;
Sometimes aloft ye fly, other whiles below,
Banded into the air's loose continent,
Where hard upbearing winds hold parliament;
For such is the force of down-declining sin,
Where our short-feather'd peacocks wallow in,
That when sweet motions urge them to aspire,
They are so bathèd o'er by sweet desire
In th' odoriferous fountain of sweet pleasure,
Wherein delight hath all embalm'd her treasure,—
mean, where sin, the mistress of disgrace,
Hath residence and her abiding place;
And sin, though it be foul, yet fair in this,
In being painted with a show of bliss;
For what more happy creature to the eye
Than is Superbia in her bravery?

Yet who more foul, disrobèd of attire?
Pearl'd with the botch as children burnt with fire;
That for their outward cloak upon the skin,
Worser enormities abound within:
Look they to that; truth tells them their amiss,
And in this glass all-telling truth it is.
When welcome spring had clad the hills in green,
And pretty whistling birds were heard and seen,
Superbia abroad 'gan take her walk,
With other peacocks for to find her talk:
Kyron, that in a bush lay closely couch'd,
Heard all their chat, and how it was avouch'd.
Sister, says one, and softly pack'd away,
In what fair company did you dine to-day?
'Mongst gallant dames,—and then she wipes her lips,
Placing both hands upon her whalebone hips,
Puft up with a round-circling farthingale:
That done, she 'gins go forward with her tale:—
Sitting at table carv'd of walnut-tree,
All coverèd with damask'd napery,
Garnish'd with salts[1] of pure beaten gold,
Whose silver-plated edge, of rarest mould,
Mov'd admiration in my searching eye,
To see the goldsmith's rich artificy:
The butler's placing of his manchets[2] white,
The plated cupboard,[3] for our more delight,
Whose golden beauty, glancing from on high,
Illuminated other chambers nigh:
The slowly pacing of the servingmen,
Which were appointed to attend us then,

---

[1] Salt-cellars. [2] Loaves of fine wheaten bread.
[3] See note 1, vol. ii. p. 344.

Holding in either hand a silver dish
Of costly cates of far-fetch'd dainty fish,
Until they do approach the table nigh,
Where the appointed carver carefully
Dischargeth them of their full-freighted hands,
Which instantly upon the table stands :
The music sweet, which all that while did sound,
Ravish the hearers, and their sense confound.
This done, the master of that sumptuous feast,
In order 'gins to place his welcome guest :
Beauty, first seated in a throne of state,
Unmatchable, disdaining other mate,
Shone like the sun, whereon mine eyes still gaz'd,
Feeding on her perfections that amaz'd ;
But O, her silver-framèd coronet,
With low-down dangling spangles all beset,
Her sumptuous periwig, her curious curls,
Her high-pric'd necklace of entrailèd pearls,
Her precious jewels wondrous to behold,
Her basest gem fram'd of the purest gold !
O, I could kill myself for very spite,
That my dim stars give not so clear a light !
Heart-burning ire new kindled bids despair,
Since beauty lives in her, and I want fair[1] :
O had I died in youth, or not been born,
Rather than live in hate, and die forlorn !
And die I will,—therewith she drew a knife
To kill herself, but Kyron sav'd her life.
See here, proud puppets, high-aspiring evils,
Scarce any good, most of you worse than devils,
Excellent in ill, ill in advising well,
Well in that's worst, worse than the worst in hell :

[1] Fairness.

Hell is stark blind, so blind most women be,
Blind, and yet not blind when they should not see.
Fine madam Tiptoes, in her velvet gown,
That quotes[1] her paces in charàcters down,
Valuing each step that she had made that day
Worth twenty shillings in her best array;
And why, forsooth, some little dirty spot
Hath fell upon her gown or petticoat;
Perhaps that nothing much, or something little,
Nothing in many's view, in her's a mickle,
Doth thereon surfeit, and some day or two
She's passing sick, and knows not what to do:
The poor handmaid, seeing her mistress wed
To frantic sickness, wishes she were dead;
Or that her devilish tyrannising fits
May mend, and she enjoy her former wits;
For whilst that health thus counterfeits not well,
Poor here-at-hand lives in the depth of hell.
Where is this baggage? where's this girl? what, ho!
Quoth she, was never woman troubled so?
What, huswife Nan! and then she 'gins to brawl;
Then in comes Nan,—Sooth, mistress, did you call?
Out on thee, quean! now, by the living God,—
And then she strikes, and on the wench lays load;
Poor silly maid, with finger in the eye,
Sighing and sobbing, takes all patiently.
Nimble affection, stung to the very heart
To see her fellow-mate sustain such smart,
Flies to the Burse-gate[2] for a match[3] or two,
And salves th' amiss, there is no more to do:
Quick-footed kindness, quick as itself thought,

---

[1] Notes. [2] See note 2, p. 118. [3] Pattern.

With that well-pleasing news but lately bought
By love's assiduate care and industry,
Into the chamber runs immediately,
Where she unlades the freight of sweet content.
The haggler pleas'd doth rise incontinent;
Then thought of sickness is not thought upon,
Care hath no being in her mansion;
But former peacock-pride, grand insolence,
Even in the highest thought hath residence:
But it on tiptoe stands; well, what of that?
It is more prompt to fall and ruinate;
And fall it will, when death's shrill, clamorous bell
Shall summon you unto the depth of hell.
Repent, proud princocks,[1] cease for to aspire,
Or die to live with pride in burning fire.

SATIRE IV.—CHEATING DROONE.

There is a cheater by profession
That takes more shapes than the chameleon;
Sometimes he jets[2] it in a black furr'd gown,
And that is when he harbours in the town;
Sometimes a cloak to mantle hoary age,
Ill-favour'd, like an ape in spiteful rage;
And then he walks in Paul's a turn or two,
To see by cheating what his wit can do:

[1] Conceited person. It is not easy to say whether the word is singular (*princox*) or plural (of *princock*).
[2] Struts.

Perhaps he'll tell a gentleman a tale
Will cost him twenty angels in the sale ;
But if he know his purse well lin'd within,
And by that means he cannot finger him,
He'll proffer him such far-fet[1] courtesy,
That shortly in a tavern neighbouring by
He hath encag'd the silly gentleman,
To whom he proffers service all he can :
Sir, I perceive you are of gentle blood,
Therefore I will our cates be new and good ;
For well I wot the country yieldeth plenty,
And as they divers be, so are they dainty ;
May it please you, then, a while to rest you merry,
Some cates I will make choice of, and not tarry.
The silly cony[2] blithe and merrily
Doth for his kindness thank him heartily ;
Then hies the cheater very hastily,
And with some peasant, where he is in fee,
Juggles, that dinner being almost ended,
He in a matter of weight may then be friended.
The peasant, for an angel then in hand,
Will do whate'er his worship shall command,
And yields, that when a reckoning they call in,
To make reply there's one to speak with him.
The plot is laid ; now comes the cheater back,
And calls in haste for such things as they lack ;
The table freighted with all dainty cates,
Having well fed, they fall to pleasant chates,[3]
Discoursing of the mickle difference
'Twixt perfect truth and painted eloquence,

---

[1] Far-fetched. [2] A cant term for dupe.
[3] Chats.

Plain troth, that harbours in the country swain:
The cony stands defendant; the cheater's vein
Is to uphold an eloquent smooth tongue,
To be truth's orator, righting every wrong.
Before the cause concluded took effect,
In comes a crew of fiddling knaves abject,
The very refuse of that rabble rout,
Half shoes upon their feet torn round about,
Save little Dick, the dapper singing knave,
He had a threadbare coat to make him brave,
God knows, scarce worth a tester,[1] if it were
Valued at most, of seven it was too dear.
Well, take it as they list, Shakerag came in,
Making no doubt but they would like of him,
And[2] 'twere but for his person, a pretty lad,
Well qualified, having a singing trade.
Well, so it was, the cheater must be merry,
And he a song must have, call'd Hey-down-derry:
So Dick begins to sing, the fiddler[s] play;
The melancholy cony replies, nay, nay,
No more of this; the tother bids play on,—
'Tis good our spirits should something work upon:
Tut, gentle sir, be pleasant, man, quoth he,
Yours be the pleasure, mine the charge shall be;
This do I for the love of gentlemen:
Hereafter happily if we meet agen,
I shall of you expect like courtesy,
Finding fit time and opportunity.
Or else I were ungrateful, quoth the cony;
It shall go hard but we will find some money;
For some we have, that some well us'd gets more,
And so in time we shall increase our store.

[1] Sixpence. [2] If.

Meantime, said he, employ it to good use,
For time ill spent doth purchase time's abuse.
With that, more wine he calls for, and intends
That either of them carouse to all their friends;
The cony nods the head, yet says not nay,
Because the other would the charge defray.
The end tries all; and here begins the jest,
My gentleman betook him to his rest;
Wine took possession of his drowsy head,
And cheating Droone hath brought the fool to bed.
The fiddlers were discharg'd, and all things whist,[1]
Then pilfering Droone 'gan use him as he list:
Ten pound he finds; the reckoning he doth pay,
And with the residue passeth sheer away.
Anon the cony wakes; his coin being gone,
He exclaims against dissimulation;
But 'twas too late, the cheater had his prey:—
Be wise, young heads, care for an after-day!

SATIRE V.—INGLING[2] PYANDER.

Age hath his infant youth, old trees their sprigs,
O'erspreading branches their inferior twigs:
Old beldam hath a daughter or a son,
True born or illegitimate, all's one;

---

[1] Still.

[2] See note 2, vol. i. p. 90. Nashe uses the verb *ingle* in the Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to *Lenten Stuff* (1599):—

"Hug it, *ingle* it, kiss it now that thou hast it."

(I adduce this instance because Collier supposed that *ingling* in the text was a misprint for *juggling*.)

Issue she hath. The father? Ask you me?
The house wide open stands, her lodging's free:
Admit myself for recreation
Sometimes did enter her possession,
It argues not that I have been the man
That first kept revels in that mantian;[1]
No, no, the haggling commonplace is old,
The tenement hath oft been bought and sold:
'Tis rotten now, earth to earth, dust to dust,
Sodom's on fire, and consume it must;
And wanting second reparations,
Pluto hath seiz'd the poor reversions.
But that hereafter worlds may truly know
What hemlocks and what rue their erst did grow,
As it is Sathan's usual policy,
He left an issue of like quality;
The still memorial, if I aim aright,
Is a pale chequer'd black[2] hermaphrodite.
Sometimes he jets it like a gentleman,
Other whiles much like a wanton courtesan;
But, truth to tell, a man or woman whether,
I cannot say, she's excellent at either;
But if report may certify a truth,
She's neither of either, but a cheating youth.
Yet Troynovant, that all-admirèd town,
Where thousands still do travel up and down,
Of beauty's counterfeits[3] affords not one,
So like a lovely smiling paragon,
As is Pyander in a nymph's attire,
Whose rolling eye sets gazers' hearts on fire,

---

[1] Mansion. [2] Utterson's facsimile omits the old ed.'s "black." [3] Portraits.

But if of force you must a hackney hire,
Be curious in your choice, the best will tire;
The best is bad, therefore hire none at all;
Better to go on foot than ride and fall.

SATIRE VI.—WISE INNOCENT.[1]

Way[2] for an innocent, ho! What, a poor fool?
Not so, pure ass. Ass! where went you to school?
With innocents. That makes the fool to prate.
Fool, will you any? Yes, the fool shall ha't.
Wisdom, what shall he have? The fool at least.
Provender for the ass, ho! stalk up the beast.
What, shall we have a railing innocent?
No, gentle gull, a wise man's precedent.
Then forward, wisdom. Not without I list.
Twenty to one this fool's some satirist.
Still doth the fool haunt me; fond fool, begone!
No, I will stay, the fool to gaze upon.
Well, fool, stay still. Still shall the fool stay? no.
Then pack, simplicity! Good innocent, why so?
Nor go nor stay, what will the fool do then?
Vex him that seems to vex all other men.
'Tis impossible; streams that are barr'd their course
Swell with more rage and far more greater force,
Until their full-stuft gorge a passage makes
Into the wide maws of more scopious[3] lakes.

---

[1] Simpleton.

[2] The old ed. reads:—"*Why* for an Innocent ho: what a *pure* foole?" In the Bodleian copy "Why" has been corrected in an old hand to "Way."

[3] Spacious.

Spite me! not spite itself can discontent
My steelèd thoughts, or breed disparagement:
Had pale-fac'd coward fear been resident
Within the bosom of me, innocent,
I would have hous'd me from the eyes of ire,
Whose bitter spleen vomits forth flames of fire.
A resolute ass! O for a spurring rider!
A brace of angels! What, is the fool a briber?
Is not the ass yet weary of his load?
What, with once bearing of the fool abroad?
Mount again, fool. Then the ass will tire,
And leave the fool to wallow in the mire.
Dost thou think otherwise? good ass, then begone!
I stay but till the innocent get on.
What, wilt thou needs of the fool bereave me?
Then pack, good, foolish ass! and so I leave thee.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

LAST SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK.[1]

Thus may we see by folly of[t] the wise
Stumble and fall into fool's paradise,
For jocund wit of force must jangling be;
Wit must have his will, and so had he:
Wit must have[2] his will, yet parting of the fray,
Wit was enjoin'd to carry the fool away.

Qui color[3] *albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo.*

---

[1] Happily no more than the first book has come down.

[2] "'Must have.' The first word is deleted, and the second altered with a pen to 'had,' in the Bodleian copy of this poem,—a probable correction."—*Dyce.*

[3] Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 541.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON PARAPHRASED.

The Wisdome of Solomon Paraphrased. Written by Thomas Middleton. A Joue surgit opus. Printed at London by Valentine Sems, dwelling on Adling hil at the signe of the white Swanne, 1597. 4to.

To the Right Honourable and my very good Lord, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex and Ewe, Viscount of Hereford, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Bourchier, and Louvaine, Master of Her Majesty's Horse and Ordnance, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Garter, and one of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

THE summer's harvest, right honourable, is long since reaped, and now it is sowing-time again: behold, I have scattered a few seeds upon the young ground of unskilfulness; if it bear fruit, my labour is well bestowed; but if it be barren, I shall have less joy to set more. The husbandman observes the courses of the moon, I the forces of your favour; he desireth sunshine, I cheerful countenance, which once obtained, my harvest of joy will soon be ripened. My seeds as yet lodge in the bosom of the earth, like infants upon the lap of a favourite, wanting the budding spring-time of their growth, not knowing the east of their glory, the west of their quietness, the south of their summer, the north of their winter; but if the beams of your aspects lighten the small moiety of a smaller implanting, I shall have an every-day harvest, a fruition of content, a branch of felicity.

Your Honour's addicted in all observance,

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

TO THE GENTLEMEN-READERS.[1]

GENTLEMEN,—I give you the surveyance of my new-bought ground, and will only stand unto your verdicts. I fear me that the acres of my field pass the ankers of my seed; if wanting seed, then I hope it will not be too much seeded. This is my bare excuse; but, trust me, had my wit been sufficient to maintain the freedom of my will, then both should have been answerable to your wishes; yet, nevertheless, think of it as a willing, though not a fulfilling moiety. But what mean I? While I thus argue, Momus and Zoïlus, those two ravens, devour my seed, because I lack a scarecrow; indeed, so I may have less than I have, when such foul-gutted ravens swallow up my portion: if you gape for stuffing, hie you to dead carrion carcasses, and make them your ordinaries. I beseech you, gentlemen, let me have your aid; and as you have seen the first practice of my husbandry in sowing, so let me have your helping hands unto my reaping.

Yours, devoted in friendship,

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

---

[1] This epistle is wanting in some copies.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON PARAPHRASED.

CHAPTER I.

VER.

WISDOM, elixir of the purest life, 1
Hath taught her lesson to judicial views,
To those that judge a cause, and end a strife,
Which sits in judgment's seat and justice use;
A lesson worthy of divinest care,
Quintessence of a true divinest fear:

Unwilling that exordium should retain
Her life-infusing speech, doth thus begin:
You, quoth she, that give remedy or pain,
Love justice, for injustice is a sin;
Give unto God his due, his reverend [1] style,
And rather use simplicity than guile.

For him that guides the radiant eye of day, 2
Sitting in his star-chamber of the sky,
The horizons and hemispheres obey,
And winds, the fillers of vacuity;
Much less should man tempt God, when all obey,
But rather be a guide, and lead the way.

[1] Old ed. "reverent."

For tempting argues but a sin's attempt,
  Temptation is to sin associate;
So doing, thou from God art clean exempt,
  Whose love is never plac'd in his love's hate:
He will be found not of a tempting mind,
But found of those which he doth faithful find.

Temptation rather separates from God, 3
  Converting goodness from the thing it was,
Heaping the indignation of his rod
  To bruise our bodies like a brittle glass;
For wicked thoughts have still a wicked end,
In making God our foe, which was our friend.

They muster up revenge, encamp our hate,
  Undoing what before they meant to do,
Stirring up anger and unlucky fate,
  Making the earth their friend, the heaven their foe:
But when heaven's guide makes manifest his power,
The earth their friends doth them like foes devour.

O foolish men, to war against your bliss! 4
  O hateful hearts, where wisdom never reign'd!
O wicked thoughts, which ever thought amiss!
  What have you reap'd? what pleasure have you gain'd?
A fruit in show, a pleasure to decay,
This have you got by keeping folly's way.

For wisdom's harvest is with folly nipt,
  And with the winter of your vice's frost,
Her fruit all scatter'd, her implanting ript,
  Her name decayèd, her fruition lost:

Nor can she prosper in a plot of vice,
Gaining no summer's warmth, but winter's ice.

Thou barren earth, where virtues never bud; 5
  Thou fruitless womb, where never fruits abide;
And thou dry-wither'd sap which bears no good
  But the dishonour of thy proud heart's pride:
A seat of all deceit,—deceit deceiv'd,
Thy bliss a woe, thy woe of bliss bereav'd!

This place of night hath left no place for day,
  Here never shines the sun of discipline,
But mischief clad in sable night's array,
  Thought's apparition—evil angel's sign;
These reign enhousèd with their mother night,
To cloud the day of clearest wisdom's light.

O you that practise to be chief in sin, 6
  Love's hate, hate's friend, friend's foe, foe's follower,
What do you gain? what merit do you win,
  To be blaspheming vice's practiser?
Your gain is wisdom's everlasting hate,
Your merit grief, your grief your life's debate.

Thou canst not hide thy thought—God made thy thought,
  Let this thy caveat be for thinking ill;
Thou know'st that Christ thy living freedom bought,
  To live on earth according to his will:
God being thy creator, Christ thy bliss,
Why dost thou err? why dost thou do amiss?

He is both judge and witness of thy deeds, 7
  He knows the volume which thy heart contains;

Christ skips thy faults, only thy virtue reads,
Redeeming thee from all thy vice's pains :
O happy crown of mortal man's content,
Sent for our joy, our joy in being sent!

Then sham'st thou not to err, to sin, to stray,
To come to composition with thy vice,
With new-purg'd feet to tread the oldest way,
Leading new sense unto thy old device?
Thy shame might flow in thy sin-flowing face,
Rather than ebb to make an ebb of grace.

For he which rules the orb of heaven and earth, 8
And the inequal course of every star,
Did know man's thoughts and secrets at his birth,
Whether inclin'd to peace or discord's jar :
He knows what man will be ere he be man,
And all his deeds in his life's living span.

Then 'tis impossible that earth can hide
Unrighteous actions from a righteous God,
For he can see their feet in sin that slide,
And those that lodge in righteousness' abode ;
He will extend his mercy on the good,
His wrath on those in whom no virtues bud.

Many there be, that, after trespass done, 9
Will seek a covert for to hide their shame,
And range about the earth, thinking to shun
God's heavy wrath and meritorious[1] blame ;
They, thinking to fly sin, run into sin,
And think to end when they do new begin.

[1] Merited.

God made the earth, the earth denies their suit,
  Nor can they harbour in the centre's womb;
God knows their thoughts, although their tongues be mute,
  And hears the sounds from forth their bodies' tomb:
Sounds? ah! no sounds, but man himself he hears,
Too true a voice of man's most falsest fears.

O see destruction hovering o'er thy head, 10
  Mantling herself in wickedness' array!
Hoping to make thy body as her bed,
  Thy vice her nutriment, thy soul her prey:
Thou hast forsaken him that was thy guide,
And see what follows to assuage thy pride!

Thy roaring vice's noise hath cloy'd his ears,
  Like foaming waves they have o'erwhelm'd thy joy;
Thy murmurings, which thy whole body bears,
  Hath bred thy wail, thy wail thy life's annoy:
Unhappy thoughts, to make a soul's decay,
Unhappy soul, in suffering thoughts to sway!

Then sith the height of man's felicity 11
  Is plung'd within the puddle of misdeeds,
And wades amongst discredit's infamy,
  Blasting the merit of his virtues' seeds;
Beware of murmuring,—the chiefest ill,
From whence all sin, all vice, all pains distil.

O heavy doom proceeding from a tongue,
  Heavy-light tongue—tongue to thy own decay,
In virtue weak, in wickedness too strong,
  To mischief prone, from goodness gone astray;

Hammer to forge misdeeds, to temper lies,
Selling thy life to death, thy soul to cries!

Must death needs pay the ransom of thy sin 12
With the dead carcass of descending spirit?
Wilt thou of force be snarèd in his gin,
And place thy error in destruction's merit?
Life, seek not for thy death; death comes unsought,
Buying the life which not long since was bought.

Death and destruction never needs a call,
They are attendants on life's pilgrimage,
And life to them is as their playing ball,
Grounded upon destruction's anchorage;
Seek not for that which unsought will betide,
Ne'er wants destruction a provoking guide.

Will you needs act your own destruction? 13
Will you needs harbour your own overthrow?
Or will you cause your own eversion,
Beginning with despair, ending with woe?
Then dye your hearts in tyranny's array,
To make acquittance of destruction's pay.

What do you meditate but on your death?
What do you practise but your living fall?
Who of you all have any virtue's breath,
But ready armèd at a mischief's call?
God is not pleasèd at your vice's savour,
But you best pleasèd when you lose his favour.

He made not death to be your conqueror, 14
But you to conquer over death and hell;

Nor you to be destruction's servitor,
  Enhousèd there where majesty should dwell:
God made man to obey at his behest,
And man to be obey'd of every beast.

He made not death to be our labour's hire,
  But we ourselves made death through our desart;
Here never was the kingdom of hell-fire,
  Before the brand was kindled in man's heart:
Now man defieth God, all creatures man,
Vice flourisheth, and virtue lieth wan.

O fruitful tree, whose root is always green, 15
  Whose blossoms ever bud, whose fruits increase,
Whose top celestial virtue's seat hath been,
  Defended by the sovereignty of peace!
This tree is righteousness; O happy tree,
Immortalisèd by thine own decree!

O hateful plant, whose root is always dry,
  Whose blossoms never bud, whose fruits decrease,
On whom sits the infernal deity,
  To take possession of so foul a lease!
This plant is vice; O too unhappy plant,
Ever to die, and never fill death's want!

Accursèd in thy growth, dead in thy root, 16
  Canker'd with sin, shaken with every wind,
Whose top doth nothing differ from the foot,
  Mischief the sap, and wickedness the rind;
So the ungodly, like this wither'd tree,
Is slack in doing good, in ill too free.

Like this their wicked growth, too fast, too slow;
Too fast in sloth, too slow in virtue's haste;
They think their vice a friend when 'tis a foe,
In good, in wickedness, too slow, too fast:
And as this tree decays, so do they all,
Each one copartner of the other's fall.

CHAPTER II.

Indeed they do presage what will betide, 1
With the misgiving verdict of misdeeds;
They know a fall will follow after pride,
And in so foul a heart grows many weeds:
Our life is short, quoth they; no, 'tis too long,
Lengthen'd with evil thoughts and evil tongue.

A life must needs be short to them that dies,
For life once dead in sin doth weakly live;
These die in sin, and mask in death's disguise,
And never think that death new life can give;
They say, life dead can never live again:
O thoughts, O words, O deeds, fond, foolish, vain!

Vild[1] life, to harbour where such death abodes, 2
Abodes worse than are thoughts, thoughts worse than words,
Words half as ill as deeds, deeds sorrow's odes,
Odes ill enchanters of too ill records!
Thoughts, words, and deeds, conjoinèd in one song
May cause an echo from destruction's tongue.

[1] Vile.

Quoth they, 'tis chance whether we live or die,
Born or abortive, be or never be;
We worship Fortune, she's our deity;
If she denies, no vital breath have we:
Here are we placèd in this orb of death,
This breath once gone, we never look for breath.

Between both life and death, both hope and fear, 3
Between our joy and grief, bliss and despair,
We here possess the fruit of what is here,
Born ever for to die, and die death's heir:
Our heritage is death annex'd to life,
Our portion death, our death an endless strife.

What is our life, but our life's tragedy,
Extinguish'd in a momentary time?
And life to murder life is cruelty,
Unripely withering in a flowery prime;
An[1] urn of ashes pleasing but the shows,
Once dry, the toiling spirit wandering goes.

Like as the traces of appearing clouds 4
Gives way when Titan re-salutes the sea,
With new-chang'd flames gilding the ocean's floods,
Kissing the cabinet where Thetis lay:
So fares our life, when death doth give the wound,
Our life is led by death, a captive bound.

When Sol bestrides his golden mountain's top,
Lightening heaven's tapers with his living fire,
All gloomy powers have their diurnal stop,
And never gains the darkness they desire;

[1] Old ed. "and."

So perisheth our name when we are dead,
Ourselves ne'er call'd to mind, our deeds ne'er read.

What is the time we have? what be our days? 5
No time, but shadow of what time should be,
Days in the place of hours, which never stays,
Beguiling sight of that which sight should see:
As soon as they begin, they have their fine;[1]
Ne'er wax, still wane, ne'er stay, but still decline.

Life may be call'd the shadow of effect,
Because the cloud of death doth shadow it;
Nor can our life approaching death reject,
They both in one for our election sit;
Death follows life in every degree,
But life to follow death you never see.

Come we, whose old decrepit age doth halt, 6
Like limping winter, in our winter, sin;
Faulty we know we are—tush, what's a fault?
A shadow'd vision of destruction's gin;
Our life begun with vice, so let it end,
It is a servile labour to amend.

We joy'd in sin, and let our joys renew;
We joy'd in vice, and let our joys remain;
To present pleasures future hopes ensue,
And joy once lost, let us fetch back again:
Although our age can lend no youthful pace,
Yet let our minds follow our youthful race.

---

[1] Limit, end.

What though old age lies heavy on our back, 7
Anatomy of an age-crookèd clime,
Let mind perform that which our bodies lack,
And change old age into a youthful time :
Two heavy things are more than one can bear ;
Black may the garments be, the body clear.

Decaying things be needful of repair—
Trees eaten out with years must needs decline ;
Nature in time with foul doth cloud her fair,
Begirting youthful days with age's twine :
We live ; and while we live, come let us joy ;
To think of after-life, 'tis but a toy.

We know God made us in a living form, 8
But we'll unmake, and make ourselves again ;
Unmake that which is made, like winter's storm,
Make unmade things to aggravate our pain :
God was our maker, and he made us good,
But our descent springs from another blood.

He made us for to live, we mean to die ;
He made the heaven our seat, we make the earth ;
Each fashion makes a contrariety,
God truest God, man falsest from his birth :
Quoth they, this earth shall be our chiefest heaven,
Our sin the anchor, and our vice the haven.

Let heaven in earth, and earth in heaven consist, 9
This earth is heaven, this heaven is earthly heaven ;
Repugnant earth repugnant heaven resist,
We joy in earth, of other joys bereaven :

This is the paradise of our delight;
Here let us live, and die in heaven's spite.

Here let the monuments of wanton sports
  Be seated in a wantonness' disguise;
Clos'd in the circuit of venereal forts,
  To feed the long-starv'd sight of amour's eyes;
Be this the chronicle of our content,
How we did sport on earth, still sport was spent.

But in the glory of the brightest day, 10
  Heaven's smoothest brow sometime is furrowèd,
And clouds usurp the clime in dim array,
  Darkening the light which heaven had borrowèd;
So in this earthly heaven we daily see
That grief is placèd where delight should be.

Here lives the righteous, bane unto their lives,
  O, sound from forth the hollow cave of woe!
Here lives age-crookèd fathers, widow'd wives—
  Poor and yet rich in fortune's overthrow:
Let them not live; let us increase their want,
Make barren their desire, augment their scant.

Our law is correspondent to our doom, 11
  Our law to doom, is dooming law's offence;
Each one agreeth in the other's room,
  To punish that which strives and wants defence:
This, cedar-like, doth make the shrub to bend,
When shrubs doth waste their force but to contend.

The weakest power is subject to obey;
  The mushrooms humbly kiss the cedar's foot,

The cedar flourishes when they decay,
  Because her strength is grounded on a root;
We are the cedars, they the mushrooms be,
Unabled shrubs unto an abled tree.

Then sith the weaker gives the stronger place, 12
  The young the elder, and the foot the top,
The low the high, the hidden powers the face,
  All beasts the lion, every spring his stop;
Let those which practise contrariety
Be join'd to us with inequality.

They say that we offend, we say they do;
  Their blame is laid on us, our blame on them;
They strike, and we retort the strucken blow;
  So in each garment there's a differing hem:
We end with contraries, as they begun,
Unequal sharing of what either won.

In this long conflict between tongue and tongue, 13
  Tongue new beginning what one tongue did end,
Made this cold battle hot in either's wrong,
  And kept no pausing limits to contend;
One tongue was echo to the other's sound,
Which breathèd accents between mouth and ground.

He which hath virtue's arms upon his shield, 14
  Draws his descent from an eternal king:
He knows discretion can make folly yield,
  Life conquer death, and vice a captive bring;
The other, tutor'd by his mother sin,
Respects not deeds nor words, but hopes to win.

The first, first essence of immortal life,
  Reproves the heart of thought, the eye of sight,
The ear of hearing ill, the mind of strife,
  The mouth of speech, the body of despite;
Heart thinks, eyes sees, ears hears, minds meditate,
Mouth utters both the soul and body's hate.

But nature, differing in each nature's kind,
  Makes differing hearts, each heart a differing thought;
Some hath she made to see, some folly-blind,
  Some famous, some obscure, some good, some naught:
So these, which differeth in each nature's reason,
Had nature's time when time was out of season.

Quoth they, he doth reprove our heart of thinking,
  Our eyes of sight, our ears of hearing ill,
Our minds, our hearts, in meditation linking,
  Our mouths in speaking of our body's will;
Because heart, sight, and mind do disagree,
He'd make heart, sight, and mind of their decree.

He says, our heart is blinded with our eyes,
  Our eyes are blinded with our blinded heart,
Our bodies on both parts defilèd lies,
  Our mouths the trumpets of our vices' smart;
Quoth he, God is my father, I his son,
His ways I take, your wicked ways I shun.

As meditated wrongs are deeper plac'd
  Within the deep core[1] of a wrongèd mind,
So meditated words is never past
  Before their sounds a settled harbour find;

[1] Old ed. "crue."

The wicked, answering to the latter words,
Begins to speak as much as speech affords.

One tongue must answer, other tongues reply,
  Beginning boasts require an ending fall;
Words lively spoke do sometimes wordless die,
  If not, live echoes unto speeches call:
Let not the shadow smother up the deed,
The outward leaf differs from inward seed.

The shape and show of substance and effect 18
  Doth shape the substance in the shadow's hue,
And shadow put in substance will neglect
  The wonted shadow of not being true:
Let substance follow substance, show a show,
And let not substance for the shadow go.

He that could give such admonition,
  Such vaunting words, such words confirming vaunts,
As if his tongue had mounted to ambition,
  Or climb'd the turrets which vain-glory haunts,
Now let his father, if he be his son,
Undo the knot which his proud boasts have spun.

We are his enemies, his chain our hands, 19
  Our words his fetters, and our heart his cave,
Our stern embracements are his servile bands;
  Where is the helper now which he should have?
In prison like himself, not to be found,
He wanteth help himself to be unbound.

Then sith thy father bears it patiently,
  To suffer torments, grief, rebuke, and blame,

'Tis needful thou should'st bear equality,
To see if meekness harbour in thy name:
Help, father, for thy son in prison lies!
Help, son, or else thy helpless father dies!

Thus is the righteous God and righteous man 20
Drown'd in oblivion with this vice's region;
God wanteth power (say they) of what we can,
The other would perform that which is vain;
Both fault in one fault, and both alike
Must have the stroke which our law's judgments strike.

He calls himself a son from heaven's descent;
What can earth's force avail 'gainst heaven's defence?
His life by immortality is lent;
Then how can punishment his wrath incense?
Though death herself in his arraignment deck,
He hath his life's preserver at a beck.

As doth the basilisk with poison'd sight 21
Blind every function of a mortal eye,
Disarm the body's powers of vital might,
Rob heart of thought, make living life to die,
So doth the wicked with their vice's look
Infect the spring of clearest virtue's brook.

This basilisk, mortality's chief foe,
And to the heart's long-knitted artery,
Doth sometimes perish at her shadow's show,
Poisoning herself with her own poison'd eye:
Needs must the sting fall out with over-harming,
Needs must the tongue burn out in over-warming.

So fares it with the practisers of vice, 22
Laden with many venomous adders' stings,
Sometimes are blinded with their own device,
And tunes that song which their destruction sings;
Their mischief blindeth their mischievous eyes,
Like basilisks, which in their shadow dies.

They go, and yet they cannot see their feet,
Like blinded pilgrims in an unknown way,
Blind in perceiving things which be most meet,
But need nor sight nor guide to go astray:
Tell them of good, they cannot understand;
But tell them of a mischief, that's at hand.

The basilisk was made to blind the sight, 23
The adder for to sting, the worm to creep,
The viper to devour, the dog to bite,
The nightingale to wake when others sleep;
Only man differs from his Maker's will,
Undoing what is good, and doing ill.

A godlike face he had a heavenly hue, 24
Without corruption, image without spots;
But now is metamorphosèd anew,
Full of corruption, image full of blots;
Blotted by him that is the plot[1] of evil,
Undone, corrupted, vanquish'd by the devil.

[1] "*i.e.*, scheme, form,—pattern."—*Dyce.*

CHAPTER III.

But every cloud cannot hide Phœbus' face, 1
  Nor shut the casement of his living flame;
Nor is there every soul which wanteth grace,
  Nor every heart seduc'd with mischief's name:
Life cannot live without corruption,
World cannot be without destruction.

Nor is the body all corrupt, or world
  Bent wholly unto wickedness' assault;
The adder is not always seen uncurl'd,
  Nor every soul found guilty in one fault;
Some good, some bad; but those whom virtues guard,
Heaven is their haven, comfort their reward.

Thrice-happy habitation of delight, 2
  Thrice-happy step of immortality,
Thrice-happy souls to gain such heavenly sight,
  Springing from heaven's perpetuity!
O peaceful place! but O thrice-peaceful souls,
Whom neither threats nor strife nor wars controls!

They are not like the wicked, for they live; 3
  Nor they like to the righteous, for they die;
Each of their lives a differing nature give:
  One thinks that life ends with mortality,
And that the righteous never live again,
But die as subjects to a grievous pain.

What labouring soul refuseth for to sweat, 4
  Knowing his hire, his payment, his reward,

To suffer winter's cold and summer's heat,
  Assurèd of his labour's due regard?
The bee with summer's toil will lade her hive,
In winter's frost to keep herself alive.

And what divinest spirit would not toil,
  And suffer many torments, many pains,
This world's destruction, heavy labour's foil,
  When heaven is their hire, heaven's joy their gains?
Who would not suffer torments for to die,
When death's reward is immortality?

Pain is the entrance to eternal joy; 5
  Death endeth life, and death beginneth life,
Beginneth happy, endeth in annoy,
  Begins immortal peace, ends mortal strife;
Then, seeing death and pains bring joy and heaven,
What need we fear death's pain, when life is given?

Say sickness, or infirmity's disease
  (As many harms hang over mortal heads),
Should be his world's reward; yet heaven hath ease,
  A salve to cure, and quiet resting beds:
God maketh in earth's world lament our pleasure,
That in heaven's world delight might be our treasure.

Fair may the shadow be, the substance foul; 6
  After the trial followeth the trust;
The clearest skin may have the foulest soul;
  The purest gold will sooner take the rust;
The brook, though ne'er so clear, may take some soil;
The hart, though ne'er so strong, may take some foil.

Wouldst thou be counted just; make thyself just,
Or purify thy mire-bespotted heart;
For God doth try thy actions ere he trust,
Thy faith, thy deeds, thy words, and what thou art;
He will receive no mud for clearest springs,
Nor thy unrighteous words for righteous things.

As God is perfect God and perfect good, 7
So he accepteth none but perfect minds;
They ever prosper, flourish, live, and bud,
Like blessèd plants, far from destruction's winds;
Still bud, ne'er fade, still flourish, ne'er decay;
Still rise, ne'er fall, still spring, ne'er fade away.

Who would not covet to be such a plant,
Who would not wish to stand in such a ground,
Sith it doth neither fruit nor blessing want,
Nor aught which in this plant might not be found?
They are the righteous which enjoy this earth,
The figure of an ever-bearing birth.

The small is always subject to the great, 8
The young to him which is of elder time,
The lowest place unto the highest seat,
And pale-fac'd Phœbe to bright Phœbus' clime;
Vice is not governor of virtue's place,
But blushes for to see so bright a face.

Virtue is chief, and virtue will be chief,
Chief good, and chief Astræa, justice' mate,
Both for to punish and to yield relief,
And have dominion over every state,

To right the wrongs which wickedness hath done,
Delivering nations from life-lasting moan.

O you, whose causes plungeth in despair, 9
Sad-fac'd petitioners with grief's request!
What seek you? here's nor justice nor her heir,
But woe and sorrow, with death's dumb arrest;
Turn up your woe-blind eyes unto the sky,
There sits the judge can yield you remedy.

Trust in his power, he is the truest God,
True God, true judge, true justice, and true guide;
All truth is placèd in his truth's abode,
All virtues seated at his virtuous side;
He will regard your suit, and ease your plaint,
And mollify your misery's constraint.

Then shall you see the judges of the earth 10
Summonèd with the trumpet of his ire,
To give account and reckoning from their birth,
Whe'r[1] worthy or unworthy of their hire:
The godly shall receive their labour's trial,
The wicked shall receive their joy's denial.

They which did sleep in sin, and not regarded
The poor man's fortune prostrate at their feet,
Even as they dealt, so shall they be rewarded,
When they their toilèd souls' destruction meet;
From judges they petitioners shall be,
Yet want the sight which they do sue to see.

[1] Whether.

That labour which is grounded on delight, 11
  That hope which reason doth enrich with hap,
That merit which is plac'd in wisdom's might,
  Secure from mischief's bait or folly's clap,
Wit's labour, reason's hope, and wisdom's merit,
All three in one, make one thrice-happy spirit.

Why set I happiness 'fore mortal eyes,
  Which covets to be drench'd in misery,
Mantling their foolish minds in folly's guise,
  Despising wisdom's perpetuity?
Sin's labour, folly's hope, and vice's merit,
These three in one make a thrice-cursèd spirit.

Vain hope must needs consist in what is vain; 12
  All foolish labours flows from folly's tears;
Unprofitable works proceed from pain,
  And pain ill labour's duest guerdon bears;
Three[1] vanities in one, and one in three,
Make three pains one, and one uncertainty.

A wicked king makes a more wicked land;
  Heads once infected soon corrupts the feet;
If the tree falls, the branches cannot stand,
  Nor children, be their parents indiscreet;
The man infects the wife, the wife the child,
Like birds which in one nest be all defil'd.

The field which never was ordain'd to bear 13
  Is happier far than a still-tillèd ground;

[1] Old ed. "Their."

This sleeps with quietness in every year,
The other curs'd if any tares be found;
The barren happier than she that bears,
This brings forth joy, the other tares and tears.

The eunuch never lay in vice's bed, 14
The barren woman never brought forth sin;
These two in heaven's happiness are led,
She fruit in soul, he fruit in faith doth win:
O rare and happy man, for ever blest!
O rare and happy woman, heaven's guest!

Who seeks to reap before the corn be ripe? 15
Who looks for harvest among winter's frost?
Or who in grief will follow pleasure's pipe?
What mariner can sail upon the coast?
That which is done in time is done in season,
And things done out of time is out of reason.

The glorious labour is in doing good,
In time's observance, and in nature's will,
Whose fruit is also glorious for our food,
If glory may consist in labour's skill,
Whose root is wisdom, which shall never wither,
But spring, and sprout, and love, and live together.

But every ground doth not bear blessèd plants, 16
Nor every plant brings forth expected fruit;
What this same ground may have, another wants;
Nor are all causes answer'd with one suit:
That tree whose root is sound, whose grounding strong,
May firmly stand when others lie along.

View nature's beauty, mark her changing hue,
She is not always foul, not always fair,
Chaste and unchaste she is, true and untrue,
And some springs from her in a lustful air;
And these adulterers be, whose seed shall perish;
Never shall lust and wickedness long flourish.

Although the flint be hard, the water soft, 17
Yet is it mollified with lightest drops;
Hard is the water when the wind's aloft;
Small things in time may vanquish greatest stops:
The longer grows the tree, the greater moss;
The longer soil remains, the more the dross.

The longer that the wicked lives on earth,
The greater is their pain, their sin, their shame,
The greater vice's reign and virtue's dearth,
The greater goodness' lack and mischief's name;
When in their youth no honour they could get,
Old age could never pay so young a debt.

To place an honour in dishonour's place, 18
Were but to make disparagement of both;
Both enemies, they could not brook the case,
For honour to subvert dishonour's growth:
Dishonour will not change for honour's room,
She hopes to stay after their bodies' doom.

Or live they long, or die they suddenly, 19
They have no hope, nor comfort of reward;
Their hope of comfort is iniquity,
The bar by which they from their joys are barr'd:
O old-new end, made to begin new grief!
O new beginning, end of old relief!

CHAPTER IV.

If happiness may harbour in content, 1
  If life in love, if love in better life,
Then unto many happiness is lent,
  And long-departed joy might then be rife:
Some happy if they live, some if they die,
Happy in life, happy in tragedy.

Content is happiness because content;
  Bareness and barrenness is virtue's grace,
Bare because wealth to poverty is bent,
  Barren in that it scorns ill-fortune's place;
The barren earth is barren of her tares,
The barren woman barren of her cares.

The soul of virtue is eternity, 2
  All-filling essence of divinest rage;
And virtue's true eternal memory
  Is barrenness, her soul's eternal gage:
O happy soul, that is engagèd there,
And pawns his life that barren badge to wear!

See how the multitude, with humble hearts,
  Lies prostrate for to welcome her return!
See how they mourn and wail when she departs!
  See how they make their tears her trophy's urn!
Being present, they desire her; being gone,
Their hot desire is turn'd to hotter moan.

As every one hath not one nature's mould, 3
  So every one hath not one nature's mind;

Some think that dross which others take for gold,
  Each difference cometh from a differing kind;
Some do despise what others do embrace,
Some praise the thing which others do disgrace.

The barren doth embrace their barrenness,
  And hold it as a virtue-worthy meed;
The other calls conception happiness,
  And hold it as a virtue-worthy deed;
The one is firmly grounded on a rock,
The other billows' game and tempests' mock.

Sometime the nettle groweth with the rose; 4
  The nettle hath a sting, the rose a thorn;
This stings the hand, the other pricks the nose,
  Harming that scent which her sweet birth had borne;
Weeds among herbs, herbs among weeds are found,
Tares in the mantle of a corny ground.

The nettle's growth is fast, the rose's slow,
  The weeds outgrow the herbs, the tares the corn;
These may be well compar'd to vice's show,
  Which covets for to grow ere it be born:
As greatest danger doth pursue fast going,
So greatest danger doth ensue fast growing.

The tallest cedar hath the greatest wind, 5
  The highest tree is subject unto falls;
High-soaring eagles soon are strucken blind;
  The tongue must needs be hoarse with many calls:
The wicked, thinking for to touch the sky,
Are blasted with the fire of heaven's eye.

So like ascending and descending air,
  Both dusky vapours from two humorous clouds,
Lies witherèd the glory of their fair; [1]
  Unpleasant branches wrench'd in folly's floods;
Unprofitable fruits, like to a weed,
Made only to infect, and not to feed.

Made for to make a fast, and not a feast, 6
  Made rather for infection than for meat,
Not worthy to be eaten of a beast,
  Thy taste so sour, thy poison is so great;
Thou may'st be well comparèd to a tree,
Because thy branches are as ill as thee.

Thou hast begot thine own confusion,
  The witnesses of what thou dost begin,
Thy doomers in thy life's conclusion,
  Which will, unask'd and ask'd, reveal thy sin:
Needs must the new-hatch'd birds bewray the nest,
When they are nursèd in a step-dame's breast.

But righteousness is of another sex, 7
  Her root is from an everlasting seed,
No weak, unable grounding doth connex
  Her never-limited memorial's deed;
She hath no branches for a tempest's prey,
No deeds but scorns to yield unto decay.

She hath no wither'd fruit, no show of store,
But perfect essence of a complete power;

[1] Fairness.

Say that she dies to world, she lives the more,
As who so righteous but doth wait death's hour?
Who knows not death to be the way to rest?
And he that never dies is never blest.

Happy is he that lives, twice he that dies, 8
Thrice happy he which neither liv'd nor died,
Which never saw the earth with mortal eyes,
Which never knew what miseries are tried:
Happy is life, twice happy is our death,
But three times thrice he which had never breath.

Some thinks that pleasure is achiev'd by years,
Or by maintaining of a wretched life,
When, out, alas! it heapeth tears on tears,
Grief upon grief, strife on beginning strife:
Pleasure is weak, if measurèd by length;
The oldest ages hath the weaker strength.

Three turnings are contain'd in mortal course, 9
Old, mean, and young; mean and old brings age;
The youth hath strength, the mean decaying force,
The old are weak, yet strong in anger's rage:
Three turnings in one age, strong, weak, and weaker,
Yet age nor youth is youth's or age's breaker.

Some says that youth is quick in judging causes,
Some says that age is witty, grave, and wise:
I hold of age's side, with their applauses,
Which judges with their hearts, not with their eyes;
I say grave wisdom lies in grayest heads,
And undefilèd lives in age's beds.

God is both grave and old, yet young and new, 10
Grave because agèd, agèd because young;
Long youth may well be callèd age's hue,
And hath no differing sound upon the tongue:
God old, because eternities are old;
Young, for eternities one motion hold.

Some in their birth, some dies when they are born,
Some born, and some abortive, yet all die;
Some in their youth, some in old age forlorn,
Some neither young nor old, but equally:
The righteous, when he liveth with the sinner,
Doth hope for death, his better life's beginner.

The swine delights to wallow in the mire, 11
The giddy drunkard in excess of wine;
He may corrupt the purest reason's gyre,
And she turn virtue into vice's sign:
Mischief is mire, and may infect that spring
Which every flow and ebb of vice doth bring.

Fishes are oft deceivèd by the bait,
The bait deceiving fish doth fish deceive;
So righteous are allur'd by sin's deceit,
And oft enticèd into sinners' weave:
The righteous be as fishes to their gin,
Beguil'd, deceiv'd, allurèd into sin.

The fisher hath a bait deceiving fish, 12
The fowler hath a net deceiving fowls;
Both wisheth to obtain their snaring wish,
Observing time, like night-observing owls;

The fisher lays his bait, fowler his net,
He hopes for fish, the other birds to get.

This fisher is the wicked, vice his bait,
  This fowler is the sinner, sin his net;
The simple righteous falls in their deceit,
  And like a prey, a fish, a fowl beset:
A bait, a net, obscuring what is good,
Like fish and fowl took up for vice's food.

But baits nor nets, gins nor beguiling snares, 13
  Vice nor the vicious sinner, nor the sin,
Can shut the righteous into prison's cares,
  Or set deceiving baits to mew them in;
They know their life's deliverer, heaven's God,
Can break their baits and snares with justice' rod.

When vice abounds on earth, and earth in vice, 14
  When virtue keeps her chamber in the sky,
To shun the mischief which her baits entice,
  Her snares, her nets, her guiles, her company;
As soon as mischief reigns upon the earth,
Heaven calls the righteous to a better birth.

The blinded eyes can never see the way, 15
  The blinded heart can never see to see,
The blinded soul doth always go astray;
  All three want sight, in being blind all three:
Blind and yet see, they see and yet are blind,
The face hath eyes, but eyeless is the mind.

They see with outward sight God's heavenly grace,
  His grace, his love, his mercy on his saints;

With outward-facèd eye and eyèd face,
  Their outward body inward soul depaints:
Of heart's chief eye they chiefly are bereft,
And yet the shadow of two eyes are left.

Some blinded be in face, and some in soul; 16
  The face's eyes are not incurable;
The other wanteth healing to be whole,
  Or seems to some to be endurable;
Look in a blinded eye, bright is the glass,
Though brightness banishèd from what it was.

So, quoth the righteous, are these blinded hearts;
  The outward glass is clear, the substance dark,
Both seem as if one took the other's parts,
  Yet both in one have not one brightness' spark:
The outward eye is but destruction's reader,
Wanting the inward eye to be the leader.

Our body may be call'd a commonweal, 17
  Our head the chief, for reason harbours there,
From thence comes heart's and soul's united zeal;
  All else inferiors be, which stand in fear:
This commonweal, rul'd by discretion's eye,
Lives likewise if she live, dies if she die.

Then how can weal or wealth, common or proper,
  Long stand, long flow, long flourish, long remain,
When wail is weal's, and stealth is wealth's chief stopper,
  When sight is gone, which never comes again?
The wicked sees the righteous lose their breath,
But know not what reward they gain by death.

Though blind in sight, yet can they see to harm, 18
See to despise, see to deride and mock;
But their revenge lies in God's mighty arm,
Scorning to choose them for his chosen flock:
He is the shepherd, godly are his sheep,
They wake in joy, these in destruction sleep.

The godly sleep in eyes, but wake in hearts; 19
The wicked sleep in hearts, but wake in eyes:
These ever wake, eyes are no sleepy parts;
These ever sleep, for sleep is heart's disguise:
Their waking eyes do see their heart's lament,
While heart securely sleeps in eyes' content.

If they awake, sleep's image doth molest them, 20
And beats into their waking memories;
If they do sleep, joy waking doth detest them,
Yet beats into their sleeping arteries:
Sleeping or waking, they have fear on fear,
Waking or sleeping, they are ne'er the near.[1]

If waking, they remember what they are,
What sins they have committed in their waking;
If sleeping, they forget tormenting's fare,
How ready they have been in mischief's making:
When they awake, their wickedness betrays them;
When they do sleep, destruction dismays them.

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[1] "Ne'er the near"=never the nearer. A common proverbial expression.

CHAPTER V.

As these two slumbers have two contraries, 1
  One slumber in the face, one in the mind;
So their two casements two varieties,
  One unto heaven, and one to hell combin'd:
The face is flattery, and her mansion hell;
The mind is just, this doth in heaven dwell.

The face, heaving her heavy eyelids up
  From forth the chamber of eternal night,
Sees virtue hold plenty's replenish'd cup,
  And boldly stand[1] in God's and heaven's sight;
She, opening the windows of her breast,
Sees how the wicked rest in their unrest.

Quoth she, Those whom the curtain of decay 2
  Hath tragically summonèd to pain,
Were once the clouds and clouders of my day,
  Depravers and deprivers of my gain.
The wicked hearing this descending sound,
Fear struck their limbs to the pale-clothèd ground.

Amazèd at the freedom of her words, 3
  Their tongue-tied accents drove them to despair,
And made them change their minds to woe's records,
  And say within themselves, Lo, what we are!
We have had virtue in derision's place,
And made a parable of her disgrace.

[1] Old ed. "stands."

See where she sits enthronis'd in the sky! 4
See, see her labour's crown upon her head!
See how the righteous live, which erst did die,
From death to life with virtue's loadstar led!
See those whom we derided, they are blest,
They heaven's, not hell's, we hell's, not heaven's guest!

We thought the righteous had been fury's son,
With inconsiderate speech, unstayèd way;
We thought that death had his dishonour won,
And would have made his life destruction's prey:
But we were mad, they just; we fools, they wise;
We shame, they praise; we loss, they have the prize.

We thought them fools, when we ourselves were fools; 5
We thought them mad, when we ourselves were mad;
The heat which sprang from them, our folly cools;
We find in us which we but thought they had:
We thought their end had been dishonour's pledge;
They but survey'd the place, we made the hedge.

We see how they are blest, how we are curst;
How they accepted are, and we refus'd;
And how our bands are tied, their bands are burst;
Our faults are hourly blam'd, their faults excus'd;
See how heavens gratulate their welcom'd sight,
Which comes to take possession of their right!

But O too late we see our wickedness, 6
Too late we lie in a repentant tomb,
Too late we smooth old hairs with happiness,
Too late we seek to ease our bodies' doom!

Now falsehood hath advanc'd her forgèd banner,
Too late we seem to verify truth's manner.

The sun of righteousness, which should have shin'd,
And made our hearts the cabins of his east,
Is now made cloudy night through vice's wind,
And lodgeth with his downfall in the west;
That summer's day, which should have been night's bar,
Is now made winter in her icy car.

Too much our feet have gone, but never right; 7
Much labour we have took, but none in good;
We wearièd ourselves with our delight,
Endangering ourselves to please our mood;
Our feet did labour much, 'twas for our pleasure;
We wearièd ourselves, 'twas for our leisure.

In sin's perfection was our labour spent,
In wickedness' preferment we did haste;
To suffer perils we were all content
For the advancement of our vices past:
Through many dangerous ways our feet have gone,
But yet the way of God we have not known.

We which have made our hearts a sea of pride, 8
With huge risse[1] billows of a swelling mind,
With tossing tumults of a flowing tide,
Leaving our laden bodies plung'd behind;
What traffic have we got? ourselves are drown'd,
Our souls in hell, our bodies in the ground.

Where are our riches now? like us consum'd; 9
Where is our pomp? decay'd; where's glory? dead;

[1] Risen.

Where is the wealth of which we all presum'd?
Where is our profit? gone; ourselves? misled:
All these are like to shadows what they were;
There is nor wealth, nor pomp, nor glory here.

The dial gives a caveat of the hour; 10
Thou canst not see it go, yet it is gone;
Like this the dial of thy fortune's power,
Which fades by stealth, till thou art left alone:
Thy eyes may well perceive thy goods are spent,
Yet can they not perceive which way they went.

Lo, even as ships sailing on Tethys' lap
Ploughs up the furrows of hard-grounded waves,
Enforcèd for to go by Æol's clap,
Making with sharpest team the water graves;
The ship once past, the trace cannot be found,
Although she diggèd in the water's ground:

Or as an eagle, with her soaring wings, 11
Scorning the dusty carpet of the earth,
Exempt from all her clogging jesses,[1] flings
Up to the air, to show her mounting birth;
And every flight doth take a higher pitch,
To have the golden sun her wings enrich;

Yet none can see the passage of her flight,
But only hear her hovering in the sky,
Beating the light wind with her being light,
Or parting through the air where she might fly;

[1] The leather straps round a hawk's legs, with rings to which the falconer's leash was attached.

The ear may hear, the eye can never see
What course she takes, or where she means to be :

Or as an arrow which is made to go 12
Through the transparent and cool-blowing air,
Feeding upon the forces of the bow,
Else forceless lies in wanting her repair ;
Like as the branches when the tree is lopt,
Wanteth the forces which they forceless cropt ;

The arrow, being fed with strongest shot,
Doth part the lowest elemental breath,
Yet never separates the soft air's knot,
Nor never wounds the still-foot winds to death ;
It doth sejoin and join the air together,
Yet none there is can tell or where or whither :

So are our lives ; now they begin, now end, 13
Now live, now die, now born, now fit for grave ;
As soon as we have breath, so soon we spend,
Not having that which our content would have :
As ships, as birds, as arrows, all as one,
Even so the traces of our lives are gone :

A thing not seen to go, yet going seen,
And yet not showing any sign to go ;
Even thus the shadows of our lives have been,
Which shows to fade, and yet no virtues show ;
How can a thing consum'd with vice be good ?
Or how can falsehood bear true virtue's food ?

Vain hope, to think that wickedness hath bearing 14
When she is drownèd in oblivion's sea !

Yet can she not forget presumption's wearing,
Nor yet the badge of vanity's decay:
Her fruits are cares, her cares are vanities,
Two both in one destruction's liveries.

Vain hope is like a vane turn'd with each wind;
'Tis like a smoke scatter'd with every storm;
Like dust, sometime before, sometime behind;
Like a thin foam made in the vainest form:
This hope is like to them which never stay,
But comes and goes again all in one day.

View nature's gifts; some gifts are rich, some poor;
Some barren grounds there are, some cloth'd with fruit;
Nor hath all nothing, nor hath all her store;
Nor can all creatures speak, nor are all mute;
All die by nature, being born by nature;
So all change feature, being born with feature.

This life is hers; this dead, dead is her power,
Her bounds begins and ends in mortal state;
Whom she on earth accounteth as her flower
May be in heaven condemn'd of mortal hate;
But he whom virtue judges for to live,
The Lord his life and due reward will give.

The servant of a king may be a king,
And he that was a king a servile slave;
Swans before death a funeral dirge do sing,
And waves their wings again[1] ill fortune's wave:
He that is lowest in this lowly earth
May be the highest in celestial birth.

[1] Against.

The rich may be unjust in being rich,
For riches do corrupt and not correct;
The poor may come to highest honour's pitch,
And have heaven's crown for mortal life's respect:
God's hands shall cover them from all their foes,
God's arm defend them from misfortune's blows:

His hand eternity, his arm his force, 17, 18
His armour zealousy, his breast-plate heaven,
His helmet judgment, justice, and remorse,[1]
His shield is victory's immortal steven;[2]
The world his challenge, and his wrath his sword,
Mischief his foe, his aid his gospel's word;

His arm doth overthrow his enemy, 19, 20
His breast-plate sin, his helmet death and hell,
His shield prepar'd against mortality,
His sword 'gainst them which in the world do dwell:
So shall vice, sin, and death, world and the devil,
Be slain by him which slayeth every evil.

All heaven shall be in arms against earth's world; 21
The sun shall dart forth fire commix'd with blood,
The blazing stars from heaven shall be hurl'd,
The pale-fac'd moon against the ocean-flood;
Then shall the thundering chambers[3] of the sky
Be lighten'd with the blaze of Titan's eye.

The clouds shall then be bent like bended bows,
To shoot the thundering arrows of the air;
Thick hail and stones shall fall on heaven's foes,
And Tethys overflow in her despair;

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[1] Pity. [2] Voice, sound. [3] Ordnance.

The moon shall overfill her horny hood
With Neptune's ocean's overflowing flood.

The wind shall be no longer kept in caves, 22
But burst the iron cages of the clouds;
And Æol shall resign his office-staves,
Suffering the winds to combat with the floods:
So shall the earth with seas be palèd in,
As erst it hath been overflow'd with sin.

Thus shall the earth weep for her wicked sons,
And curse the concave of her tirèd womb,
Into whose hollow mouth the water runs,
Making wet wilderness her driest tomb;
Thus, thus iniquity hath reign'd so long,
That earth on earth is punish'd for her wrong.

CHAPTER VI.

After this conflict between God and man, 1
Remorse[1] took harbour in God's angry breast;
Astræa to be pitiful began,
All heavenly powers to lie in mercy's rest;
Forthwith the voice of God did redescend,
And his Astræa warn'd all to amend.

To you I speak, quoth she; hear, learn, and mark, 2
You that be kings, judges, and potentates,
Give ear, I say; wisdom, your strongest ark,
Sends me as messenger to end debates;
Give ear, I say, you judges of the earth,
Wisdom is born, seek out for wisdom's birth.

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[1] Pity.

This heavenly embassage from wisdom's tongue, 3
Worthy the volume of all heaven's sky,
I bring as messenger to right your wrong;
If so, her sacred name might never die:
I bring you happy tidings; she is born,
Like golden sunbeams from a silver morn.

The lord hath seated you in judgment's seat,
Let wisdom place you in discretion's places;
Two virtues, one will make one virtue great,
And draw more virtues with attractive faces:
Be just and wise, for God is just and wise;
He thoughts, he words, he words and actions tries.

If you neglect your office's decrees, 4
Heap new lament on long-toss'd miseries,
Do and undo by reason of degrees,
And drown your sentences in briberies,
Favour and punish, spare and keep in awe,
Set and unset, plant and supplant the law;

O be assur'd there is a judge above, 5
Which will not let injustice flourish long;
If tempt him, you your own temptation move,
Proceeding from the judgment of his tongue:
Hard judgment shall he have which judgeth hard,
And he that barreth others shall be barr'd.

For God hath no respect of rich from poor, 6
For he hath made the poor and made the rich;
Their bodies be alike, though their minds soar,
Their difference nought but in presumption's pitch;
The carcass of a king is kept from foul,
The beggar yet may have the cleaner soul.

The highest men do bear the highest minds;
The cedars scorn to bow, the mushrooms bend;
The highest often superstition blinds,
But yet their fall is greatest in the end;
The winds have not such power of the grass,
Because it lowly stoopeth whenas they pass.

The old should teach the young observance' way, 7
But now the young doth teach the elder grace;
The shrubs do teach the cedars to obey,
These yield to winds, but these the winds outface:
Yet he that made the winds to cease and blow,
Can make the highest fall, the lowest grow.

He made the great to stoop as well as small, 8
The lions to obey as other beasts;
He cares for all alike, yet cares for all,
And looks that all should answer his behests;
But yet the greater hath the sorer trial,
If once he finds them with his law's denial.

Be warn'd, you tyrants, at the fall of pride; 9
You see how surges change to quiet calm,
You see both flow and ebb in folly's tide,
How fingers are infected by their palm:
This may your caveat be, you being kings,
Infect your subjects, which are lesser things.

Ill scents of vice once crept into the head
Doth pierce into the chamber of the brain,
Making the outward skin disease's bed,
The inward powers as nourishers of pain;
So if that mischief reigns in wisdom's place,
The inward thought lies figur'd in the face.

Wisdom should clothe herself in king's attire, 10
  Being the portraiture of heaven's queen;
But tyrants are no kings, but mischief's mire,
  Not sage, but shows of what they should have been;
They seek for vice, and how to go amiss,
But do not once regard what wisdom is.

They which are kings by name are kings by deed,
  Both rulers of themselves and of their land;
They know that heaven is virtue's duest meed,
  And holiness is knit in holy band:
These may be rightly callèd by their name,
Whose words and works are blaz'd in wisdom's flame.

To nurse up cruelty with mild aspèct, 11
  Were to begin, but never for to end;
Kindness with tigers never takes effect,
  Nor proffer'd friendship with a foelike friend:
Tyrants and tigers have all natural mothers,
Tyrants her sons, tigers the tyrants' brothers.

No words' delight can move delight in them,
  But rather plough the traces of their ire;
Like swine, that take the dirt before the gem,
  And scorns that pearl which they should most desire:
But kings whose names proceed from kindness' sound
Do plant their hearts and thoughts on wisdom's ground.

A grounding ever moist, and never dry, 12
  An ever-fruitful earth, no fruitless way,
In whose dear womb the tender springs do lie,
  Which ever flows and never ebbs away;
The sun but shines by day, she day and night
Doth keep one stayèd essence of her light.

Her beams are conducts to her substance' view, 13
Her eye is adamant's attractive force;
A shadow hath she none, but substance true,
Substance outliving life of mortal course:
Her sight is easy unto them which love her,
Her finding easy unto them which prove her.

The far-fet[1] chastity of female sex 14
Is nothing but allurement into lust,
Which will forswear and take, scorn and annex,
Deny and practise it, mistrust and trust:
Wisdom is chaste, and of another kind;
She loves, she likes, and yet not lustful blind.

She is true love, the other love a toy;
Her love hath eyes, the other love is blind;
This doth proceed from God, this from a boy;
This constant is, the other vain-combin'd:
If longing passions follow her desire,
She offereth herself as labour's hire.

She is not coyish she, won by delay, 15
With sighs and passions, which all lovers use,
With hot affection, death, or life's decay,
With lovers' toys, which might their loves excuse:
Wisdom is poor, her dowry is content;
She nothing hath, because she nothing spent.

She is not woo'd to love, nor won by wooing;
Nor got by labour, nor possess'd by pain;
The gain of her consists in honest doing;
Her gain is great in that she hath no gain:

[1] Far-fetched.

He that betimes follows repentance' way
Shall meet with her his virtue's worthy pay.

To think upon her is to think of bliss, 16
The very thought of her is mischief's bar,
Depeller of misdeeds which do amiss,
The blot of vanity, misfortune's scar:
Who would not think, to reap such gain by thought;
Who would not love, when such a life is bought?

If thought be understanding, what is she?
The full perfection of a perfect power,
A heavenly branch from God's immortal tree,
Which death, nor hell, nor mischief can devour:
Herself is wisdom, and her thought is so;
Thrice happy he which doth desire to know!

She man-like woos, men women-like refuses 17
She offers love, they offer'd love deny,
And hold her promises as love's abuses,
Because she pleads with an indifferent eye;
They think that she is light, vain, and unjust,
When she doth plead for love, and not for lust.

Hard-hearted men, quoth she, can you not love?
Behold my substance, cannot substance please?
Behold my feature, cannot feature move?
Can substance nor my feature help or ease?
See heaven's joy defigur'd in my face,
Can neither heaven nor joy turn you to grace?

O, how desire sways her pleading tongue, 18
Her tongue her heart, her heart her soul's affection!
Fain would she make mortality be strong,
But mortal weakness yields rejection:

Her care is care of them, they careless are;
Her love loves them, they neither love nor care.

Fain would she make them clients in her law, 19
Whose law's assurance is immortal honour;
But them nor words, nor love, nor care can awe,
But still will fight under destruction's bonner: [1]
Though immortality be their reward,
Yet neither words nor deeds will they regard.

Her tongue is hoarse with pleading, yet doth plead, 20
Pleading for that which they should all desire;
Their appetite is heavy, made of lead,
And lead can never melt without a fire:
Her words are mild, and cannot raise a heat,
Whilst they with hard repulse her speeches beat.

Requested they, for what they should request;
Entreated they, for what they should entreat;
Requested to enjoy their quiet rest,
Entreated like a sullen bird to eat;
Their eyes behold joy's maker which doth make it,
Yet must they be entreated for to take it.

You whose delight is plac'd in honour's game, 21
Whose game in majesty's imperial throne,
Majestic portraitures of earthly fame,
Relievers of the poor in age's moan;
If your content be seated on a crown,
Love wisdom, and your state shall never down.

Her crowns are not as earthly diadems,
But diapasons of eternal rest;

[1] So written for the rhyme.

Her essence comes not from terrestrial stems,
But planted on the heaven's immortal breast:
If you delight in sceptres and in reigning,
Delight in her, your crown's immortal gaining.

Although the shadow of her glorious view 22
Hath been as accessary to your eyes,
Now will I show you the true substance' hue,
And what she is, which without knowledge lies;
From whence she is deriv'd, whence her descent,
And whence the lineage of her birth is lent:

Now will I show the sky, and not the cloud;
The sun, and not the shade; day, not the night;
Tethys herself, not Tethys in her flood;
Light, and not shadow of suppressing light;
Wisdom herself, true type of wisdom's grace,
Shall be apparent before heart and face.

Had I still fed you with the shade of life, 23
And hid the sun itself in envy's air,
Myself might well be callèd nature's strife,
Striving to cloud that which all clouds impair;
But envy, haste thee hence! I loathe thy eye,
Thy love, thy life, thyself, thy company.

Here is the banner of discretion's name,
Advanc'd on wisdom's ever-standing tower;
Here is no place for envy or her shame,
For Nemesis, or black Megæra's power:
He that is envious is not wisdom's friend;
She ever lives, he dies when envies end.

Happy, thrice-happy land, where wisdom reigns! 24
Happy, thrice-happy king, whom wisdom sways!

Where never poor laments, or souls complains,
Where folly never keeps discretion's ways;
That land, that king doth flourish, live, and joy,
Far from ill-fortune's reach or sin's annoy.

That land is happy, that king fortunate,
She in her days, he in his wisdom's force;
For fortitude is wisdom's sociate,
And wisdom truest fortitude's remorse:
Be therefore rul'd by wisdom, she is chief,
That you may rule in joy, and not in grief.

CHAPTER VII.

What am I? man; O what is man? O nought! 1
What, am I nought? yes; what? sin and debate:
Three vices all in one, of one life bought:
Man am I not; what then? I am man's hate:
Yes, man I am; man, because mortal, dead;
Mortality my guide, by mischief led.

Man, because like to man, man, because born;
In birth no man, a child, child, because weak;
Weak, because weaken'd by ill-fortune's scorn;
Scorn'd, because mortal, mortal, in wrong's wreak:
My father, like myself, did live on earth;
I, like myself and him, follow his birth.

My mother's matrice was my body's maker,
There had I this same shape of infamies;
Shape? ah, no shape, but substance mischief's taker!
In ten months' fashion; months? ah, miseries!
The shame of shape, the very shape of shame;
Calamity myself, lament my name.

I was conceiv'd with seed, deceiv'd with sin;
Deceiv'd, because my seed was sin's deceit;
My seed deceit, because it clos'd me in,
Hemm'd me about, for sin's and mischief's bait:
The seed of man did bring me into blood,
And now I bring myself, in what? no good.

When I was born, when I was, then I was; 3
Born? when? yet born I was, but now I bear,
Bear my own vices, which my joys surpass,
Bear mine own burden full of mischief's fear:
When I was born, I did not bear lament;
But now unborn, I bear what birth hath spent.

When I was born, my breath was born to me,
The common air which airs my body's form;
Then fell I on the earth with feeble knee,
Lamenting for my life's ill-fortune's storm;
Making myself the index of my woe,
Commencing what I could, ere I could go.

Fed was I with lament, as well as meat; 4
My milk was sweet, but tears did make it sour;
Meat and lament, milk and my tears I eat,
As bitter herbs commix'd with sweetest flower;
Care was my swaddling clothes, as well as cloth,
For I was swaddled[1] and cloth'd in both.

Why do I make myself more than I am? 5
Why say I, I am nourishèd with cares,
When every one is clothèd with the same,
Sith as I fare myself, another fares?

[1] Equivalent to a trisyllable.

No king hath any other birth than I,
But wail'd his fortune with a watery eye.

Say, what is mirth? an entrance unto woe; 6
Say, what is woe? an entrance unto mirth;
That which begins with joy doth not end so,
These go by change, because a changing birth:
Our birth is as our death, both barren, bare;
Our entrance wail, our going out with care.

Naked we came into the world, as naked,
We had not wealth nor riches to possess;
Now differ we, which difference riches maked,
Yet in the end we naked ne'ertheless;
As our beginning is, so is our end,
Naked and poor, which needs no wealth to spend.

Thus weighing in the balance of my mind 7
My state, all states, my birth, all births alike,
My meditated passions could not find
One freèd thought which sorrow did not strike;
But knowing every ill is cur'd by prayer,
My mind besought the Lord, my grief's allayer.

Wherefore I pray'd; my prayer took effect,
And my effect was good, my good was gain;
My gain was sacred wisdom's bright aspèct,
And her aspèct in my respect did reign;
Wisdom, that heavenly spirit of content,
Was unto me from heaven by prayer sent:

A present far more worthy than a crown, 8
Because the crown of an eternal rest;
A present far more worthy than a throne,
Because the throne of heaven, which makes us blest;

The crown of bliss, the throne of God is she ;
Compared unto heaven, not, earth, to thee.

Her footstool is thy face, her face thy shame ;
  Thy shame her living praise, her praise thy scorn ;
Thy scorn her love, her love thy merit's blame ;
  Thy blame her worth, her worth thy being born :
Thyself art dross to her comparison ;
Thy valour weak unto her garrison.

To liken gold unto her radiant face, 9
  Were likening day to night, and night to day,
The king's high seat to the low subject's place,
  And heaven's translucent breast to earthly way :
For what is gold ? her scorn ; her scorn ? her ire ;
Melting that dross with nought but anger's fire.

In her respect 'tis dust, in her aspects
  Earth, in respect of her 'tis little gravel ;
As dust, as earth, as gravel she rejects
  The hope, the gain, the sight, the price, the travel ;
Silver, because inferior to the other,
Is clay, which two she in one look doth smother.

Her sight I called health, herself my beauty ; 10
  Health as my life, and beauty as my light ;
Each in performance of the other's duty,
  This curing grief, this leading me aright ;
Two sovereign eyes, belonging to two places,
This guides the soul, and this the body graces.

The heart-sick soul is cur'd by heart-strong health,
  The heart-strong health is the soul's brightest eye

The heart-sick body healed by beauty's wealth;
  Two sunny windolets of either's sky,
Whose beams cannot be clouded by reproach,
Nor yet dismounted from so bright a coach.

What dowry could I wish more than I have? 11
  What wealth, what honour, more than I possess?
My soul's request is mine, which I did crave;
  For sole redress in soul I have redress:
The bodily expenses which I spend,
Is lent by her which my delight doth lend.

Then I may call her author of my good,
  Sith good and goods are portions for my love;
I love her well; who would not love his food,
  His joy's maintainer, which all woes remove?
I richest am, because I do possess her;
I strongest am, in that none can oppress her.

It made me glad to think that I was rich, 12
  More gladder for to think that I was strong;
For lowest minds do covet highest pitch,
  As highest braves proceed from lowest tongue:
Her first arrival first did make me glad,
Yet ignorant at first, first made me sad.

Joyful I was, because I saw her power,
  Woeful I was, because I knew her not;
Glad that her face was in mine eyes-lock'd bower,
  Sad that my senses never drew her plot:
I knew not that she was discretion's mother,
Though I professed myself to be her brother.

Like a rash wooer feeding on the looks, 13
Disgesting[1] beauty, apparition's show,
Viewing the painted outside of the books,
And inward works little regards to know;
So I, feeding my fancies with her sight,
Forgot to make inquiry of her might.

External powers I knew, riches I had,
Internal powers I scarcely had discern'd;
Unfeignedly I learnèd to be glad,
Feigning I hated, verity I learn'd:
I was not envious-learnèd to forsake her,
But I was loving-learnèd for to take her.

And had I not, my treasure had been lost, 14
My loss my peril's hazard had proclaim'd,
My peril had my life's destruction tost,
My life's destruction at my soul had aim'd:
Great perils hazarded from one poor loss,
As greatest filth doth come with smallest dross.

This righteous treasure whoso rightly useth,
Shall be an heir in heaven's eternity;
All earthly fruits her heritage excuseth,
All happiness in her felicity:
The love of God consists in her embracing,
The gifts of knowledge in her wisdom's placing.

I speak as I am prompted by my mind, 15
My soul's chief agent, pleader of my cause;
I speak these things, and what I speak I find,
By heaven's judgment, not mine own applause:

[1] Old form of *digesting*.

God he is judge; I next, because I have her;
God he doth know; I next, because I crave her.

Should I direct, and God subvert my tongue,
I worthy were of an unworthy name,
Unworthy of my right, not of my wrong,
Unworthy of my praise, not of my shame;
But seeing God directs my tongue from missing,
I rather look for clapping than for hissing.

He is the prompter of my tongue and me, 16
My tongue doth utter what his tongue applies;
He sets before my sight what I should see,
He breathes into my heart his verities;
He tells me what I think, or see, or hear;
His tongue a part, my tongue a part doth bear.

Our words he knows in telling of our hearts,
Our hearts he knows in telling of our words;
All in his hands, words, wisdom, works, and arts,
And every power which influence affords;
He knows what we will speak, what we will do,
And how our minds and actions will go.

The wisdom which I have is heaven's gift, 17
The knowledge which I have is God's reward;
Both presents my forewarnèd senses lift,
And of my preservation had regard:
This teaches me to know, this to be wise;
Knowledge is wit's, and wit is knowledge' guise.

Now know I how the world was first created, 18
How every motion of the air was fram'd,

How man was made, the devil's pride abated,
How time's beginning, midst, and end was nam'd;
Now know I time, time's change, time's date, time's show,
And when the seasons come, and when they go:

I know the changing courses of the years, 19
And the division of all differing climes,
The situation of the stars and spheres,
The flowing tides, and the flow-ebbing times;
I know that every year hath his four courses,
I know that every course hath several forces.

I know that nature is in everything, 20
Beasts furious, winds rough, men wicked are,
Whose thoughts their scourge, whose deeds their judgment's sting,
Whose words and works their peril and their care;
I know that every plant hath difference,
I know that every root hath influence.

True knowledge have I got in knowing truth, 21
True wisdom purchasèd in wisest wit;
A knowledge fitting age, wit fitting youth,
Which makes me young, though old with gain of it:
True knowledge have I, and true wisdom's store,
True hap, true hope; what wish, what would I more?

Known things I needs must know, sith not unknown,
My care is knowledge, she doth hear for me;
All secrets know I more because not shown;
My wisdom secret is, and her I see:
Knowledge hath taught me how to hear known causes,
Wisdom hath taught me secrecy's applauses.

Knowledge and wisdom known in wisest things 22
Is reason's mate, discretion's sentinel;
More than a trine of joys from virtues springs,
More than one union, yet in union dwell:
One for to guide the spring, summer the other;
One harvest's nurse, the other winter's mother.

Four mounts and four high mounters, all four one, 23
One holy union, one begotten life,
One manifold affection, yet alone,
All one in peace's rest, all none in strife;
Sure, stable, without care, having all power,
Not hurtful, doing good, as one all four.

This peaceful army of four-knitted souls 24
Is marching unto peace's endless war,
Their weapons are discretion's written rolls,
Their quarrel love, and amity their jar:
Wisdom director is, captain and guide;
All other take their places side by side.

Wisdom divides the conflict of her peace
Into four squadrons of four mutual loves;
Each bent to war, and never means to cease;
Her wings of shot her disputation moves:
She wars unseen, and pacifies unseen;
She is war's victory, yet peace's queen.

She is the martial trumpet of alarms, 25
And yet the quiet rest in peace's night;
She guideth martial troops, she honours arms,
Yet joins she fight with peace, and peace with fight;
She is the breath of God's and heaven's power,
Yet peace's nurse in being peace's flower.

A flowing in of that which ebbeth out,
An ebbing out of that which floweth in;
Presumption she doth hate in being stout,
Humility, though poor, her favours win:
She is the influence of heaven's flow;
No filth doth follow her where'er she go.

She is that spring which never hath an ebb, 26
That silver-colour'd brook which hath no mud,
That loom which weaves and never cuts the web,
That tree which grows and never leaves to bud:
She constant is, inconstancy her foe;
She doth not flow and ebb, nor come and go.

Phœbus doth weep when watery clouds approach,
She keeps her brightness everlastingly;
Phœbe, when Phœbus shines, forsakes night's coach,
Her day is night and day immortally;
The undefilèd mirror of renown,
The image of God's power, her virtue's crown.

Discretion, knowledge, wit, and reason's skill, 27
All four are places in one only grace;
They wisdom are, obedient to her will,
All four are one, one in all four's place;
And wisdom being one, she can do all,
Sith one hath four, all subject to one call.

Herself remaining self, the world renews, 28
Renewing ages with perpetual youth,
Entering into the souls which death pursues,
Making them God's friends which were friends to truth:
If wisdom doth not harbour in thy mind,
God loves thee not, and that thy soul shall find.

For how canst thou be led without thy light? 29
How can thy eyeless soul direct her way,
If wanting her which guides thy steps aright,
Thy steps from night into a path of day?
More beautiful then is the eye of heaven,
Gilding herself with her self-changing steven.[1]

The stars are twinkling handmaids to the moon, 30
Both moon and stars handmaids to wisdom's sun;
These shine at middest night, this at midnoon,
Each new-begins their light when each hath done;
Pale-mantled night follows red-mantled day,
Vice follows both, but to her own decay.

CHAPTER VIII.

Who is the empress of the world's confine, 1
The monarchess of the four-corner'd earth,
The princess of the seas, life without fine,[2]
Commixer of delight with sorrow's mirth?
What sovereign is she which ever reigns,
Which queen-like governs all, yet none constrains?

Wisdom; O fly, my spirit, with that word!
Wisdom; O lodge, my spirit, in that name!
Fly, soul, unto the mansion of her lord,
Although thy wings be singèd in her flame:
Tell her my blackness doth admire her beauty;
I'll marry her in love, serve her in duty.

If marry her, God is my father God, 2
Christ is my brother, angels are my kin,

[1] See note 2, p. 181. [2] End, boundary.

The earth my dowry, heaven my abode,
My rule the world, my life without my sin:
She is the daughter of immortal Jove;
My wife in heart, in thought, in soul, in love.

Happy for ever he that thought in heart,
Happy for ever he that heart in thought;
Happy the soul of both which bears both part,
Happy that love which thought, heart, soul hath sought:
The name of love is happiest, for I love her;
Soul, heart, and thoughts, love's agents are to prove her.

Ye parents, that would have your children rul'd, 3
Here may they be instructed, rul'd, and taught;
Ye children, that would have your parents school'd,
Feeding their wanton thirst with folly's draught,
See here the school of discipline erected!
See here how young and old are both corrected!

Children, this is the mistress of your bliss,
Your schoolmistress, reformer of your lives;
Parents, you that do speak, think, do amiss,
Here's she which love's and life's direction gives;
She teacheth that which God knows to be true,
She chooseth that which God would choose for you.

What is our birth? poor, naked, needy, cold; 4
What is our life? poor as our birth has been;
What is our age? forlorn in being old;
What is our end? as our beginning's scene:
Our birth, our life, our age, our end is poor;
What birth, what life, what age, what end hath more?

Made rich it is with vanity's vain show;
If wanting wisdom, it is folly's game;
Or like a bended or unbended bow,
Ill fortune's scoff it is, good fortune's shame:
If wisdom be the riches of thy mind,
Then can thy fortune see, not seeing, blind.

Then if good fortune doth begin thy state, 5
Ill fortune cannot end what she begins;
Thy fate at first will still remain thy fate,
Thy conduct unto joys, not unto sins:
If thou the bridegroom art, wisdom the bride,
Ill fortune cannot swim against thy tide.

Thou marrying her dost marry more than she, 6
Thy portion is not faculties, but bliss;
Thou need'st not teaching, for she teacheth thee,
Nor no reformer, she thy mistress is;
The lesson which she gives thee for thy learning
Is every virtue's love, and sin's discerning.

Dost thou desire experience for to know? 7
Why, how can she be less than what she is?
The growth of knowledge doth from wisdom grow,
The growth of wisdom is in knowing this:
Wisdom can tell all things, what things are past,
What done, what undone, what are doing last:

Nay, more, what things are come, what are to come,
Or words, or works, or shows, or actions,
In her brain's table-book[1] she hath the sum,
And knows dark sentences' solutions;

[1] Memorandum-book.

She knows what signs and wonders will ensue,
And when success of seasons will be new.

Who would not be a bridegroom? who not wed? 8
Who would not have a bride so wise, so fair?
Who would not lie in such a peaceful bed,
Whose canopy is heaven, whose shade the air?
How can it be that any of the skies
Can there be missing, where heaven's kingdom lies?

If care-sick, I am comforted with joy;
If surfeiting on joy, she bids me care;
She says that overmuch will soon annoy,
Too much of joy, too much of sorrow's fare:
She always counsels me to keep a mean,
And not with joy too fat, with grief too lean.

Fain would the shrub grow by the highest tree, 9
Fain would the mushroom kiss the cedar's bark,
Fain would the seely[1] worm a-sporting be,
Fain would the sparrow imitate the lark:
Though I a tender shrub, a mushroom be,
Yet covet I the honour of a tree.

And may I not? may not the blossoms bud?
Doth not the little seed make ears of corn?
Doth not a sprig, in time, bear greatest wood?
Doth not young evenings make an elder morn?
For wisdom's sake, I know, though I be young,
I shall have praises from my elders' tongue.

[1] Simple, harmless.

And as my growth doth rise, so shall my wit, 10
  And as my wit doth rise, so shall my growth;
In wit I grow, both growths grow to be fit,
  Both fitting in one growth be fittest both:
Experience follows age, and nature youth;
Some agèd be in wit, though young in ruth.

The wisdom which I have springs from above,
  The wisdom from above is that I have;
Her I adore, I reverence, I love,
  She's my pure soul, lock'd in my body's grave;
The judgment which I use from her proceeds,
Which makes me marvell'd at in all my deeds.

Although mute silence tie my judgment's tongue, 11
  Sad secretary of dumb action,
Yet shall they give me place, though I be young,
  And stay my leisure's satisfaction;
Even as a judge, which keeps his judgments mute,
When clients have no answer of their suit.

But if the closure of my mouth unmeets,
  And dives within the freedom of my words,
They like petitioners' tongues welcome greets,
  And with attentive ear hears my accords;
But if my words into no limits go,
Their speech shall ebb, mine in their ebbing flow.

And what of this vain world, vain hope, vain show, 12
  Vain glory seated in a shade of praise,
Mortality's descent and folly's flow,
  The badge of vanity, the hour of days;

What glory is it for to be a king,
When care is crown, and crown is fortune's sling?

Wisdom is immortality's alline,[1]
And immortality is wisdom's gain,
By her the heaven's lineage is mine,
By her I immortality obtain;
The earth is made immortal in my name,
The heavens are made immortal in my fame.

Two spacious orbs of two as spacious climes 13
Shall be the heritage which I possess;
My rule in heaven, directing earthly times,
My reign in earth, commencing earth's redress;
One king made two, one crown a double crown,
One rule two rules, one fame a twice renown.

What heaven is this, which every thought contains? 14
Wisdom my heaven, my heaven is wisdom's heaven;
What earth is this, wherein my body reigns?
Wisdom my earth, all rule from wisdom given;
Through her I rule, through her I do subdue,
Through her I reign, through her my empire grew.

A rule, not tyranny, a reign, not blood, 15
An empire, not a slaughter-house of lives,
A crown, not cruelty in fury's mood,
A sceptre which restores, and not deprives;
All made to make a peace, and not a war,
By wisdom, concord's queen and discord's bar.

[1] Ally.

The coldest word oft cools the hottest threat,
  The tyrant's menaces the calms of peace;
Two colds augmenteth one, two heats one heat,
  And makes both too extreme when both increase:
My peaceful reign shall conquer tyrants' force,
Not arms, but words, not battle, but remorse.[1]

Yet mighty shall I be, though war in peace, 16
  Strong, though ability hath left his clime,
And good, because my wars and battles cease,
  Or, at the least, lie smother'd in their prime:
The fence once diggèd up with fear's amaze,
Doth rage untam'd with folly's fenceless gaze.

If wisdom doth not harbour in delight,
  It breaks the outward passage of the mind;
Therefore I place my war in wisdom's might,
  Whose heavy labours easy harbours find;
Her company is pleasure, mirth, and joy,
Not bitterness, not mourning, not annoy.

When every thought was balancèd by weight 17
  Within the concave of my body's scale,
My heart and soul did hold the balance straight,
  To see what thought was joy, what thought was wail;
But when I saw that grief did weigh down pleasure,
I put in wisdom to augment her treasure:

Wisdom, the weight of immortality; 18
  Wisdom, the balance of all happiness;
Wisdom, the weigher of felicity;
  Wisdom, the paragon of blessedness;

[1] Pity.

When in her hands their lies such plenty's store,
Needs must her heart have twice as much and more.

Her heart have I conjoinèd with her hand, 19
  Her hand hath she conjoinèd with my heart;
Two souls one soul, two hands one body's band,
  And two hands made of four, by amour's art:
Was I not wise in choosing earthly life?
Nay, wise, thrice wise, in choosing such a wife?

Was I not good? good, then the sooner bad; 20
  Bad, because earth is full of wickedness,
Because my body is with vices clad,
  Anatomy of my sin's heaviness:
As doth unseemly clothes make the skin foul,
So the sin-inkèd body blots the soul.

Thus lay my heart plung'd in destruction's mire, 21
  Thus lay my soul bespotted with my sin,
Thus lay myself consum'd in my desire,
  Thus lay all parts ensnarèd in one gin;
At last my heart, mounting above the mud,
Lay between hope and death, mischief and good.

Thus panting, ignorant to live or die,
  To rise or fall, to stand or else to sink,
I cast a fainting look unto the sky,
  And saw the thought which my poor heart did think;
Wisdom my thought, at whose seen sight I pray'd,
And with my heart, my mind, my soul, I said:

CHAPTER IX.

O God of fathers, Lord of heaven and earth, 1, 2
Mercy's true sovereign, pity's portraiture,
King of all kings, a birth surpassing birth,
A life immortal, essence ever pure,
Which with a breath ascending from thy thought,
Hast made the heavens of earth, the earth of nought!

Thou which hast made mortality for man, 3
Beginning life to make an end of woe,
Ending in him what in himself began,
His earth's dominion through thy wisdom's flow;
Made for to rule according to desert,
And execute revenge with upright heart;

Behold a crown, but yet a crown of care, 4
Behold a sceptre, yet a sorrow's guise,
More than the balance of my head can bear,
More than my hands can hold, wherein it lies;
My crown doth want supportance for to bear,
My sceptre wanteth empire for to wear.

A legless body is my kingdom's map,
Limping in folly, halting in distress;
Give me thy wisdom, Lord, my better hap,
Which may my folly cure, my grief redress;
O let me not fall in oblivion's cave!
Let wisdom be my bail, for her I crave.

Behold thy servant pleading for his hire, 5
As an apprentice to thy gospel's word!
Behold his poor estate, his hot-cold fire,
His weak-strong limbs, his merry woes' record!

Born of a woman, woman-like in woe,
They weak, they feeble are, and I am so.

My time of life is as an hour of day,
'Tis as a day of months, a month of years;
It never comes again, but fades away,
As one morn's sun about the hemispheres:
Little my memory, lesser my time,
But least of all my understanding's prime.

Say that my memory should never die, 6
Say that my time should never lose a glide,
Say that myself had earthly majesty,
Seated in all the glory of my pride;
Yet if discretion did not rule my mind,
My reign would be like fortune's, folly-blind:

My memory a pathway to my shame,
My time the looking-glass of my disgrace,
Myself resemblance of my scornèd name,
My pride the puffèd shadow of my face:
Thus should I be remember'd, not regarded;
Thus should my labours end, but not rewarded.

What were it to be shadow of a king? 7
A vanity; to wear a shadow'd crown?
A vanity; to love an outward thing?
A vanity; vain shadows of renown:
This king is king of shades, because a shade,
A king in show, though not in action made.

His shape have I, his cognizance I wear,
A smoky vapour hemm'd with vanity;
Himself I am, his kingdom's crown I bear,
Unless that wisdom change my livery:

A king I am, God hath inflamèd me,
And lesser than I am I cannot be.

When I command, the people do obey, 8
  Submissive subjects to my votive will;
A prince I am, and do what princes may,
  Decree, command, rule, judge, perform, fulfil;
Yet I myself am subject unto God,
As are all others to my judgment's rod.

As do my subject[s] honour my command,
  So I at his command a subject am;
I build a temple on mount Sion's sand,
  Erect an altar in thy city's name;
Resemblances these are where thou dost dwell,
Made when thou framed'st heaven, earth, and hell.

All these three casements were contain'd in wit; 9
  'Twas wisdom for to frame the heaven's sky,
'Twas wisdom for to make the earth so fit,
  And hell within the lowest orb to lie,
To make a heavenly clime, an earthly course,
And hell, although the name of it be worse.

Before the world was made wisdom was born,
  Born of heaven's God, conceivèd in his breast,
Which knew what works would be, what ages worn,
  What labours life should have, what quiet rest,
What should displease and please, in vice, in good,
What should be clearest spring, what foulest mud.

O make my sinful body's world anew, 10
  Erect new elements, new airs, new skies!

The time I have is frail, the course untrue,
The globe unconstant, like ill fortune's eyes:
First make the world, which doth my soul contain,
And next my wisdom, in whose power I reign.

Illumine earth with wisdom's heavenly sight,
Make her ambassador to grace the earth;
O let her rest by day and lodge by night
Within the closure of my body's hearth!
That in her sacred self I may perceive
What things are good to take, what ill to leave.

The body's heat will flow into the face, 11
The outward index of an outward deed;
The inward sins do keep an inward place,
Eyes, face, mouth, tongue, and every function feed:
She is my face; if I do any ill,
I see my shame in her repugnant will.

She is my glass, my type, my form, my map,
The figure of my deed, shape of my thought,
My life's charàcter, fortune to my hap,
Which understandeth all that heart hath wrought;
What works I take in hand she finisheth,
And all my vicious thoughts diminisheth.

My facts are written in her forehead's book, 12
The volume of my thoughts, lines of my words;
The sins I have she murders with a look,
And what one cheek denies, th' other affords;
As white and red, like battles and retreats,
One doth defend the blows, the other beats:

So is her furious mood commix'd with smile,
  Her rod is profit, her correction mirth;
She makes me keep an acceptable style,
  And govern every limit of the earth:
Through her the state of monarchy is known,
Through her I rule, and guide my father's throne.

Mortality itself, without repair, 13
  Is ever falling feebly on the ground;
Submissive body, heart above the air,
  Which fain would know, when knowledge is not found;
Fain would it soar above the eagle's eye,
Though it be made of lead, and cannot fly.

The soul and body are the wings of man;
  The soul should mount, but that lies drown'd in sin,
With leaden spirit, but doth what it can,
  Yet scarcely can it rise when it is in;
Then how can man so weak know God so strong?
What heart from thought, what thought from heart hath
    sprung?

We think that every judgment is alike, 14
  That every purpose hath one final end;
Our thoughts, alas! are fears, fears horrors strike,
  Horrors our life's uncertain course do spend;
Fear follows negligence, both death and hell;
Unconstant are the paths wherein we dwell.

The hollow concave of our body's vaults 15
  Once laden up with sin's eternal graves,
Straight bursts into the soul the slime of faults,
  And overfloweth like a sea of waves;

The earth, as neighbour to our privy thought,
Keeps fast the mansion which our cares have bought.

Say, can we see ourselves? are we so wise? 16
Or can we judge our own with our own hearts?
Alas, we cannot! folly blinds our eyes,
Mischief our minds, with her mischievous arts:
Folly reigns there where wisdom should bear sway,
And folly's mischief bars discretion's way.

O weak capacity of strongest wit!
O strong capacity of weaker sense!
To guide, to meditate, unapt, unfit,
Blind in perceiving earth's circumfluence:
If labour doth consist in mortal skill,
'Tis greater labour to know heaven's will.

The toiling spirit of a labouring man 17
Is toss'd in casualties of fortune's seas;
He thinks it greater labour than he can,
To run his mortal course without an ease:
Then who can gain or find celestial things,
Unless their hopes a greater labour brings?

What volume of thy mind can then contain
Thoughts, words, and works, which God thinks, speaks, and makes,
When heaven itself cannot such honour gain,
Nor angels know the counsel which God takes?
Yet if thy heart be wisdom's mansion,
Thy soul shall gain thy heart's made mention.

Who can in one day's space make two days' toil? 18
Or who in two days' space will spend but one?
The one doth keep his mean in overbroil,
The other under mean, because alone:
Say, what is man without his spirit sways him?
Say, what's the spirit if the man decays him?

An ill-reformèd breath, a life, a hell,
A going out worse than a coming in;
For wisdom is the body's sentinel,
Set to guard life, which else would fall in sin;
She doth correct and love, sways and preserves,
Teaches and favours, rules and yet observes.

CHAPTER X.

Correction follows love, love follows hate, 1
For love in hate is hate in too much love;
So chastisement is preservation's mate,
Instructing and preserving those we prove:
So wisdom first corrects, then favoureth,
But fortune favours first, then wavereth.

First, the first father of this earthly world,
First man, first father call'd for after-time,
Unfashionèd and like a heap was hurl'd,
Form'd and reform'd by wisdom out of slime;
By nature ill reform'd, by wisdom purer,
She mortal life, she better life's procurer.

Alas, what was he but a clod of clay? 2
What ever was he but an ashy cask?

By wisdom clothèd in his best array,
If better may be best to choose a task:
One gave him time to live, she power to reign,
Making two powers one, one power twain.

But, O malign, ill-boding wickedness, 3
Like bursting gulfs o'erwhelming virtue's seed!
Too furious wrath, forsaking happiness,
Losing ten thousand joys with one dire deed:
Cain could see, but folly struck him blind,
To kill his brother in a raging mind.

O too unhappy stroke to end two lives! 4
Unhappy actor in death's tragedy,
Murdering a brother whose name murder gives,
Whose slaying action slaughters butchery:
A weeping part had earth in that same play,
For she did weep herself to death that day.

Water distill'd from millions of her eyes,
Upon the long-dried carcass of her time;
Her watery conduits were the weeping skies,
Which made her womb an overflowing clime:
Wisdom preserv'd it, which preserves all good,
And taught it how to make an ark of wood.

O that one board should save so many lives, 5
Upon the world's huge billow-tossing sea!
'Twas not the board, 'twas wisdom which survives,
Wisdom that ark, that board, that fence, that bay:
The world was made a water-rolling wave,
But wisdom better hope's assurance gave.

And when pale malice did advance her flag
  Upon the raging standard of despite,
Fiend's sovereign, sin's mistress, and hell's hag,
  Dun Pluto's lady, empress of the night;
Wisdom, from whom immortal joy begun,
Preserv'd the righteous as her faultless son.

The wicked perishèd, but they surviv'd; 6
  The wicked were ensnar'd, they were preserv'd;
One kept in joy, the one of joy depriv'd;
  One feeding, fed, the other feeding, starv'd:
The food which wisdom gives is nourishment,
The food which malice gives is languishment.

One feeds, the other feeds, but choking feeds;
  Two contraries in meat, two differing meats;
This brings forth hate, and this repentance' seeds;
  This war, this peace, this battles, this retreats:
And that example may be truly tried,
These liv'd in Sodom's fire, the other died.

The land will bear me witness they are dead, 7
  Which, for their sakes, bear[s] nothing else but death;
The witness of itself with vices fed,
  A smoky testimony of sin's breath:
This is my witness, my certificate,
And this is my sin-weeping sociate.

My pen will scarce hold ink to write these woes,
  These woes, the blotted inky lines of sin;
My paper wrinkles at my sorrow's shows,
  And like that land will bring no harvest in:
Had Lot's unfaithful wife been without fault,
My fresh-ink'd pen had never call'd her salt.

But now my quill, the tell-tale of all moans, 8
Is savoury bent to aggravate salt tears,
And wets my paper with salt-water groans,
Making me stick in agonising fears:
My paper now is grown to billows' might;
Sometimes I stay my pen, sometimes I write.

O foolish pilot I, blind-hearted guide,
Can I not see the clifts,[1] but rent my bark!
Must I needs hoist up sails 'gainst wind and tide,
And leave my soul behind, my wisdom's ark?
Well may I be the glass of my disgrace,
And set my sin in other sinners' place.

But why despair I? here comes wisdom's grace, 9
Whose hope doth lead me unto better hap,
Whose presence doth direct my fore-run race,
Because I serve her as my beauty's map:
Like Cain I shall be restor'd to heaven,
From shipwreck's peril to a quiet haven.

When that by Cain's hand Abel was slain, 10
His brother Abel, brother to his ire,
Then Cain fled, to fly destruction's pain,
God's heavy wrath, against his blood's desire;
But being fetcht again by wisdom's power,
Had pardon for his deed, love for his lour.

By his repentance he remission had, 11
And relaxation from the clog of sin;
His painful labour labour's riches made,
His labouring pain did pleasure's profit win:

[1] Cliffs.

'Twas wisdom, wisdom made him to repent,
And newly plac'd him in his old content.

His body, which was once destruction's cave,
Black murder's territory, mischief's house,
By her these wicked sins were made his slave,
And she became his bride, his wife, his spouse;
Enriching him which was too rich before,
Too rich in vice, in happiness too poor.

Megæra, which did rule within his breast, 12
And kept foul Lerna's fen within his mind,
Both now displease him which once pleas'd him best,
Now murdering murder with his being kind;
These which were once his friends are now his foes,
Whose practice he retorts with wisdom's blows.

Yet still lie they in ambush for his soul,
But he, more wiser, keeps a wiser way;
They see him, and they bark, snarl, grin, and howl,
But wisdom guides his steps, he cannot stray;
By whom he conquers, and through whom he knows
The fear of God is stronger than his foes.

When man was clad in vice's livery, 13
And sold as bondman unto sin's command,
She, she forsook him not for infamy,
But freed him from his heart's imprison'd band;
And when he lay in dungeon of despite,
She interlin'd his grief with her delight.

Though servile she with him, she was content; 14
The prison was her lodge as well as his,

Till she the sceptre of the world had lent,
To glad his fortune, to augment his bliss;
To punish false accusers of true deeds,
And raise in him immortal glory's seeds.

Say, shall we call her wisdom, by her name, 15
Or new-invent a nominating style,
Reciting ancient worth to make new fame,
Or new-old hierarchy from honour's file?
Say, shall we file out fame for virtue's store,
And give a name not thought nor heard before?

Then should we make her two, where now but one,
Then should we make her common to each tongue:
Wisdom shall be her name, she wise alone;
If alter old for new, we do old wrong;
Call her still wisdom, mistress of our souls,
Our lives' deliverer from our foes' controls.

To make that better which is best of all, 16
Were to disarm the title of the power,
And think to make a raise, and make a fall,
Turn best to worst, a day unto an hour;
To give two sundry names unto one thing,
Makes it more commoner in echo's sling.

She guides man's soul, let her be call'd a queen;
She enters into man, call her a sprite;
She makes them godly which have never been;
Call her herself, the image of her might:
Those which for virtue plead, she prompts their tongue,
Whose suit no tyrant nor no king can wrong.

She stands as bar between their mouth and them; 17
She prompts their thoughts, their thoughts prompts speech's sound;
Their tongue's reward is honour's diadem,
Their labour's hire with duest merit crown'd:
She is as judge and witness of each heart,
Condemning falsehood, taking virtue's part.

A shadow in the day, star in the night;
A shadow for to shade them from the sun,
A star in darkness for to give them light,
A shade in day, a star when day is done;
Keeping both courses true in being true,
A shade, a star, to shade and lighten you.

And had she not, the sun's hot-burning fire 18
Had scorch'd the inward palace of your powers,
Your hot affection cool'd your hot desire;
Two heats once met make cool-distilling showers;
So likewise had not wisdom been your star,
You had been prisoner unto Phœbe's car.

She made the Red Sea subject to your craves, 19
The surges calms, the billows smoothest ways;
She made rough winds sleep silent in their caves,
And Æol watch, whom all the winds obeys;
Their foes, pursuing them with death and doom,
Did make the sea their church, the waves their tomb.

They furrow'd up a grave to lie therein, 20
Burying themselves with their own handy deed;
Sin digg'd a pit itself to bury sin,
Seed ploughèd up the ground to scatter seed:

The righteous, seeing this same sudden fall,
Did praise the Lord, and seiz'd upon them all.

A glorious prize, though from inglorious hands, 21
A worthy spoil, though from unworthy hearts;
Toss'd with the ocean's rage upon the sands,
Victorious gain, gainèd by wisdom's arts,
Which makes the dumb to speak, the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the babes have gravity.

CHAPTER XI.

What he could have a heart, what heart a thought, 1
What thought a tongue, what tongue a show of fears,
Having his ship ballass'd with such a fraught,
Which calms the ever-weeping ocean's tears,
Which prospers every enterprise of war,
And leads their fortune by good fortune's star?

A pilot on the seas, guide on the land, 2, 3
Through uncouth, desolate, untrodden way,
Through wilderness of woe, which in woes stand,
Pitching their tents where desolation lay;
In just revenge encountering with their foes,
Annexing wrath to wrath, and blows to blows.

But when the heat of overmuch alarms 4
Had made their bodies subject unto thirst,
And broil'd their hearts in wrath-[1] allaying harms,
With fiery surges which from body burst,
That time had made the total sum of life,
Had not affection strove to end the strife.

[1] Old ed. "wraths-."

Wisdom, affectionating power of zeal,
  Did cool the passion of tormenting heat
With water from a rock, which did reveal
  Her dear, dear love, plac'd in affection's seat;
She was their mother twice, she nurs'd them twice,
Mingling their heat with cold, their fire with ice.

From whence receiv'd they life, from a dead stone? 5
  From whence receiv'd they speech, from a mute rock?
As if all pleasure did proceed from moan,
  Or all discretion from a senseless block;
For what was each but silent, dead, and mute?
As if a thorny thistle should bear fruit.

'Tis strange how that should cure which erst did kill,
  Give life in whom destruction is enshrin'd;
Alas, the stone is dead, and hath no skill!
  Wisdom gave life and love, 'twas wisdom's mind;
She made the store which poisonèd her foes,
Give life, give cure, give remedy to those.

Blood-quaffing Mars, which wash'd himself in gore, 6
  Reign'd in her foes' thirst slaughter-drinking hearts;
Their heads the bloody store-house of blood's store,
  Their minds made bloody streams disburs'd in parts
What was it else but butchery and hate,
To prize young infants' blood at murder's rate?

But let them surfeit on their bloody cup, 7
  Carousing to their own destruction's health,
We drink the silver-streamèd water up,
  Which unexpected flow'd from wisdom's wealth;
Declaring, by the thirst of our dry souls,
How all our foes did swim in murder's bowls.

What greater ill than famine? or what ill 8
Can be comparèd to the fire of thirst?
One be as both, for both the body kill,
And first brings torments in tormenting first:
Famine is death itself, and thirst no less,
If bread and water do not yield redress.

Yet this affliction is but virtue's trial,
Proceeding from the mercy of God's ire;
To see if it can find his truth's denial,
His judgment's breach, attempts contempt's desire:
But O, the wicked sleeping is misdeed,
Had death on whom they fed, on whom they feed!

Adjudg'd, condemn'd, and punish'd in one breath, 9
Arraign'd, tormented, tortur'd in one law;
Adjudg'd like captives with destruction's wreath,
Arraign'd like thieves before the bar of awe;
Condemn'd, tormented, tortur'd, punishèd,
Like captives bold, thieves unastonishèd.

Say God did suffer famine for to reign,
And thirst to rule amongst the choicest heart,
Yet, father-like, he eas'd them of their pain,
And prov'd them how they could endure a smart;
But, as a righteous king, condemn'd the others,
As wicked sons unto as wicked mothers.

For where the devil reigns, there, sure, is hell; 10
Because the tabernacle of his name,
His mansion-house, the place where he doth dwell,
The coal-black visage of his nigrum[1] fame;

[1] See note 4, p. 114.

So, if the wicked live upon the earth,
Earth is their hell, from good to worser birth.

If present, they are present to their tears;
If absent, they are present to their woes;
Like as the snail, which shows all that she bears,
Making her back the mountain of her shows;
Present to their death, not absent to their care,
Their punishment alike where'er they are.

Why, say they mourn'd, lamented, griev'd, and wail'd,
And fed lament with care, care with lament; 11
Say, how can sorrow be with sorrow bail'd,
When tears consumeth that which smiles hath lent?
This makes a double prison, double chain,
A double mourning, and a double pain.

Captivity, hoping for freedom's hap,
At length doth pay the ransom of her hope,
Yet frees her thought from any clogging clap,
Though back be almost burst[1] with iron's cope;
So they endur'd the more, because they knew
That never till the spring the flowers grew;

And that by patience cometh heart's delight, 12
Long-sought-for bliss, long-far-fet[2] happiness;
Content they were to die for virtue's right,
Sith joy should be the pledge of heaviness:
When unexpected things were brought to pass,
They were amaz'd, and wonder'd where God was.

[1] Broken. [2] Far-fetched.

He whom they did deny, now they extol;
He whom they do extol, they did deny;
He whom they did deride, they do enroll
In register of heavenly majesty;
Their thirst was ever thirst, repentance stopt it;
Their life was ever dead, repentance propt it.

And had it not, their thirst had burn'd their hearts, 13
Their hearts had cried out for their tongues' reply,
Their tongues had raisèd all their bodies' parts,
Their bodies, once in arms, had made all die:
Their foolish practices had made them wise,
Wise in their hearts, though foolish in their eyes.

But they, alas! were dead, to worship death,
Senseless in worshipping all shadow'd shows,
Breathless in wasting of so vain a breath,
Dumb in performance of their tongues' suppose:
They in adoring death, in death's behests,
Were punishèd with life and living beasts.

Thus for a show of beasts they substance have, 14
The thing itself against the shadow's will,
Which makes the shadows, sad woes in life's grave,
As nought impossible in heaven's skill:
God sent sad Ohs for shadows of lament,
Lions and bears in multitudes he sent:

Newly created beasts, which sight ne'er saw, 15
Unknown, which neither eye nor ear did know,
To breathe out blasts of fire against their law,
And cast out smoke with a tempestuous blow;

Making their eyes the chambers of their fears,
Darting forth fire as lightning from the spheres.

Thus marching one by one, and side by side, 16
By the profane, ill-limn'd, pale spectacles,
Making both fire and fear to be their guide,
Pull'd down their vain-adoring chronicles;
Then staring in their faces, spit forth fire,
Which heats and cools their frosty-hot desire:

Frosty in fear, unfrosty in their shame,
Cool in lament, hot in their power's disgraces;
Like lukewarm coals, half kindled with the flame,
Sate white and red mustering within their faces:
The beasts themselves did not so much dismay them,
As did their ugly eyes' aspècts decay them.

Yet what are beasts, but subjects unto man, 17
By the decree of heaven, degree of earth?
They have more strength than he, yet more he can,
He having reason's store, they reason's dearth;
But these were made to break subjection's rod,
And show the stubbornness of man to God.

Had they not been ordain'd to such intent,
God's word was able to supplant their powers,
And root out them which were to mischief bent,
With wrath and vengeance, minutes in death's hours;
But God doth keep a full, direct, true course,
And measures pity's love with mercy's force.

The wicked thinks God hath no might at all, 18
Because he makes no show of what he is,

When God is loath to give their pride a fall,
Or cloud the day wherein they do amiss;
But should his strength be shown, his anger rise,
Who could withstand the sun-caves of his eyes?

Alas, what is the world against his ire! 19
As snowy mountains 'gainst the golden sun,
Forc'd for to melt and thaw with frosty fire,
Fire hid in frost, though frost of cold begun:
As dew-distilling drops fall from the morn,
So n[e]w destruction's claps fall from his scorn.

But his revenge lies smother'd in his smiles, 20
His wrath lies sleeping in his mercy's joy,
Which very seldom rise at mischief's coils,
And will not wake for every sinner's toy;
Boundless his mercies are, like heaven's grounds,
They have no limits they, nor heaven no bounds.

The promontory-top of his true love
Is like the end of never-ending streams,
Like Nilus' water-springs, which inward move,
And have no outward show of shadows' beams:
God sees, and will not see, the sins of men,
Because they should amend: amend! O when?

The mother loves the issues of her womb, 21
As doth the father his begotten son;
She makes her lap their quiet sleeping tomb,
He seeks to care for life which new begun:
What care hath He, think, then, that cares for all,
For agèd and for young, for great and small!

Is not that father careful, fill'd with care,
  Loving, long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
Which made with love all things that in love are,
  Unmerciful to none, to none unkind?
Had man been hateful, man had never been,
But perish'd in the spring-time of his green.

But how can hate abide where love remains? 22
  Or how can anger follow mercy's path?
How can unkindness hinder kindness' gains?
  Or how can murder bathe in pity's bath?
Love, mercy, kindness, pity, either's mate,
Doth scorn unkindness, anger, murder, hate.

Had it not been thy will to make the earth, 23
  It still had been a chaos unto time;
But 'twas thy will that man should have a birth,
  And be preserv'd by good, condemn'd by crime:
Yet pity reigns within thy mercies' store,
Thou spar'st and lov'st us all; what would we more?

CHAPTER XII.

When all the elements of mortal life 1
  Were placèd in the mansion of their skin,
Each having daily motion to be rife,
  Clos'd in that body which doth close them in,
God sent his Holy Spirit unto man,
Which did begin when first the world began:

So that the body, which was king of all, 2
  Is subject unto that which now is king,

Which chasteneth those whom mischief doth exhale,
Unto misdeeds from whence destructions spring;
Yet merciful it is, though it be chief,
Converting vice to good, sin to belief.

Old time is often lost in being bald, 3
Bald, because old, old, because living long;
It is rejected oft when it is call'd;
And wears out age with age, still being young:
Twice children we, twice feeble, and once strong;
But being old, we sin, and do youth wrong.

The more we grow in age, the more in vice,
A house-room long unswept will gather dust;
Our long-unthawèd souls will freeze to ice,
And wear the badge of long-imprison'd rust;
So those inhabitants in youth twice born,
Were old in sin, more old in heaven's scorn.

Committing works as inky spots of fame, 4
Commencing words like foaming vice's waves,
Committing and commencing mischief's name,
With works and words sworn to be vice's slaves:
As sorcery, witchcraft, mischievous deeds,
And sacrifice, which wicked fancies feeds.

Well may I call that wicked which is more, 5
I rather would be low than be too high;
O wondrous practisers, cloth'd all in gore,
To end that life which their own lives did buy!
More than swine-like eating man's bowels up,
Their banquet's dish, their blood their banquet's cup.

Butchers unnatural, worse by their trade, 6
Whose house the bloody shambles of decay,
More than a slaughter-house which butchers made,
More than an Eschip,[1] seely[2] bodies prey:
Thorough whose hearts a bloody shambles runs;
They do not butcher beasts, but their own sons.

Chief murderers of their souls, which their souls bought; 7
Extinguishers of light, which their lives gave;
More than knife-butchers they, butchers in thought,
Sextons to dig their own-begotten grave;
Making their habitations old in sin,
Which God doth reconcile, and new begin.

That murdering place was turn'd into delight, 8
That bloody slaughter-house to peace's breast,
That lawless palace to a place of right,
That slaughtering shambles to a living rest;
Made meet for justice, fit for happiness,
Unmeet for sin, unfit for wickedness.

Yet the inhabitants, though mischief's slaves, 9
Were not dead-drench'd in their destruction's flood;
God hop'd to raise repentance from sins' graves,
And hop'd that pain's delay would make them good;
Not that he was unable to subdue them,
But that their sins' repentance should renew them.

Delay is took for virtue and for vice; 10
Delay is good, and yet delay is bad;

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[1] "A familiar corruption of *East-cheap*, where, as Stow says, was a 'flesh-market of butchers.'"—*Dyce.*

[2] Simple, harmless.

'Tis virtue when it thaws repentance' ice,
'Tis vice to put off things we have or had:
But here it followeth repentance' way,
Therefore it is not sin's nor mischief's prey.

Delay in punishment is double pain,
And every pain makes a twice-double thought,
Doubling the way to our lives' better gain,
Doubling repentance, which is single bought;
For fruitless grafts, when they are too much lopt,
More fruitless are, for why their fruits are stopt.

So fares it with the wicked plants of sin, 11
The roots of mischief, tops of villany;
They worser are with too much punishing,
Because by nature prone to injury;
For 'tis but folly to supplant his thought
Whose heart is wholly given to be naught.

These seeded were in seed, O cursed plant!
Seeded with other seed, O cursed root!
Too much of good doth turn unto good's want,
As too much seed doth turn to too much soot:
Bitter in taste, presuming of their height,
Like misty vapours in black-colour'd night.

But God, whose powerful arms one strength doth hold, 12
Scorning to stain his force upon their faces,
Will send his messengers, both hot and cold,
To make them shadows of their own disgraces:
His hot ambassador is fire, his cold
Is wind, which two scorn for to be controll'd.

For who dares say unto the King of kings,
  What hast thou done, which ought to be undone?
Or who dares stand against thy judgment's stings?
  Or dare accuse thee for the nation's moan?
Or who dare say, Revenge this ill for me?
Or stand against the Lord with villany?

What he hath done he knows; what he will do 13
  He weigheth with the balance of his eyes;
What judgment he pronounceth must be so,
  And those which he oppresseth cannot rise:
Revenge lies in his hands when he doth please;
He can revenge and love, punish and ease.

The carvèd spectacle which workmen make
  Is subject unto them, not they to it;
They which from God a lively form do take,
  Should much more yield unto their maker's wit;
Sith there is none but he which hath his thought,
Caring for that which he hath made of nought.

The clay is subject to the potter's hands, 14
  Which with a new device makes a new moul;[1]
And what are we, I pray, but clayey bands,
  With ashy body, join'd to cleaner soul?
Yet we, once made, scorn to be made again,
But live in sin, like clayey lumps of pain.

Yet if hot anger smother cool delight,
  He'll mould our bodies in destruction's form,

[1] Mould.

And make ourselves as subjects to his might,
In the least fuel of his anger's storm:
Not king nor tyrant dare ask or demand,
What punishment is this thou hast in hand?

We all are captives to thy regal throne; 15
Our prison is the earth, our bands our sins,
And our accuser our own body's groan,
Press'd down with vice's weights and mischief's gins:
Before the bar of heaven we plead for favour,
To cleanse our sin-bespotted body's savour.

Thou righteous art, our pleading, then, is right;
Thou merciful, we hope for mercy's grace;
Thou orderest every thing with look-on sight,
Behold us, prisoners in earth's wandering race;
We know thy pity is without a bound,
And sparest them which in some faults be found.

Thy power is as thyself, without an end, 16
Beginning all to end, yet ending none;
Son unto virtue's son, and wisdom's friend,
Original of bliss to virtue shown;
Beginning good, which never ends in vice;
Beginning flames, which never end in ice.

For righteousness is good in such a name;
It righteous is, 'tis good in such a deed;
A lamp it is, fed with discretion's flame;
Begins in seed, but never ends in seed:
By this we know the Lord is just and wise,
Which causeth him to spare us when he tries:

Just, because justice weighs what wisdom thinks; 17
Wise, because wisdom thinks what justice weighs;
One virtue maketh two, and two more links;
Wisdom is just, and justice never strays:
The help of one doth make the other better,
As is the want of one the other's letter.

But wisdom hath two properties in wit,
As justice hath two contraries in force;
Heat added unto heat augmenteth it,
As too much water bursts a water-course:
God's wisdom too much prov'd doth breed God's hate,
God's justice too much mov'd breeds God's debate.

Although the ashy prison of fire-dust[1] 18
Doth keep the flaming heat imprison'd in,
Yet sometime will it burn, when flame it must,
And burst the ashy cave where it hath bin:[2]
So if God's mercy pass the bounds of mirth,
It is not mercy then, but mercy's dearth.

Yet how can love breed hate without hate's love?
God doth not hate to love, nor love to hate;
His equity doth every action prove,
Smothering with love that spiteful envy's fate;
For should the team[3] of anger trace his brow,
The very puffs of rage will drive the plough.

But God did end his toil when world begun; 19
Now like a lover studies how to please,

[1] Old ed. "fire-durst." [2] Been. [3] Old ed. "teene."

And win their hearts again whom mischief won,
  Lodg'd in the mansion of their sin's disease:
He made each mortal man two ears, two eyes,
To hear and see; yet he must make them wise.

If imitation should direct man's life,
  'Tis life to imitate a living corse;
The thing's example makes the thing more rife;
  God loving is, why do we want remorse?
He put repentance into sinful hearts,
And fed their fruitless souls with fruitful arts.

If such a boundless ocean of good deeds 20
  Should have such influence from mercy's stream,
Kissing both good and ill, flowers and weeds,
  As doth the sunny flame of Titan's beam;
A greater Tethys then should mercy be,
In flowing unto them which loveth thee.

The sun, which shines in heaven, doth light the earth, 21
  The earth, which shines in sin, doth spite the heaven;
Sin is earth's sun, the sun of heaven sin's dearth,
  Both odd in light, being of height not even:
God's mercy then, which spares both good and ill,
Doth care for both, though not alike in will.

Can vice be virtue's mate or virtue's meat? 22
  Her company is bad, her food more worse;
She shames to sit upon her betters' seat,
  As subject beasts wanting the lion's force;
Mercy is virtue's badge, foe to disdain;
Virtue is vice's stop and mercy's gain.

Yet God is merciful to mischief-flows,
More merciful in sin's and sinners' want;
God chasteneth us, and punisheth our foes,
Like sluggish drones amongst a labouring ant:
We hope for mercy at our bodies' doom;
We hope for heaven, the bail of earthly tomb.

What hope they for, what hope have they of heaven? 23
They hope for vice, and they have hope of hell,
From whence their souls' eternity is given,
But such eternity which pains can tell:
They live; but better were it for to die,
Immortal in their pain and misery.

Hath hell such freedom to devour souls?
Are souls so bold to rush in such a place?
God gives hell power of vice, which hell controls;
Vice makes her followers bold with armèd face;
God tortures both, the mistress and the man,
And ends in pain, that which in vice began.

A bad beginning makes a worser end, 24
Without repentance meet the middle way,
Making a mediocrity their friend,
Which else would be their foe, because they stray:
But if repentance miss the middle line,
The sun of virtue ends in west's decline.

So did it fare with these, which stray'd too far,
Beyond the measure of the mid-day's eye,
In error's ways, led without virtue's star,
Esteeming beast-like powers for deity;

Whose heart no thought of understanding meant,
Whose tongue no word of understanding sent :

Like infant babes, bearing their nature's shell 25
Upon the tender heads of tenderer wit,
Which tongue-tied are, having no tale to tell,
To drive away the childhood of their fit ;
Unfit to tune their tongue with wisdom's string,
Too fit to quench their thirst in folly's spring.

But they were trees to babes, babes sprigs to them,
They not so good as these, in being nought ;
In being nought, the more from vice's stem,
Whose essence cannot come without a thought ;
To punish them is punishment in season,
They children-like, without or wit or reason.

To be derided is to be half-dead, 26
Derision bears a part 'tween life and death ;
Shame follows her with misery half-fed,
Half-breathing life, to make half-life and breath :
Yet here was mercy shown, their deeds were more
Than could be wip'd off by derision's score.

This mercy is the warning of misdeeds,
A trumpet summoning to virtue's walls,
To notify their hearts which mischief feeds,
Whom vice instructs, whom wickedness exhales :
But if derision cannot murder sin,
Then shame shall end, and punishment begin.

For many shameless are, bold, stout in ill ; 27
Then how can shame take root in shameless plants,

When they their brows with shameless furrows fill,
And ploughs each place which one plough-furrow wants?
Then being arm'd 'gainst shame with shameless face,
How can derision take a shameful place?

But punishment may smooth their wrinkled brow,
And set shame on the forehead of their rage,
Guiding the fore-front of that shameless row,
Making it smooth in shame, though not in age;
Then will they say that God is just and true;
But 'tis too late, damnation will ensue.

CHAPTER XIII.

The branch must needs be weak, if root be so, 1
The root must needs be weak, if branches fall;
Nature is vain, man cannot be her foe,
Because from nature and at nature's call:
Nature is vain, and we proceed from nature,
Vain therefore is our birth, and vain our feature.

One body may have two diseases sore,
Not being two, it may be join'd to two;
Nature is one itself, yet two and more,
Vain, ignorant of God, of good, of show,
Which not regards the things which God hath done,
And what things are to do, what new begun.

Why do I blame the tree, when 'tis the leaves? 2
Why blame I nature for her mortal men?
Why blame I men? 'tis she, 'tis she that weaves,
That weaves, that wafts unto destruction's pen:

Then, being blameful both, because both vain,
I leave to both their vanity's due pain.

To prize the shadow at the substance' rate,
  Is a vain substance of a shadow's hue;
To think the son to be the father's mate,
  Earth to rule earth because of earthly view;
To think fire, wind, air, stars, water, and heaven,
To be as gods, from whom their selves are given:

Fire as a god? O irreligious sound! 3
  Wind as a god? O vain, O vainest voice!
Air as a god? when 'tis but dusky ground;
  Star as a god? when 'tis but Phœbe's choice;
Water a god? which first by God was made;
Heaven a god? which first by God was laid.

Say all hath beauty, excellence, array,
  Yet beautified they are, they were, they be,
By God's bright excellence of brightest day,
  Which first implanted our first beauty's tree:
If then the painted outside of the show
Be radiant, what is the inward row?

If that the shadow of the body's skin 4
  Be so illumin'd with the sun-shin'd soul,
What is the thing itself which is within,
  More wrench'd,[1] more cleans'd, more purified from foul?
If elemental powers have God's thought,
Say what is God, which made them all of nought.

[1] Qy. "rinsed"?

It is a wonder for to see the sky,
And operation of each airy power;
A marvel that the heaven should be so high,
And let fall such a low-distilling shower:
Then needs must he be high, higher than all,
Which made both high and low with one tongue's call.

The workman mightier is than his hand-work, 5
In making that which else would be unmade;
The ne'er-thought thing doth always hidden lurk,
Without the maker in a making trade:
For had not God made man, man had not been,
But nature had decay'd, and ne'er been seen.

The workman never showing of his skill
Doth live unknown to man, though known to wit;
Had mortal birth been never in God's will,
God had been God, but yet unknown in it;
Then having made the glory of earth's beauty,
'Tis reason earth should reverence him in duty.

The savage people have a supreme head, 6
A king, though savage as his subjects are;
Yet they with his observances are led,
Obeying his behests, whate'er they were:
The Turks, the Infidels, all have a lord,
Whom they observe in thought, in deed, in word.

And shall we, differing from their savage kind,
Having a soul to live and to believe,
Be rude in thought, in deed, in word, in mind,
Not seeking him which should our woes relieve?

O no, dear brethren ! seek our God, our fame,
Then if we err, we shall have lesser blame.

How can we err ? we seek for ready way ; 7
O that my tongue could fetch that word again !
Whose very accent makes me go astray,
Breathing that erring wind into my brain :
My word is past, and cannot be recall'd ;
It is like agèd time, now waxen bald.

For they which go astray in seeking God
Do miss the joyful narrow-footed path—
Joyful, thrice-joyful way to his abode !—
Nought seeing but their shadows in a bath ;
Narcissus-like, pining to see a show,
Hindering the passage which their feet should go.

Narcissus fantasy did die to kiss, 8
O sugar'd kiss ! died with a poison'd lip ;
The fantasies of these do die to miss,
O tossèd fantasies in folly's ship !
He died to kiss the shadow of his face ;
These live and die to life's and death's disgrace.

A fault without amends, crime without ease, 9
A sin without excuse, death without aid ;
To love the world, and what the world did please,
To know the earth, wherein their sins are laid :
They knew the world, but not the Lord that fram'd it ;
They knew the earth, but not the Lord that nam'd it.

Narcissus drown'd himself for his self's show, 10
Striving to heal himself did himself harm ;
These drown'd themselves on earth with their selves' woe,
He in a water-brook by fury's charm ;

They made dry earth wet with their folly's weeping,
He made wet earth dry with his fury's sleeping.

Then leave him to his sleep; return to those
  Which ever wake in misery's constraints,
Whose eyes are hollow caves and made sleep's foes,
  Two dungeons dark with sin, blind with complaints:
They callèd images which man first found
Immortal gods, for which their tongues are bound.

Gold was a god with them, a golden god; 11
  Like children in a pageant of gay toys,
Adoring images for saints' abode;
  O vain, vain spectacles of vainer joys!
Putting their hope in blocks, their trust in stones;
Hoping to trust, trusting to hope in moans.

As when a carpenter cuts down a tree, 12
  Meet for to make a vessel for man's use,
He pareth all the bark most cunningly
  With the sharp shaver of his knife's abuse,
Ripping the seely womb with no entreat,
Making her woundy chips to dress his meat:

Her body's bones are often tough and hard, 13
  Crooked with age's growth, growing with crooks,
And full of weather-chinks, which seasons marr'd,
  Knobby and rugged, bending in like hooks;
Yet knowing age can never want a fault,
Encounters it with a sharp knife's assault;

And carves it well, though it be self-like ill, 14
  Observing leisure, keeping time and place;

According to the cunning of his skill,
  Making the figure of a mortal face,
Or like some ugly beast in ruddy mould,
Hiding each cranny with a painter's fold.

It is a world[1] to see, to mark, to view, 15
  How age can botch up age with crooked thread;
How his old hands can make an old tree new,
  And dead-like he can make another dead!
Yet makes a substantive able to bear it,
And she an adjective, nor see nor hear it.

A wall it is itself, yet wall with wall 16
  Hath great supportance, bearing either part;
The image, like an adjective, would fall,
  Were it not closèd with an iron heart:
The workman, being old himself, doth know
What great infirmities old age can show.

Therefore, to stop the river of extremes, 17
  He burst into the flowing of his wit,
Tossing his brains with more than thousand themes,
  To have a wooden stratagem so fit:
Wooden, because it doth belong to wood;
His purpose may be wise, his reason good:

His purpose wise? no, foolish, fond, and vain;
  His reason good? no, wicked, vild,[2] and ill;
To be the author of his own life's pain,
  To be the tragic actor of his will;

[1] "It is a world to see" = it is a wonder to see. [2] Vile.

Praying to that which he before had fram'd,
For welcome faculties, and not asham'd.

Calling to folly for discretion's sense, 18
Calling to sickness for sick body's health,
Calling to weakness for a stronger fence,
Calling to poverty for better wealth;
Praying to death for life, for this he pray'd,
Requiring help of that which wanteth aid;

Desiring that of it which he not had, 19
And for his journey that which cannot go;
And for his gain her futherance, to make glad
The work which he doth take in hand to do:
These windy words do rush against the wall;
She cannot speak, 'twill sooner make her fall.

CHAPTER XIV.

As doth one little spark make a great flame, 1
Kindled from forth the bosom of the flint;
As doth one plague infect with it self name,
With watery humours making bodies' dint;
So, even so, this idol-worshipper
Doth make another idol-practiser.

The shipman cannot team dame Tethys' waves
Within a wind-taught capering anchorage,
Before he prostrate lies, and suffrage craves,
And have a block to be his fortune's gage:
More crooked than his stern, yet he implores her;
More rotten than his ship, yet he adores her.

Who made this form? he that was form'd and made; 2, 3
'Twas avarice, 'twas she that found it out;
She made her craftsman crafty in his trade,
He cunning was in bringing it about:
O, had he made the painted show to speak,
It would have call'd him vain, herself to wreak!

It would have made him blush alive, though he 4
Did dye her colour with a deadly blush;
Thy providence, O father! doth decree
A sure, sure way amongst the waves to rush;
Thereby declaring that thy power is such,
That though a man were weak, thou canst do much.

What is one single bar to double death? 5
One death in death, the other death in fear;
This single bar a board, a poor board's breath,[1]
Yet stops the passage of each Neptune's tear:
To see how many lives one board can have,
To see how many lives one board can save!

How was this board first made? by wisdom's art,
Which is not vain, but firm, not weak, but sure;
Therefore do men commit their living heart
To planks which either life or death procure;
Cutting the storms in two, parting the wind,
Ploughing the sea till they their harbour find:

The sea, whose mountain-billows, passing bounds, 6
Rusheth upon the hollow-sided bark,

[1] Breadth,—so written for the sake of the rhyme.

With rough-sent kisses from the water-grounds,
  Raising a foaming heat with rage's spark:
Yet sea nor waves can make the shipman fear;
He knows that die he must, he cares not where.

For had his timorous heart been dy'd in white,
  And sent an echo of resembling woe,
Wisdom had been unknown in folly's night,
  The sea had been a desolation's s how;
But one world, hope,[1] lay hovering on the sea,
When one world's hap did end with one decay.

Yet Phœbus, drownèd in the ocean's world, 7
  Phœbe disgrac'd with Tethys' billow-rolls,
And Phœbus' fiery-golden wreath uncurl'd,
  Was seated at the length in brightness souls;
Man, toss'd in wettest wilderness of seas,
Had seed on seed, increase upon increase:

Their mansion-house a tree upon a wave; 8
  O happy tree, upon unhappy ground!
But every tree is not ordain'd to have
  Such blessedness, such virtue, such abound:
Some trees are carvèd images of nought,
Yet godlike reverenc'd, ador'd, besought.

Are the trees nought? alas, they senseless are! 9
  The hands which fashion them condemn their growth,
Cuts down their branches, vails[2] their forehead bare;
  Both made in sin, though not sin's equal both:

---

[1] "Qy. 'world's hope?'"—*Dyce.* [2] Lowers, makes to fall.

First God made man, and vice did make him new,
And man made vice from vice, and so it grew.

Now is her harvest greater than her good,
Her wonted winter turn'd to summer's air,
Her ice to heat, her sprig to cedar's wood,
Her hate to love, her loathsome filth to fair:
Man loves her well, by mischief new created;
God hates her ill, because of virtue hated.

O foolish man, mounted upon decay, 10
More ugly than Alastor's [1] pitchy back,
Night's dismal summoner, and end of day,
Carrying all dusky vapours hemm'd in black;
Behold thy downfall ready at thy hand,
Behold thy hopes wherein thy hazards stand!

O, spurn away that block out of thy way,
With virtue's appetite and wisdom's force!
That stumbling-block of folly and decay,
That snare which doth ensnare thy treading corse:
Behold, thy body falls! let virtue bear it;
Behold, thy soul doth fall! let wisdom rear it.

Say, art thou young or old, tree or a bud? 11
Thy face is so disfigurèd with sin:

---

[1] "In chapter xvii. of this interminable poem, we find

'Troubled with visions from *Alastor's* park;'

and

'A night more ugly than *Alastor's* pack,
Mounting all nights upon his night-made back.'

Alastor meant frequently an evil genius, an avenging fury; it is also the name of one of Pluto's horses (see Claudian, *De Rap. Pros.* i. 284): our author seems to have confounded these two significations."—*Dyce.*

Young I do think thou art; in what? in good;
  But old, I am assur'd, by wrinkled skin:
Thy lips, thy tongue, thy heart, is young in praying,
But lips, and tongue, and heart, is old in straying:

Old in adoring idols, but too young
  In the observance of divinest law;
Young in adoring God, though old in tongue;
  Old and too old, young and too young in awe;
Beginning that which doth begin misdeeds,
Inventing vice, which all thy body feeds.

But this corrupting and infecting food, 12
  This caterpillar of eternity,
The foe to bliss, the canker unto good,
  The new-accustom'd way of vanity,
It hath not ever been, nor shall it be,
But perish in the branch of folly's tree.

As her descent was vanity's alline,[1] 13
  So her descending like to her descent;
Here shall she have an end, in hell no fine,
  Vain-glory brought her vainly to be spent:
You know all vanity draws to an end;
Then needs must she decay, because her friend.

Is there more folly than to weep at joy, 14
  To make eyes watery when they should be dry?
To grieve at that which murders grief's annoy?
  To keep a shower where the sun should lie?
But yet this folly-cloud doth oft appear,
When face should smile and watery eye be clear.

---

[1] Ally.

The father mourns to see his son life-dead,
But seldom mourns to see his son dead-liv'd ;
He cares for earthly lodge, not heaven's bed,
For death in life, not life in death surviv'd :
Keeping the outward shadow of his face
To work the inward substance of disgrace.

Keeping a show to counterpoise the deed,
Keeping a shadow to be substance' heir,
To raise the thing itself from shadow's seed,
And make an element of lifeless air ;
Adoring that which his own hands did frame,
Whose heart invention gave, whose tongue the name.

But could infection keep one settled place,
The poison would not lodge in every breast,
Nor feed the heart, the mind, the soul, the face,
Lodging but in the carcass of her rest ;
But this idolatry, once in man's use,
Was made a custom then without excuse :

Nay, more, it was a tyranny's command ;
And tyrants cannot speak without a doom,
Whose judgment doth proceed from heart to hand,
From heart in rage, from hand in bloody tomb ;
That if through absence any did neglect it,
Presence should pay the ransom which reject it.

Then to avoid the doom of present hate,
Their absence did perform their presence' want,
Making the image of a kingly state,
As if they had new seed from sin's old plant ;

Flattering the absence of old mischief's mother
With the like form and presence of another :

Making an absence with a present sight, 17
  Or rather presence with an absent view ;
Deceiving vulgars with a day of night,
  Which know not good from bad, nor false from true ;
A craftsman cunning in his crafty trade,
Beguiling them with that which he had made.

Like as a vane is turn'd with every blast,
  Until it point unto the windy clime,
So stand the people at his word aghast,
  He making old-new form in new-old time ;
Defies and deifies all with one breath,
Making them live and die, and all in death.

They, like to Tantalus, are fed with shows, 18
  Shows which exasperate, and cannot cure ;
They see the painted shadow of suppose,
  They see her sight, yet what doth sight procure ?
Like Tantallus they feed, and yet they starve ;
Their food is carv'd to them, yet hard to carve.

The craftsman feeds them with a starving meat
  Which doth not fill, but empty, hunger's gape ;
He makes the idol comely, fair, and great,
  With well-limn'd visage and best-fashion'd shape,
Meaning to give it to some noble view,
And feign his beauty with that flattering hue.

Enamour'd with the sight, the people grew 19
  To divers apparitions of delight ;

Some did admire the portraiture so new,
  Hew'd from the standard of an old tree's height;
Some were allur'd through beauty of the face,
With outward eye to work the soul's disgrace:

Adorèd like a god, though made by man;
  To make a god of man, a man of god,
'Tis more than human life or could or can,
  Though multitudes' applause in error trode:
I never knew, since mortal lives abod,
That man could make a man, much less a god.

Yes, man can make his shame without a maker, 20
  Borrowing the essence from restorèd sin;
Man can be virtue's foe and vice's taker,
  Welcome himself without a welcome in:
Can he do this? yea, more; O shameless ill!
Shameful in shame, shameless in wisdom's will.

The river of his vice can have no bound,
  But breaks into the ocean of deceit;
Deceiving life with measures of dead ground,
  With carvèd idols, disputation's bait;
Making captivity, cloth'd all in moan,
Be subject to a god made of a stone.

Too stony hearts had they which made this law; 21
  O, had they been as stony as the name,
They never had brought vulgars in such awe,
  To be destruction's prey and mischief's game!
Had they been stone-dead both in look and favour,
They never had made life of such a savour.

Yet was not this a too-sufficient doom,
  Sent from the root of their sin-o'ergrown tongue,
To cloud God's knowledge with hell-mischief's gloom,
  To overthrow truth's right with falsehood's wrong:
But daily practisèd a perfect way,
Still to begin, and never end to stray.

For either murder's paw did gripe their hearts, 22
  With whispering horrors drumming in each ear,
Or other villanies did play their parts,
  Augmenting horror to new-strucken fear;
Making their hands more than a shambles' stall,
To slay their children ceremonial.

No place was free from stain of blood or vice; 23
  Their life was mark'd for death, their soul for sin,
Marriage for fornication's thawèd ice,
  Thought for despair, body for either's gin:
Slaughter did either end what life begun,
Or lust did end what both had left undone.

The one was sure, although the other fail, 24
  For vice hath more competitors than one;
A greater troop doth evermore avail,
  And villany is never found alone:
The blood-hound follows that which slaughter kill'd,
And theft doth follow what deceit hath spill'd.[1]

Corruption, mate to infidelity, 25
  For that which is unfaithful is corrupt;
Tumults are schoolfellows to perjury,
  For both are full when either one hath supt;

[1] Destroyed.

Unthankfulness, defiling, and disorders,
Are fornication's and uncleanness' borders.

See what a sort [1] of rebels are in arms, 26
To root out virtue, to supplant her reign!
Opposing of themselves against all harms,
To the disposing of her empire's gain:
O double knot of treble miseries!
O treble knot, twice, thrice in villanies!

O idol-worshipping, thou mother art,
She-procreatress of a he-offence?
I know thee now, thou bear'st a woman's part,
Thou nature hast of her, she of thee sense:
These are thy daughters, too, too like the mother;
Black sins, I dim you all with inky smother.

My pen shall be officious in this scene, 27
To let your hearts blood in a wicked vein;
To make your bodies clear, your souls as clean,
To cleanse the sinks of sin with virtue's rain:
Behold your coal-black blood, my writing-ink,
My paper's poison'd meat, my pen's foul drink.

New christen'd are you with your own new blood;
But mad before, savage and desperate;
Prophesying lies, not knowing what was good;
Living ungodly, evermore in hate;
Thundering out oaths, pale sergeants of despair;
Swore and forswore, not knowing what you were.

[1] Band.

Now, look upon the spectacle of shame,
  The well-limn'd image of an ill-limn'd thought;
Say, are you worthy now of praise or blame,
  That such self-scandal in your own selves wrought?
You were heart-sick before I let you blood,
But now heart-well since I have done you good.

Now wipe blind folly from your seeing eyes,
  And drive destruction from your happy mind;
Your folly now is wit, not foolish-wise,
  Destruction happiness, not mischief blind;
You put your trust in idols, they deceiv'd you;
You put your trust in God, and he receiv'd you.

Had not repentance grounded on your souls,
  The climes of good or ill, virtue or vice,
Had it not flow'd into the tongue's enrolls,
  Ascribing mischief's hate with good advice;
Your tongue had spill'd your soul, your soul your tongue,
Wronging each function with a double wrong.

Your first attempt was placèd in a show,
  Imaginary show, without a deed;
The next attempt was perjury, the foe
  To just demeanours and to virtue's seed:
Two sins, two punishments, and one in two,
Make two in one, and more than one can do:

Four scourges from one pain, all comes from sin;
  Single, yet double, double, yet in four;
It slays the soul, it hems the body in,
  It spills the mind, it doth the heart devour;

Gnawing upon the thoughts, feeding on blood,
For why she lives in sin, but dies in good.

She taught their souls to stray, their tongues to swear,
Their thought to think amiss, their life to die,
Their heart to err, their mischief to appear,
Their head to sin, their feet to tread awry:
This scene might well have been destruction's tent,
To pay with pain what sin with joy hath spent.

CHAPTER XV.

But God will never dye his hands with blood, 1
His heart with hate, his throne with cruelty,
His face with fury's map, his brow with cloud,
His reign with rage, his crown with tyranny;
Gracious is he, long-suffering, and true,
Which ruleth all things with his mercy's view:

Gracious; for where is grace but where he is?
The fountain-head, the ever-boundless stream:
Patient; for where is patience in amiss,
If not conducted by pure grace's beam?
Truth is the moderator of them both,
For grace and patience are of truest growth.

For grace-beginning truth doth end in grace, 2
As truth-beginning grace doth end in truth;
Now patience takes the moderator's place,
Young-old in suffering, old-young in ruth:
Patience is old in being always young,
Not having right, nor ever offering wrong.

So this is moderator of God's rage,
  Pardoning those deeds which we in sin commit,
That if we sin, she is our freedom's gage,
  And we still thine, though to be thine unfit;
In being thine, O Lord, we will not sin,
That we thy patience, grace, and truth, may win!

O grant us patience, in whose grant we rest, 3
  To right our wrong, and not to wrong the right!
Give us thy grace, O Lord, to make us blest,
  That grace might bless, and bliss might grace our sight!
Make our beginning and our sequel truth,
To make us young in age, and grave in youth!

We know that our demands rest in thy will;
  Our will rests in thy word, our word in thee;
Thou in our orisons, which dost fulfil
  That wishèd action which we wish to be;
'Tis perfect righteousness to know thee right,
'Tis immortality to know thy might.

In knowing thee, we know both good and ill, 4
  Good to know good and ill, ill to know none;
In knowing all, we know thy sacred will,
  And what to do, and what to leave undone:
We are deceiv'd, not knowing to deceive;
In knowing good and ill, we take and leave.

The glass of vanity, deceit, and shows, 5
  The painter's labour, the beguiling face,
The divers-colour'd image of suppose,
  Cannot deceive the substance of thy grace;

Only a snare to those of common wit,
Which covets to be like, in having it.

The greedy lucre of a witless brain, 6
This feeding avarice on senseless mind,
Is rather hurt than good, a loss than gain,
Which covets for to lose, and not to find;
So they were colourèd with such a face,
They would not care to take the idol's place.

Then be your thoughts coherent to your words,
Your words as correspondent to your thought;
'Tis reason you should have what love affords,
And trust in that which love so dearly bought:
The maker must needs love what he hath made,
And the desirer's free of either trade.

Man, thou wast made; art thou a maker now? 7
Yes, 'tis thy trade, for thou a potter art,
Tempering soft earth, making the clay to bow;
But clayey thou dost bear too stout a heart:
The clay is humble to thy rigorous hands;
Thou clay too tough against thy God's commands.

If thou want'st slime, behold thy slimy faults;
If thou want'st clay, behold thy clayey breast;
Make them to be the deepest centre's vaults,
And let all clayey mountain sleep in rest:
Thou bear'st an earthly mountain on thy back,
Thy heart's chief prison-house, thy soul's chief wrack.

Art thou a mortal man, and mak'st a god? 8
A god of clay, thou but a man of clay?

O suds of mischief, in destruction sod!
O vainest labour, in a vainer play!
Man is the greatest work which God did take,
And yet a god with man is nought to make.

He that was made of earth would make a heaven,
If heaven may be made upon the earth;
Sin's heirs, the airs, sin's plants, the planets seven,
Their god a clod, his birth true virtue's dearth:
Remember whence you came, whither you go;
Of earth, in earth, from earth to earth in woe.

No, quoth the potter; as I have been clay, 9
So will I end with what I did begin;
I am of earth, and I do what earth may;
I am of dust, and therefore will I sin:
My life is short, what then? I'll make it longer;
My life is weak, what then? I'll make it stronger.

Long shall it live in vice, though short in length,
And fetch immortal steps from mortal stops;
Strong shall it be in sin, though weak in strength,
Like mounting eagles on high mountains' tops;
My honour shall be placèd in deceit,
And counterfeit new shows of little weight.

My pen doth almost blush at this reply, 10
And fain would call him wicked to his face;
But then his breath would answer with a lie,
And stain my ink with an untruth's disgrace:
Thy master bids thee write, the pen says no;
But when thy master bids, it must be so.

Call his heart ashes,—O, too mild a name!
Call his hope vile, more viler than the earth;
Call his life weaker than a clayey frame;
Call his bespotted heart an ashy hearth:
Ashes, earth, clay, conjoin'd to heart, hope, life,
Are features' love, in being nature's strife.

Thou might'st have chose more stinging words than these,
For this he knows he is, and more than less; 11
In saying what he is, thou dost appease
The foaming anger which his thoughts suppress:
Who knows not, if the best be made of clay,
The worst must needs be clad in foul array?

Thou, in performing of thy master's will,
Dost teach him to obey his lord's commands;
But he repugnant is, and cannot skill
Of true adoring, with heart-heav'd-up hand:
He hath a soul, a life, a breath, a name,
Yet he is ignorant from whence they came.

My soul, saith he, is but a map of shows, 12
No substance, but a shadow for to please;
My life doth pass even as a pastime goes,
A momentary time to live at ease;
My breath a vapour, and my name of earth,
Each one decaying of the other's birth.

Our conversation best, for there is gains,
And gain is best in conversation's prime;
A mart of lucre in our conscience reigns,
Our thoughts as busy agents for the time:

So we get gain, ensnaring simple men,
It is no matter how, nor where, nor when.

We care not how, for all misdeeds are ours; 13
We care not where, if before God or man;
We care not when, but when our crafts have powers
In measuring deceit with mischief's fan;
For wherefore have we life, form, and ordaining,
But that we should deceive, and still be gaining?

I, made of earth, have made all earthen shops,
And what I sell is all of earthy sale;
My pots have earthen feet and earthen tops,
In like resemblance of my body's veil;
But knowing to offend the heavens more,
I made frail images of earthy store.

O bold accuser of his own misdeeds! 14
O heavy clod, more than the earth can bear!
Was never creature cloth'd in savage weeds,
Which would not blush when they this mischief hear:
Thou told'st a tale which might have been untold,
Making the hearers blush, the readers old.

Let them blush still that hears, be old that reads,
Then boldness shall not reign, nor youth in vice;
Thrice miserable they which rashly speeds,
With expedition to this bold device;
More foolish than are fools, whose misery
Cannot be chang'd with new felicity.

Are not they fools which live without a sense? 15
Have not they misery which never joy?

Which takes an idol for a god's defence,
And with their self-will'd thoughts themselves destroy?
What folly is more greater than is here?
Or what more misery can well appear?

Call you them gods which have no seeing eyes,
No noses for to smell, no ears to hear,
No life but that which in death's shadow lies,
Which have no hands to feel, no feet to bear?
If gods can neither hear, live, feel, nor see,
A fool may make such gods of every tree.

And what was he that made them but a fool, 16
Conceiving folly in a foolish brain,
Taught and instructed in a wooden school,
Which made his head run of a wooden vein?
'Twas man which made them, he his making had;
Man, full of wood, was wood,[1] and so ran mad.

He borrowèd his life, and would restore
His borrow'd essence to another death;
He fain would be a maker, though before
Was made himself, and God did lend him breath:
No man can make a god like to a man;
He says he scorns that work, he further can.

He is deceiv'd, and in his great deceit 17
He doth deceive the folly-guided hearts;
Sin lies in ambush, he for sin doth wait,
Here is deceit deceiv'd in either parts;
His sin deceiveth him, and he his sin,
So craft with craft is mew'd in either gin.

---

1 "Wood" = furious, distraught.

The craftsman mortal is, craft mortal is,
Each function nursing up the other's want;
His hands are mortal, deadly what is his,
Only his sins buds in destruction's plant:
Yet better he than what he doth devise,
For he himself doth live, that ever dies.

Say, call you this a god? where is his head? 18
Yet headless is he not, yet hath he none;
Where is his godhead? fled; his power? dead;
His reign? decayèd; and his essence? gone:
Now tell me, is this god the god of good?
Or else Silvanus monarch of the wood?

There have I pierc'd his bark, for he is so,
A wooden god, feign'd as Silvanus was;
But leaving him, to others let us go,
To senseless beasts, their new-adoring glass;
Beasts which did live in life, yet died in reason;
Beasts which did seasons eat, yet knew no season.

Can mortal bodies and immortal souls 19
Keep one knit union of a living love?
Can sea with land, can fish agree with fowls?
Tigers with lambs, a serpent with a dove?
O no, they cannot! then say, why do we
Adore a beast which is our enemy?

What greater foe than folly unto wit?
What more deformity than ugly face?
This disagrees, for folly is unfit,
The other contrary to beauty's place:
Then how can senseless heads, deformèd shows,
Agree with you, when they are both your foes?

CHAPTER XVI.

O, call that word again! they are your friends, 1
  Your life's associates and your love's content;
That which begins in them, your folly ends;
  Then how can vice with vice be discontent?
Behold, deformity sits on your heads,
Not horns, but scorns, not visage, but whole beds.

Behold a heap of sins your bodies pale,
  A mountain-overwhelming villany;
Then tell me, are you clad in beauty's veil,
  Or in destruction's pale-dead livery?
Their life demonstrates, now alive, now dead,
Tormented with the beasts which they have fed.

You like to pelicans[1] have fed your death, 2
  With follies vain let blood from folly's vein,
And almost starv'd yourselves, stopt up your breath,
  Had not God's mercy helped and eas'd your pain:
Behold, a new-found meat the Lord did send,
Which taught you to be new and to amend.

A strange-digested nutriment, even quails, 3
  Which taught them to be strange unto misdeeds:
When you implore his aid, he never fails
  To fill their hunger whom repentance feeds:
You see, when life was half at death's arrest,
He new-created life at hunger's feast.

---

[1] An allusion to the fable that the pelican nourished her young with the blood that flowed from her opened breast. See Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, book v., chap. i.

Say, is your god like this, whom you ador'd, 4
Or is this god like to your handy-frame?
If so, his power could not then afford
Such influence, which floweth from his name:
He is not painted, made of wood and stone,
But he substantial is, and rules alone.

He can oppress and help, help and oppress,
The sinful incolants[1] of his made earth;
He can redress and pain, pain and redress,
The mountain-miseries of mortal birth:
Now, tyrants, you are next, this but a show,
And merry index of your after-woe.

Your hot-cold misery is now at hand; 5
Hot, because fury's heat and mercy's cold;
Cold, because limping, knit in frosty band,
And cold and hot in being shamefac'd-bold:
They cruel were, take cruelty their part,
For misery is but too mean a smart.

But when the tiger's jaws, the serpent's stings, 6
Did summon them unto this life's decay,
A pardon for their faults thy mercy brings,
Cooling thy wrath with pity's sunny day:
O tyrants, tear your sin-bemirèd weeds,
Behold your pardon seal'd by mercy's deeds!

That sting which painèd could not ease the pain, 7
Those jaws that wounded could not cure the wounds;

[1] Inhabitants.

To turn to stings for help, it were but vain,
To jaws for mercy, which wants mercy's bounds :
The stings, O Saviour, were pull'd out by thee !
Their jaws claspt up in midst of cruelty.

O sovereign salve, stop to a bloody stream ! 8
O heavenly care and cure for dust and earth !
Celestial watch to wake terrestrial dream,
Dreaming in punishment, mourning in mirth ;
Now knows our enemies that it is thee
Which helps and cures our grief and misery.

Our punishment doth end, theirs new begins ; 9
Our day appears, their night is not o'erblown ;
We pardon have, they punishment for sins ;
Now we are rais'd, now they are overthrown ;
We with huge beasts opprest, they with a fly ;
We live in God, and they against God die.

A fly, poor fly, to follow such a flight !
Yet art thou fed, as thou wast fed before,
With dust and earth feeding thy wonted bite,
With self-like food from mortal earthly store :
A mischief-stinging food, and sting with sting,
Do ready passage to destruction bring.

Man, being grass, is hopp'd and graz'd upon, 10
With sucking grasshoppers of weeping dew ;
Man, being earth, is worm's vermilion,
Which eats the dust, and yet of bloody hue :
In being grass he is her grazing food,
In being dust he doth the worms some good.

These smallest actors were of greatest pain,
Of folly's overthrow, of mischief's fall;
But yet the furious dragons could not gain
The life of those whom verities exhale:
These folly overcame, they foolish were;
These mercy cur'd, and cures these godly are.

When poison'd jaws and venenated stings 11
Were both as opposite against content—
Because content with that which fortune brings—
They easèd were when thou thy mercies sent;
The jaws of dragons had not hunger's fill,
Nor stings of serpents a desire to kill.

Appall'd they were and struck with timorous fears,
For where is fear but where destruction reigns?
Aghast they were, with wet-eye-standing tears,
Outward commencers of their inward pains;
They soon were hurt, but sooner heal'd and cur'd,
Lest black oblivion had their minds inur'd.

The [1] lion, wounded with a fatal blow, 12
Is as impatient as a king in rage;
Seeing himself in his own bloody show
Doth rent the harbour of his body's cage;
Scorning the base-hous'd earth, mounts to the sky,
To see if heaven can yield him remedy.

O sinful man! let him example be,
A pattern to thine eye, glass to thy face,

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[1] The writer evidently had in his mind a famous passage of Marlowe's *Edward II.*, v. 1, ll. 11-22.

That God's divinest word is cure to thee,
Not earth, but heaven, not man, but heavenly grace;
Nor herb nor plaster could help teeth or sting,
But 'twas thy word which healeth every thing.

We fools lay salves upon our body's skin, 13
But never draw corruption from our mind;
We lay a plaster for to keep in sin,
We draw forth filth, but leave the cause behind;
With herbs and plasters we do guard misdeeds,
And pare away the tops, but leave the seeds.

Away with salves, and take our Saviour's word!
In this word Saviour lies immortal ease;
What can thy cures, plasters, and herbs afford,
When God hath power to please and to displease?
God hath the power of life, death, help, and pain,
He leadeth down and bringeth up again.

Trust to thy downfall, not unto thy raise, 14
So shalt thou live in death, not die in life;
Thou dost presume, if give thyself the praise,
For virtue's time is scarce, but mischief's rife:
Thou may'st offend, man's nature is so vain;
Thou, now in joy, beware of after-pain.

First cometh fury, after fury thirst, 15
After thirst blood, and after blood a death;
Thou mayst in fury kill whom thou lov'd'st first,
And so in quaffing blood stop thine own breath;
And murder done can never be undone,
Nor can that soul once live whose life is gone.

What is the body but an earthen case 16
That subject is to death, because earth dies?

But when the living soul doth want God's grace,
It dies in joy, and lives in miseries:
This soul is led by God, as others were,
But not brought up again, as others are.

This stirs no provocation to amend,
For earth hath many partners in one fall,
Although the Lord doth many tokens send,
As warnings for to hear when he doth call:
The earth was burnt and drown'd with fire and rain,
And one could never quench the other's pain.

Although both foes, God made them then both friends, 17
And only foes to them which were their foes;
That hate begun in earth what in them ends.
Sin's enemies they which made friends of those;
Both bent both forces unto single earth,
From whose descent they had their double birth.

'Tis strange that water should not quench a fire,
For they were heating-cold and cooling-hot;
'Tis strange that wails could not allay desire,
Wails water-kind, and fire desire's knot;
In such a cause, though enemies before,
They would join friendship, to destroy the more.

The often-weeping eyes of dry lament 18
Doth pour forth burning water of despair,
Which warms the caves from whence the tears are sent,
And, like hot fumes, do foul their nature's fair:
This, contrary to icy water's vale,
Doth scorch the cheeks and makes them red and pale.

Here fire and water are conjoin'd in one,
Within a red-white glass of hot and cold;
Their fire like this, double and yet alone,
Raging and tame, and tame and yet was bold;
Tame when the beasts did kill, and felt no fire
Raging upon the causers of their ire.

Two things may well put on two several natures, 19
Because they differ in each nature's kind,
They differing colours have and differing features;
If so, how comes it that they have one mind?
God made them friends, let this the answer be;
They get no other argument of me.

What is impossible to God's command?
Nay, what is possible to man's vain care?
'Tis much, he thinks, that fire should burn a land,
When mischief is the brand which fires bear;
He thinks it more, that water should bear fire:
Then know it was God's will; now leave t' inquire.

Yet might'st thou ask, because importunate, 20
How God preserv'd the good; why? because good;
Ill fortune made not them infortunate,
They angels were, and fed with angels' food:
Yet may'st thou say—for truth is always had—
That rain falls on the good as well as bad:

And say it doth; far be the letter P
From R, because of a more reverent style;
It cannot do without suppression be;
These are two bars against destruction's wile;
Pain without changing P cannot be rain,
Rain without changing R cannot be pain:

But sun and rain are portions to the ground, 21
And ground is dust, and what is dust but nought?
And what is nought is naught, with alpha's sound;
Yet every earth the sun and rain hath bought;
The sun doth shine on weeds as well as flowers,
The rain on both distills her weeping showers.

Yet far be death from breath, annoy from joy,
Destruction from all happiness' allines![1]
God will not suffer famine to destroy
The hungry appetite of virtue's signs:
These were in midst of fire, yet not harm'd,
In midst of water, yet but cool'd and warm'd.

And water-wet they were, not water-drown'd, 22
And fire-hot they were, not fire burn'd;
Their foes were both, whose hopes destruction crown'd,
But yet with such a crown which ne'er return'd;
Here fire and water brought both joy and pain,
To one disprofit, to the other gain.

The sun doth thaw what cold hath freez'd before,
Undoing what congealèd ice had done,
Yet here the hail and snow did freeze the more,
In having heat more piercing than the sun;
A mournful spectacle unto their eyes,
That as they die, so their fruition dies.

Fury once kindled with the coals of rage 23
Doth hover unrecall'd, slaughters untam'd;

[1] Allies.

This wrath on fire no pity could assuage,
Because they pitiless which should be blam'd;
As one in rage, which cares not who he have,
Forgetting who to kill and who to save.

One deadly foe is fierce against the other, 24
As vice with virtue, virtue against vice;
Vice heartenèd by death, his heartless mother,
Virtue by God, the life of her device:
'Tis hard to hurt or harm a villany,
'Tis easy to do good to verity.

Is grass man's meat? no, it is cattle's food, 25
But man doth eat the cattle which eats grass,
And feeds his carcass with their nurs'd-up blood,
Lengthening the lives which in a moment pass:
Grass is good food if it be join'd with grace,
Else sweeter food may take a sourer place.

Is there such life in water and in bread, 26
In fish, in flesh, in herbs, in growing flowers?
We eat them not alive, we eat them dead;
What fruit then hath the word of living powers?
How can we live with that which is still dead?
Thy grace it is by which we all are fed.

This is a living food, a blessèd meat, 27
Made to digest the burden at our hearts,
That leaden-weighted food which we first eat,
To fill the functions of our bodies' parts,
An indigested heap, without a mean,
Wanting thy grace, O Lord, to make it clean!

That ice which sulphur-vapours could not thaw, 28
That hail which piercing fire could not bore,
The cool-hot sun did melt their frosty jaw,
Which neither heat nor fire could pierce before;
Then let us take the spring-time of the day,
Before the harvest of our joys decay.

A day may be divided, as a year, 29
Into four climes, though of itself but one;
The morn the spring, the noon the summer's sphere,
The harvest next, evening the winter's moon:
Then sow new seeds in every new day's spring,
And reap new fruit in day's old evening.

Else if too late, they will be blasted seeds,
If planted at the noontide of their growing;
Commencers of unthankful, too late deeds,
Set in the harvest of the reaper's going:
Melting like winter-ice against the sun,
Flowing like folly's tide, and never done.

CHAPTER XVII.

O, fly the bed of vice, the lodge of sin!
Sleep not too long in your destruction's pleasures;
Amend your wicked lives, and new begin
A more new perfect way to heaven's treasures!
O, rather wake and weep than sleep and joy!
Waking is truth, sleep is a flattering toy.

O, take the morning of your instant good!
Be not benighted with oblivion's eye;

Behold the sun, which kisseth Neptune's flood,
And re-salutes the world with open sky:
Else sleep, and ever sleep; God's wrath is great,
And will not alter with too late entreat.

Why wake I them which have a sleeping mind? 2
O words, sad sergeants to arrest my thoughts!
If wak'd, they cannot see, their eyes are blind,
Shut up like windolets, which sleep hath bought:
Their face is broad awake, but not their heart;
They dream of rising, but are loath to start.

These were the practisers how to betray
The simple righteous with beguiling words,
And bring them in subjection to obey
Their irreligious laws and sin's accords:
But night's black-colour'd veil did cloud their will,
And made their wish rest in performance' skill.

The darksome clouds are summoners of rain, 3
In being something black and something dark;
But coal-black clouds makes it pour down amain,
Darting forth thunderbolts and lightning's spark:
Sin of itself is black, but black with black
Augments the heavy burthen of the back.

They thought that sins could hide their sinful shames,
In being demi-clouds and semi-nights;
But they had clouds enough to make their games,
Lodg'd in black coverings of oblivious nights:

Then was their vice afraid to lie so dark,
Troubled with visions from Alastor's [1] park.

The greater poison bears the greater sway,
  The greatest force hath still the greatest face;
Should night miss course, it would infect the day
  With foul-risse [2] vapours from a humorous place:
Vice hath some clouds, but yet the night hath more,
Because the night was fram'd and made before.

That sin which makes afraid was then afraid,
  Although enchamber'd in a den's content;
That would not drive back fear which comes repaid,
  Nor yet the echoes which the visions sent;
Both sounds and shows, both words and action,
Made apparition's satisfaction.

A night in pitchy mantle of distress,
  Made thick with mists and opposite to light,
As if Cocytus' mansion did possess
  The gloomy vapours of suppressing sight;
A night more ugly than Alastor's pack,
Mounting all nights upon his night-made back.

The moon did mourn in sable-suited veil;
  The stars, her handmaids, were in black attire;
All nightly visions told a hideous tale;
  The screech-owls made the earth their dismal quire:
The moon and stars divide their twinkling eyes
To lighten vice, which in oblivion lies.

[1] See note, p. 247.

[2] "Risse" = risen.

Only appear'd a fire in doleful blaze, 6
Kindled by furies, rais'd by envious winds,
Dreadful in sight, which put them to amaze,
Having before fury-despairing minds:
What hair in reading would not stand upright?
What pen in writing would not cease to write?

Fire is God's angel, because bright and clear,
But this an evil angel, because dread;
Evil to them which did already fear,
A second death to them which were once dead:
Annexing horror to dead-strucken life,
Connexing dolor to live nature's strife.

Deceit was then deceiv'd, treason betray'd, 7
Mischief beguil'd, a night surpassing night,
Vice fought with vice, and fear was then dismay'd,
Horror itself appall'd at such a sight;
Sin's snare was then ensnar'd, the fisher cought,[1]
Sin's net was then entrapt, the fowler fought.

Yet all this conflict was but in a dream,
A show of substance and a shade of truth,
Illusions for to mock in flattering theme,
Beguiling mischief with a glass of ruth:
For boasts require a fall, and vaunts a shame,
Which two vice had in thinking but to game.

Sin told her creditors she was a queen, 8
And now become revenge to right their wrong,

[1] So written for the rhyme.

With honey-mermaid's speech alluring seen,
Making new-pleasing words with her old tongue:
If you be sick, quoth she, I'll make you whole;
She cures the body, but makes sick the soul.

Safe is the body when the soul is wounded,
The soul is joyful in the body's grief;
One's joy upon the other's sorrow grounded,
One's sorrow placèd in the one's relief:
Quoth sin, Fear nothing, know that I am here;
When she, alas, herself was sick for fear!

A promise worthy of derision's place, 9
That fear should help a fear when both are one;
She was as sick in heart, though not in face,
With inward grief, though not with outward moan:
But she clasp'd up the closure of the tongue,
For fear that words should do her body wrong.

Cannot the body weep without the eyes?
Yes, and frame deepest canzons of lament;
Cannot the body fear without it lies
Upon the outward show of discontent?
Yes, yes, the deeper fear sits in the heart,
And keeps the parliament of inward smart.

So sin did snare in mind, and not in face, 10
The dragon's jaw, the hissing serpent's sting;
Some liv'd, some died, some ran a fearful race,
Some did prevent[1] that which ill fortunes bring:
All were officious servitors to fear,
And her pale connizance[2] in heart did wear.

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[1] Anticipate. [2] Cognizance, badge.

Malice condemn'd herself guilty of hate,
With a malicious mouth of envious spite;
For Nemesis is her own cruel fate,
Turning her wrath upon her own delight:
We need no witness for a guilty thought,
Which to condemn itself, a thousand brought.

For fear deceives itself in being fear, 11
It fears itself in being still afraid;
It fears to weep, and yet it sheds a tear;
It fears itself, and yet it is obey'd:
The usher unto death, a death to doom,
A doom to die in horror's fearful room:

His own betrayer, yet fears to betray, 12
He fears his life by reason of his name;
He fears lament, because it brings decay,
And blames himself in that he merits blame:
He is tormented, yet denies the pain;
He is the king of fear, yet loath to reign.

His sons were they which slept and dreamt of fear, 13
A waking sleep, and yet a sleepy waking,
Which pass'd that night more longer than a year,
Being grief's prisoners, and of sorrow's taking:
Slept in night's dungeon insupportable,
Lodg'd in night's horror too endurable.

O sleep, the image of long-lasting woe!
O waking image of long-lasting sleep!
The hollow cave where visions come and go,
Where serpents hiss, where mandrakes groan and creep:
O fearful show, betrayer of a soul,
Dyeing each heart in white, each white in foul!

A guileful hole, a prison of deceit, 14
  Yet nor deceit nor guile in being dead;
Snare without snarer, net without a bait,
  A common lodge, and yet without a bed;
A hollow-sounding vault, known and unknown,
Yet not for mirth, but too, too well for moan.

'Tis a free prison, a chain'd liberty, 15
  A freedom's cave, a sergeant and a bail;
It keeps close prisoners, yet doth set them free,
  Their clogs not iron, but a clog of wail;
It stays them not, and yet they cannot go,
Their chain is discontent, their prison woe.

Still it did gape for more, and still more had, 16
  Like greedy avarice without content;
Like to Avernus, which is never glad
  Before the dead-liv'd wicked souls be sent:
Pull in thy head, thou sorrow's tragedy,
And leave to practice thy old cruelty.

The merry shepherd cannot walk alone,
  Tuning sweet madrigals of harvest's joy,
Carving love's roundelays on every stone,
  Hanging on every tree some amorous toy,
But thou with sorrow interlines his song,
Opening thy jaws of death to do him wrong.

O, now I know thy chain, thy clog, thy fetter, 17
  Thy free-chain'd prison and thy cloggèd walk!
'Tis gloomy darkness, sin's eternal debtor,
  'Tis poison'd buds from Acherontic stalk;

Sometime 'tis hissing winds which are their bands,
Sometime enchanting birds which binds their hands;

Sometime the foaming rage of waters' stream, 18
Or clattering down of stones upon a stone,
Or skipping beasts at Titan's gladsome beam,
Or roaring lion's noise at one alone,
Or babbling Echo, tell-tale of each sound,
From mouth to sky, from sky unto the ground.

Can such-like fears follow man's mortal pace, 19
Within dry wilderness of wettest woe?
It was God's providence, his will, his grace,
To make midnoon midnight in being so;
Midnight with sin, midnoon where virtue lay;
That place was night, all other places day.

The sun, not past the middle line of course, 20
Did clearly shine upon each labour's gain,
Not hindering daily toil of mortal force,
Nor clouding earth with any gloomy stain;
Only night's image was apparent there,
With heavy, leaden appetite of fear.

CHAPTER XVIII.

You know the eagle by her soaring wings, 1
And how the swallow takes a lower pitch;
Ye know the day is clear and clearness brings,
And how the night is poor, though gloomy-rich:
This eagle virtue is, which mounts on high;
The other sin, which hates the heaven's eye.

This day is wisdom, being bright and clear;
  This night is mischief, being black and foul;
The brightest day doth wisdom's glory wear,
  The pitchy night puts on a blacker rowl: [1]
Thy saints, O Lord, were at their labour's hire!
At whose heard voice the wicked did admire.

They thought that virtue had been cloth'd in night, 2
  Captive to darkness, prisoner unto hell;
But it was sin itself, vice, and despite,
  Whose wishèd harbours do in darkness dwell:
Virtue's immortal soul had mid-day's light,
Mischief's eternal foul had mid-day's night.

For virtue is not subject unto vice,
  But vice is subject unto virtue's seat;
One mischief is not thaw'd with other's ice,
  But more adjoin'd to one, makes one more great:
Sin virtue's captive is, and kneels for grace,
Requesting pardon for her rude-run race.

The tongue of virtue's life cannot pronounce 3
  The doom of death, or death of dying doom;
'Tis merciful, and will not once renounce
  Repentant tears, to wash a sinful room;
Your sin-shine was not sun-shine of delight,
But shining sin in mischief's sunny night.

Now by repentance you are bath'd in bliss,
  Blest in your bath, eternal by your deeds;
Behold, you have true light, and cannot miss
  The heavenly food which your salvation feeds:

---

[1] Roll.

True love, true life, true light, your portions true ;
What hate, what strife, what night can danger you ?

O happy, when you par'd your o'ergrown faults ! 4
Your sin, like eagle's claws, past growth of time,
All underminèd with destruction's vaults,
Full of old filth, proceeding from new slime ;
Else had you been deformèd, like to those
Which were your friends, but now become your foes.

Those which are worthy of eternal pain,
Foes which are worthy of immortal hate,
Dimming the glory of thy children's gain
With cloudy vapours set at darkness' rate ;
Making new laws, which are too old in crime,
Making old-wicked laws serve a new time.

Wicked ? no, bloody laws ; bloody ? yea, worse, 5
If any worse may have a worser name :
Men ? O no, murderers, not of men's remorse ![1]
For they are shameful, these exempt from shame :
What ? shall I call them slaughter-drinking hearts ?
Too good a word for their too-ill deserts.

Murder was in their thoughts, they thought to slay ;
And who ? poor infants, harmless innocents ;
But murder cannot sleep, it will betray
Her murderous self, with self-disparagements :
One child, poor remnant, did reprove their deeds,
And God destroy'd the bloody murderers' seeds.

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[1] Pity.

Was God destroyer then? no, he was just, 6
A judge severe, yet of a kind remorse;
Severe to those in whom there was no trust,
Kind to the babes which were of little force;
Poor babes, half murder'd in whole murder's thought,
Had not one infant their escaping wrought.

'Twas God which breath'd his spirit in the child,
The lively image of his self-like face;
'Twas God which drown'd their children, which defil'd
Their thoughts with blood, their hearts with murder's place:
For that night's tidings our old fathers joy'd,
Because their foes by water were destroy'd.

Was God a murderer in this tragedy? 7
No, but a judge how blood should be repaid:
Was't he which gave them unto misery?
No, 'twas themselves which miseries obey'd:
Their thoughts did kill and slay within their hearts,
Murdering themselves, wounding their inward parts.

When shines the sun but when the moon doth rest?
When rests the sun but when the moon doth shine?
When joys the righteous? when their foes are least;
And when doth virtue live? when vice doth pine:
Virtue doth live when villany doth die,
Wisdom doth smile when misery doth cry.

The summer-days are longer than the nights, 8
The winter-nights are longer than the days;
They show both virtue's loves and vice's spites,
Sin's lowest fall, and wisdom's highest raise:

The night is foe to day, as naught to good;
The day is foe to night, as fear to food.

A king may wear a crown, but full of strife,
The outward show of a small-lasting space;
Mischief may live, but yet a deadly life;
Sorrow may grieve in heart and joy in face;
Virtue may live disturb'd with vice's pain;
God sends this virtue a more better reign.

She doth possess a crown, and not a care, 9
Yet cares, in having none but self-like awe;
She hath a sceptre without care or fear,
Yet fears the Lord, and careth for the law:
As much as she doth rise, so much sin falls,
Subject unto her law, slave to her calls.

Now righteousness bears sway, and vice put down,
Virtue is queen, treading on mischief's head;
The law of God sancited[1] with renown,
Religion plac'd in wisdom's quiet bed;
Now joyful hymns are tunèd by delight,
And now we live in love, and not in spite.

Strong-hearted vice's sobs have pierc'd the ground, 10
In the deep cistern of the centre's breast,
Wailing their living fortunes with dead sound,
Accents of grief and actions of unrest;
It is not sin herself, it is her seed,
Which, drown'd in sea, lies there for sea's foul weed.

[1] Ratified.

It is the fruit of murder's bloody womb,
The lost fruition of a murderous race;
A little stone, which would have made a tomb
To bury virtue, with a sin-bold face:
Methinks I hear the echoes of the vaults,
Sound and resound their old-new-weeping faults.

View the dead carcasses of human state, 11
The outside of the soul, case of the hearts;
Behold the king, behold the subject's fate;
Behold each limb and bone of earthen arts;
Tell me the difference then of every thing,
And who a subject was, and who a king.

The self-same knowledge lies in this dead scene,
Vail'd[1] to the tragic cypress of lament;
Behold that man, which hath a master been,
That king, which would have climb'd above content;
Behold their slaves, by them upon the earth,
Have now as high a seat, as great a birth.

The ground hath made all even which were odd, 12
Those equal which had inequality;
Yet all alike were fashionèd by God,
In body's form, but not in heart's degree:
One difference had, in sceptre, crown, and throne,
Yet crown'd, rul'd, plac'd in care, in grief, in moan.

For it was care to wear a crown of grief,
And it was grief to wear a crown of care;
The king death's subject, death his empire's thief,
Which makes unequal state and equal fare;

[1] Lowered.

More dead than were alive, and more to die
Than would be buried with a mortal eye.

O well-fed earth with ill-digesting food! 13
O well-ill food! because both flesh and sin;
Sin made it sick, which never did it good;
Sin made it sick, her well doth worse begin:
The earth, more hungry than was Tantal's jaws,
Had flesh and blood held in her earthen paws.

Now could belief some quiet harbour find,
When all her foes were mantled in the ground,
Before their sin-enchantments made it blind,
Their magic arts, their necromantic sound:
Now truth hath got some place to speak and hear,
And whatsoe'er she speaks she doth not fear.

When Phœbe's axletree was limn'd with pale, 14, 15
Pale, which becometh night, night which is black,
Hemm'd round about with gloomy-shining veil,
Borne up by clouds, mounted on silence' back;
And when night's horses, in the running wain,
O'ertook the middest of their journey's pain;

Thy word, O Lord! descended from thy throne, 16
The royal mansion of thy power's command,
As a fierce man of war in time of moan,
Standing in midst of the destroyèd land,
And brought thy precept, as a burning steven,[1]
Reaching from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

[1] See note 2, p. 181.

Now was the night far spent, and morning's wings 17
Flew th[o]rough sleepy thoughts, and made them dream,
Hieing apace to welcome sunny springs,
And give her time of day to Phœbus' beam:
No sooner had she flown unto the east,
But dreamy passage did disturb their rest:

And then like sleepy-waking hearts and eyes,
Turn'd up the fainting closures of their faces,
Which between day and night in slumber lies,
Keeping their waky and their sleepy places;
And, lo, a fearing dream and dreaming fear
Made every eye let fall a sleepy tear!

A tear half-wet from they themselves half-liv'd, 18
Poor dry-wet tear to moist a wet-dry face;
A white-red face, whose red-white colour striv'd
To make anatomy of either place;
Two champions, both resolv'd in face's field,
And both had half, yet either scorn'd to yield.

They which were wont to mount above the ground 19
Hath leaden, quick-glued sinews, forc'd to lie,
One here, one there, in prison, yet unbound,
Heart-striving life and death to live and die;
Nor were they ignorant of fate's decree,
In being told before what they should be.

There falsest visions show'd the truest cause; 20
False, because fantasies, true, because haps;
For dreams, though kindled by sleep-idle pause,
Sometime true indices of danger's claps,
As well doth prove in these sin-sleeping lines,
That dreams are falsest shows and truest signs.

By this time death had longer pilgrimage,
And was encagèd in more living breasts;
Now every ship had fleeting anchorage,
Both good and bad were punish'd with unrests:
But yet God's heavy plague endur'd not long,
For anger quench'd herself with her self wrong.

Not so; for heat can never cool with heat, 21
Nor cold can warm a cold, nor ice thaw ice;
Anger is fire, and fire is anger's meat,
Then how can anger cool her hot device?
The sun doth thaw the ice with melting harm,
Ice cannot cool the sun which makes it warm.

It was celestial fire, terrestrial cold;
It was celestial cold, terrestrial fire;
A true and holy prayer, which is bold
To cool the heat of anger's hot desire,
Pronouncèd by a servant of thy word,
To ease the miseries which wraths afford.

Weapons and wit are double links of force; 22
If one unknit, they both have weaker strength;
The longer be the chain, the longer course,
If measur'd by duplicity of length:
If weapons fail, wit is the better part;
Wit failing, weapons have the weaker heart.

Prayer is weak in strength, yet strong in wit,
And can do more than strength, in being wise;
Thy word, O Lord, is wisdom, and in it
Doth lie more force than forces can surprise!
Man did not overcome his foes with arms,
But with thy word, which conquers greater harms.

That word it was with which the world was fram'd, 23
The heavens made, mortality ordain'd;
That word it was with which all men were nam'd
In which one word there are all words contain'd;
The breath of God, the life of mortal state,
The enemy to vice, the foe to hate.

When death press'd down the sin-dead living souls,
And draw'd the curtain of their seeing day,
This word was virtue's shield and death's controls,
Which shielded those which never went astray;
For when the dead did die and end in sin,
The living had assurance to begin.

Are all these deeds accomplish'd in one word? 24
O sovereign word, chief of all words and deeds!
O salve of safety! wisdom's strongest sword,
Both food and hunger, which both starves and feeds;
Food unto life, because of living power,
Hunger to those whom death and sins devour.

For they which liv'd were those which virtue lov'd,
And those which virtue lov'd did love to live;
Thrice happy these whom no destruction mov'd,
She present there which love and life did give:
They bore the mottoes of eternal fame
On diapasons of their father's name.

Here death did change his pale to purple hue, 25
Blushing, against the nature of his face,
To see such bright aspècts, such splendent view,
Such heavenly paradise of earthly grace,
And hid with life's quick force his ebon dart
Within the crannies of his meagre heart.

Descending to the place from whence he came,
With rich-stor'd chariot of fresh-bleeding wounds,
Sore-grievèd bodies from a soul's sick name,
Sore-grievèd souls in bodies' sin-sick sounds;[1]
Death was afraid to stay where life should be;
For they are foes, and cannot well agree.

CHAPTER XIX.

Avaunt, destroyer, with thy hungry jaws, 1
Thy thirsty heart, thy longing ashy bones!
The righteous live, they be not in thy laws,
Nor subjects to thy deep-oppressing moans:
Let it suffice that we have seen thy show,
And tasted but the shadow of thy woe.

Yet stay, and bring thy empty car again, 2
More ashy vessels do attend thy pace;
More passengers expect thy coming wain,
More groaning pilgrims long to see thy face:
Wrath now attends the passage of misdeeds,
And thou shalt still be stor'd with souls that bleeds.

Some lie half-dead, while others dig their graves 3
With weak-forc'd tears, to moist a long-dry ground;
But tears on tears in time will make whole waves
To bury sin with overwhelming sound;
Their eyes for mattocks serve, their tears for spades,
And they themselves are sextons by their trades.

What is their fee? lament; their payment? woe;
Their labour? wail; their practice? misery:

[1] An old form of "swoons."—But I do not pretend to understand the passage.

And can their conscience serve to labour so?
Yes, yes, because it helpeth villany:
Though eyes did stand in tears and tears in eyes,
They did another foolishness devise.

So that what prayer did, sin did undo; 4
And what the eyes did win, the heart did lose;
Whom virtue reconcil'd, vice did forego;
Whom virtue did forego, that vice did choose:
O had their hearts been just, eyes had been winners!
Their eyes were just, but hearts new sin's beginners.

They digg'd true graves with eyes, but not with hearts; 5
Repentance in their face, vice in their thought;
Their delving eyes did take the sexton's parts;
The heart undid the labour which eyes wrought:
A new strange death was portion for their toil,
While virtue sate as judge to end the broil.

Had tongue been join'd with eyes, tongue had not stray'd; 6
Had eyes been join'd to heart, heart then had seen;
But O, in wanting eyesight, it betray'd
The dungeon of misdeeds, where it had been!
So, many living in this orb of woe,
Have heap'd-up eyes, but yet their hearts are low.

This change of sin did make a change of feature,
A new strange death, a misery untold,
A new reform of every old-new creature,
New-serving offices which time made old:
New-living virtue from an old-dead sin,
Which ends in ill what doth in good begin.

When death did reap the harvest of despite, 7
The wicked ears of sin, and mischief's seed,
Filling the mansion of eternal night
With heavy, leaden clods of sinful breed,
Life sow'd the plants of immortality,
To welcome old-made new felicity.

The clouds, the gloomy curtains of the air,
Drawn and redrawn with the four wingèd winds,
Made all of borrow'd vapours, darkness fair,
Did overshade their tents, which virtue finds;
The Red Sea's deep was made a dry-trod way,
Without impediment, or stop, or stay.

The thirsty winds, with overtoiling puffs, 8
Did drink the ruddy ocean's water dry,
Tearing the zone's hot-cold, whole-raggèd ruffs
With ruffling conflicts in the field of sky;
So that dry earth did take wet water's place,
With sandy mantle and hard-grounded face.

That way which never was a way before, 9
Is now a trodden path which was untrod,
Through which the people went as on a shore,
Defended by the stretch'd-out arm of God;
Praising his wondrous works, his mighty hand,
Making the land of sea, the sea of land.

That breast where anger slept is mercy's bed, 10
That breast where mercy wakes is anger's cave;
When mercy lives, then Nemesis is dead,
And one for either's corse makes other's grave:

Hate furrows up a grave to bury love,
And love doth press down hate, it cannot move.

This breast is God, which ever wakes in both;
Anger is his revenge, mercy his love:
He sent them flies instead of cattle's growth,
And multitudes of frogs for fishes strove;
Here was his anger shown; and his remorse,[1]
When he did make dry land of water-course.

The sequel proves what actor is the chief; 11
All things beginning knows, but none their end;
The sequel unto mirth is weeping grief,
As doth mishaps with happiness contend;
For both are agents in this orb of weeping,
And one doth wake when other falls a-sleeping.

Yet should man's eyes pay tribute every hour
With tributary tears to sorrow's shrine,
He would all drown himself with his own shower,
And never find the leaf of mercy's line:
They in God's anger wail'd, in his love joy'd;
Their love brought lust ere love had lust destroy'd.

The sun of joy dried up their tear-wet eyes, 12
And sate as lord upon their sobbing heart;
For when one comfort lives, one sorrow dies,
Or ends in mirth what it begun in smart:
What greater grief than hunger-starvèd mood?
What greater mirth than satisfying food?

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[1] Pity.

Quails from the fishy bosom of the sea
  Came to their comforts which were living-starv'd;
But punishments fell in the sinners' way,
  Sent down by thunderbolts which they deserv'd:
Sin-fed these sinners were, hate-cherishèd;
According unto both they perishèd.

Sin-fed, because their food was seed of sins, 13
  And bred new sin with old digested meat;
Hate-cherishèd in being hatred's twins,
  And sucking cruelty from tiger's teat:
Was it not sin to err and go astray?
Was it not hate to stop a stranger's way?

Was it not sin to see, and not to know?
  Was it not sin to know, and not receive?
Was it not hate to be a stranger's foe,
  And make them captives which did them relieve?
Yes, it was greatest sin first for to leave them,
And it was greatest hate last to deceive them.

O hungry cannibals! which know no fill, 14
  But still do starving feed, and feeding starve,
How could you so deceive? how could you spill[1]
  Their loving selves which did yourselves preserve?
Why did you suck your pelican[2] to death,
Which fed you too, too well with his own breath?

O, say that cruelty can have no law,
  And then you speak with a mild-cruel tongue;

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[1] Destroy. [2] See note, p. 263.

Or say that avarice lodg'd in your jaw,
And then you do yourselves but little wrong:
Say what you will, for what you say is spite
'Gainst ill-come strangers, which did merit right.

You lay in ambush,—O deceitful snares,
Enticing baits, beguiling sentinels!—
You added grief to grief, and cares to cares,
Tears unto weeping eyes where tears did dwell:
O multitudes of sin, legions of vice,
Which thaws with sorrow sorrow's frozen ice!

A banquet was prepar'd, the fare deceit,
The dishes poison, and the cup despite,
The table mischief, and the cloth a bait,
Like spinner's web t' entrap the strange fly's flight;
Pleasure was strew'd upon the top of pain,
Which, once digested, spread through every vein.

O ill conductors of misguided feet,
Into a way of death, a path of guile!
Poor pilgrims, which their own destruction meet
In habitations of an unknown isle:
O, had they left that broad, deceiving way,
They had been right, and never gone astray!

But mark the punishment which did ensue
Upon those ill-misleading villanies;
They blinded were themselves with their self view,
And fell into their own-made miseries;
Seeking the entrance of their dwelling-places
With blinded eyes and dark misguided faces.

Lo, here was snares ensnar'd and guiles beguiled, 17
Deceit deceiv'd and mischief was misled,
Eyes blinded sight, and thoughts the hearts defil'd,
Life living in aspècts, was dying dead;
Eyes thought for to mislead, and were misled,
Feet went to make mistreads, and did mistread.

At this proud fall the elements were glad,
And did embrace each other with a kiss,
All things were joyful which before were sad;
The pilgrims in their way, and could not miss:
As when the sound of music doth resound
With changing tune, so did the changèd ground.

The birds forsook the air, the sheep the fold; 18
The eagle pitchèd low, the swallow high;
The nightingale did sleep, and uncontroll'd
Forsook the prickle [1] of her nature's eye;
The seely [2] worm was friends with all her foes,
And suck'd the dew-tears from the weeping rose.

The sparrow tun'd the lark's sweet melody,
The lark in silence sung a dirge of dole,
The linnet help'd the lark in malady;
The swans forsook the quire of billow-roll;
The dry-land fowl did make the sea their nest,
The wet-sea fish did make the land their rest.

The swans, the quiristers which did complain 19
In inward feeling of an outward loss,

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[1] See note, p. 56. [2] Simple, harmless.

And fill'd the quire of waves with laving pain,
  Yet dancing in their wail with surge's toss,
Forsook her cradle-billow-mountain bed,
And hies her unto land, there to be fed:

Her sea-fare now is land-fare of content;
  Old change is changèd new, yet all is change;
The fishes are her food, and they are sent
  Unto dry land, to creep, to feed, to range:
Now coolest water cannot quench the fire,
But makes it proud in hottest hot desire.

The evening of a day is morn to night, 20
  The evening of a night is morn to day;
The one is Phœbe's clime which is pale-bright,
  The other Phœbus' in more light array;
She makes the mountains limp in chill-cold snow,
He melts their eyes and makes them weep for woe.

His beams, ambassadors of his hot will
  Through the transparent element of air,
Doth only his warm ambassage fulfil,
  And melts the icy jaw of Phœbe's hair;
Yet those, though fiery flames, could not thaw cold,
Nor break the frosty glue of winter's mould.

Here nature slew herself, or, at the least, 21
  Did tame the passage of her hot aspècts;
All things have nature to be worst or best,
  And must incline to that which she affects;
But nature miss'd herself in this same part,
For she was weak and had not nature's heart.

'Twas God which made her weak and makes her strong,
  Resisting vice, assisting righteousness,
Assisting and resisting right and wrong,
  Making this epilogue in equalness;
'Twas God, his people's aid, their wisdom's friend,
In whom I did begin, with whom I end.[1]

A Jove surgit opus; de Jove finit opus.

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[1] I have read at various times much indifferent verse and much execrable verse, but I can conscientiously state that *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased* is the most damnable piece of flatness that has ever fallen in my way. *Silius Italicus* is bracing after it.

SIR R. SHERLEY SENT
AMBASSADOR, ETC.

Sir Robert Sherley, sent ambassadovr in the name of the King of Persia, to Sigismond the third, King of Poland and Swecia, and to other Princes of Evrope. His Royall entertainement into Cracovia, the chiefe Citie of Poland, with his pretended Comming into England, Also, The Honourable praises of the same Sir Robert Sherley, giuen vnto him in that Kingdome, are here likewise inserted. London Printed by I. Windet, for Iohn Budge, and are to bee sold athis Shop at the Great South doore of Pauls. 1609. 4to.

Sir Robert Sherley was the youngest of the three famous Sherley brothers. In 1599 he accompanied Sir Antony Sherley, the eldest of the brothers, into Persia. Sir Antony spent a roving life, but Robert took up his residence in Persia, where he devoted his attention to perfecting the Persian artillery. In a letter to Sir Antony, which was intercepted by Sir Robert Cecil, and is now in the Record Office, Robert Sherley gives a lugubrious account of the discomforts to which he was subjected at the Persian court. Though he had married a cousin-german of the Sophy—a remarkably handsome lady (whose portrait hangs in Lord Leconfield's gallery at Petworth)—he chafed at his continued exile. The Sophy knighted him, and sent him on an embassy to the princes of Christendom. With his Persian wife he was handsomely entertained at Hampton Court; but the mission was not successful, and he returned to Persia, where, worn out by troubles and disappointments, he died in 1628. There is a very interesting account of him in *The Sherley Brothers. By one of the same house* [the late E. P. Shirley], 1848.

The present tract is reprinted in vol. v. of the *Harleian* Miscellany, 1810.

To the worthy and well experienced gentleman, Sir Thomas Sherley,[1] *son to that happy father, Sir Thomas Sherley, and brother to that noble gentleman, Sir Robert.*

WORTHY SIR,

The selfsame office of love and due praises, which the world put itself into at your long-desired arrival in England, falls happily upon me to perform the like duty toward your worthy brother, nor can I recite more encomiums of his actions, than those of your own hath rightly and properly challenged to themselves. I'll speak thus much of you both, and the world shall judge it free from flattery: you well may be own brothers in birth, that are so near kin to one another in actions of fame and honor. So commending you both to eternizing memory of your own virtues and fortunes, I remain an unworthy observer of them both.

Your Worship's in his most selected studies,

THOMAS MID[D]LETON.[2]

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[1] The second of the three brothers. He conducted a buccaneering expedition in the Grecian Archipelago, and, while making a descent on the island of Zea, had the misfortune to be captured by the Turks. After being kept a close prisoner at Constantinople for nearly four years, he was released in December 1605, and came to England, where he passed the rest of his days in peace.

[2] This epistle is only found in certain copies; others contain an unsigned dedicatory epistle to Sir Thomas Sherley, the father of Robert Sherley. See *Addenda* at the end of the present volume.

TO THE READER.

READER, this Persian robe, so richly woven with the praises only of Sir Robert Sherley (thy countryman), comes to thee at a low price, though it cost him dear that wears it to purchase so much fame as hath made it so excellent. It is now his for ever, thine so long as it is his; for every good man (as I hope thou art) doth participate in the renown of those that are good, and virtuous.

He hath been a traveller a long time, give him now a welcome home; the arms of his own country embracing him will be more joyful to him than all those of so many foreign kingdoms, with which he hath so often been honored.

If a man that hath ventured through the world, may deserve thy love, thou canst not choose, but bestow as much of it upon him, as upon any. Look upon him truly and thou shalt find a large general chronicle of time writ in a little volume.

He comes laden with the trophies of war, and the honors of peace. The Turk hath felt the sharpness of his sword, and against the Turk is he now whetting the swords of Christian princes. Much more could I speak of him, but that I should do wrong to the common laws of civility, by taking away that reverence from strangers, whom (from countries afar off) you shall presently hear giving ample testimonies of his nobleness.—*Vale.*

News from Persia and Poland, touching Sir Robert Sherley being sent ambassador to divers Princes of Europe, famed as well for his wisdom and experience as for his knowledge and understanding of many tongues.

ALBEIT that man can receive his birth but from one place, yet is he born a freeman of all the cities of the world. The whole earth is his country, and he that dwelleth farthest off, is by the laws of nature, as near to him in love as his kindred and acquaintance. This general charter being given by the King of this universal crown to all nations, hath caused men from time to time (by the virtue of that privilege), to forsake the places of their first being, and to travel into other countries. The benefits that kingdoms have gotten by this means, cannot in so small a volume (as this in hand) be comprehended. Travel is the golden mine that enricheth the poorest country, and filleth the barrenest with abundant plenty. It is the chain that at first tied kingdoms together, and the musical string that still maintains them in concord, in leagues and in unity. The Portugalls have hereby crowned themselves and their posterity with garlands of never-dying honor. The Spaniards have their names (for this) so deeply engraven in the chronicles of fame, that they can never be forgotten. The French likewise and the Dutch,

have raised their glories to a nobler height, only by these adventures. In imitation of all whose labors, or rather in emulation of all their fames, our Englishmen have not only stepped as far as any of them all, but gone beyond the most, and the best of them. And not to reckon those men of worth in this kind of our own nation, whose voyages and travels by sea and land to set down were able to fill whole volumes, I will only at this time (not with a loud and shrill trumpet, as they deserve, but as it were upon an instrument tuned and directed by another) give only a soft touch at the praises of this worthy gentleman Sir Robert Sherley, of whose adventures, dangers, and various fortunes, both good and bad, to draw a true picture in the right and lively colors, would as easily feed men's eyes with gazing admiration as the large pictured tables of others have filled them with wonder.

Being therefore contented at this time to swim but in a shallow stream of his fame, sith-ence greater tales are likely hereafter (and that very shortly) to swell with the true report of his actions, you shall understand that Sir Robert Sherley, after a long, a chargeable, and a dangerous progress through most (if not all) the kingdoms in Europe, receiving entertainment from the princes of those dominions fitting to such a guest, desire of glory still more and more burning within him, at the length, he left Europe, and travelled into Asia, receiving noble entertainment at the hands of the King of Persia, in whose court he so well and so wisely bore himself in all his actions, that the Persian (with much of his love, of which he tasted most plenteously) heaped on his head many honorable favors.

That common enemy of Christ and Christians (the Turk) lifting up his sword continually (for the most part) not only

against the Polack, the Hungarian, Bohemian, and other princes of Christendom, but also thirsting after the rich Empire of Persia, and shewing a mortal hatred to that kingdom by being ever up in arms against it; it was thought fit that (the Persian himself confessing and worshipping Christ) aid should be required at the hands of Christian princes in the Persian's behalf, against so barbarous, so ambitious, and so general an enemy. Hereupon the honor of such an embassy, was conferred (by the king of Persia) upon Sir Robert Sherley, as a man worthy and apt to treat with Christian princes in so weighty a business, he himself being a Christian born, and a gentleman that had travelled and by experience knew the conditions, state, and policies of most of their kingdoms.

First therefore was he employed into Poland, where by Sigismund, the king of Poland and of Suecia, he was received with great magnificence and applause both of the Polack himself and of his people.

And because it is not fit that every common and popular ear should stand listening to the private business of princes in a designment that concerns the universal state of Christendom, we will not therefore at this time be interpreters of the Persian's Embassy, but rather wait his expected coming who hath in charge to deliver it by word of mouth himself.

In the meantime notwithstanding, forbearing to reckon up the rich presents given by the Poland King to Sir Robert, the honors done to him by the Polish Lords, and the favors thrown upon him by the common people, you shall be witnesses only, to those not unworthy praises of him, by which his fame amongst scholars, by those of the better sort, was lifted up at the time of his staying in Poland.

A fourfold Anagram upon Sir Robert Sherley's name.

Robertus Sherlæius.

1 *Heus, Labor, tueris res.*
2 *Liber,*[1] *ast hero servus.*
3 *Libertas, ero servus.*
4 *Virtus, labores sere.*

Encomiums or Praises, as well upon the name, as the negotiation of Sir Robert Sherley, an English Knight, sent Ambassador from the King of the Persians to the princes of Europe.

Mercurius, seeing the ambassador ready to take his journey, resigneth unto him his office, as being messenger or herald to the gods, according to the fiction of poets, and with that office bestoweth the gift of eloquence upon him, because he may have power to persuade the princes to whom he is sent: and withal, adds a wish, that those Christian kings whom he is to solicit, may not be cold in joining their forces together, but that they may enter into an honourable, a pious, and inviolable league against that common enemy, the Turk.

Mercury's Speech.

Thou (O Sherley) being born an Englishman, art sent from the Persian empire to the kingdoms that lie in Europe, thy place is full of honor, thy message of weight: discharge thou therefore boldly those things which the great Lord of Persia commands thee to do. It is not chance, that throwes this

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[1] "Old ed. "*Seruus, ast hero liber.*"

high office upon thee, but a full synod (or parliament) of all the Gods do appoint thee to be their messenger, to the great kings of the earth. For this cause, I that am heaven's winged messenger, seeing thee ready to depart, present myself thus before thee, and uttering only so much, as in the letters of thy name lies mystically hidden, and that is this—

Heus labor,—tu res hoc ore tueris
Persarum.

O exceeding labor! yet thou art the man, that must defend the state of the Persians, even by the force of my eloquence. Go on therefore, be thou Mercurius in the courts of kings. I give thee my place; I give it to thee, that art more worthy of it than myself. O that the princes of Europe, would knit an indissoluble league together, with thy master (the Persian monarch), and tie all their sinews to one arm, that a noble war may be begotten. Let Bellona (the Goddess of battles) breathe courage into the breasts of soldiers; and let no country be dishonored by bearing men, that have no hearts to come into the field. O let not that covetous dragon which once watched the golden firmament, sleep in the bosoms of kings, and with his poison, infect them with that covetous disease of hoarding up gold. Cast off (O you princes) your sensual pleasures, and let it be your ambition to wear garlands of oak, which are the crowns of conquerors. Prefer immortal fame before all those dangers, over which you must of necessity pass, be they never so invincible in the show of undertaking, and aspire only to that life which shall remain, when your bodies lie dead. Heaven (in your doing so) shall smile upon your enterprises: hell shall be conquered and that hell hound brood of Mahomet be utterly confounded. Universal peace shall crown the world, and

the barbarous Turks feel the sinews and puissant arms of Europe.

To the nations (unto whom the ambassador is sent, on great and serious affairs, as rightly may be conjectured) a desire and wish is made, that all kings in Christendom, may entertain this holy war, with the same courage, constancy and zeal, that the Persian doth.

Hearken O you Polanders, Italians, French, and you Germans; enrich your chronicles with an act of a wonder never heard of in the world before: for behold a Briton is sent on a royal message from the king of the Persians. A Briton is sent, but who is it. Such a one he is, as by his name (being before anagrammatised) he may apparently be deciphered.

Liber,[1] *ast servus hero.*

Free-born and a servant only unto his sovereign.

He, even he, is sent to you (O you nations of Europe), from the confines of the Persians, bringing along with him the name of his Lord, and with that name the sound of an approaching war. The destinies begin to promise some great matter: the God of battles (hereupon) speaks cheerfully. God himself prepares the armour; muster yourselves together therefore (O you Kings) and with a religious defence, draw your swords against the Turks.

A gratulatory compendious speech, to Sir Robert Sherley, commending both his virtue, and present fortune.

O Sherley, thou that art an honor to the Persians, as well

[1] Old ed. "*Ast liber.*"

as to the Britons: within whose head dwelleth experience and wisdom, and upon whose tongue eloquence writeth her charms: whatsoever he was, that at first durst say that fortune was blind and that she bestowed extraordinary benefits upon undeserving men, let him know that all this while he hath been in an error: for fortune had more eyes than Argus, when she crowned this Gentleman with so many Persian honors and offices. That Monarch (O that renowned Briton) whose sword is dreadful to the Thracian tyrant, makes thee a partner in the cares and burdens of his empire: for he hath seen, yea he hath ever seen, and found thee constant in execution of all his just and royal commands.

The empire of the Persian is here commended: the kings and princes of Europe being called to give witness how much glory the dexterity of Sir Robert Sherley hath added to the Persian monarchy: upon which, he appears to the Persians a gentleman of such merit as that England may very justly accuse Persia of wrong for detaining him from her.

The fame of the Persian empire doth not grow up only in a mean soldier, for their cities are full of renowmed [1] and worthy captains; from the ancient discipline and stratagems of war, are the glories of the Persians sprung up and continue famous, but (O thou honored Englishman) she derived her first principles from thy practice and knowledge. Far be my words from the base servitude of flattery: for within a short time, kings shall rise up as witnesses of what I speak. Let thine own country envy the Kingdom

[1] An old form of "renowned."

of Persia for enjoying this honour (which by thee is given her), yea, let her challenge thee to be delivered back again as her own, yet let her claim be made in such manner that England and Persia may not grow into quarrel about thee, but rather thus let them both share thee. Let rich Persia enjoy thy presence, and reckon thee in the number of her citizens, and be proud in the possession of a man so worthy: let England glory that she alone is happy in thy birth, and that she bears the honour of giving thee thy name. But howsoever (O thou, the dignity and lustre of two renowned Kingdoms), go thou on in thine intended ambassage and perform these 'hests which the great Persian thy Lord hath imposed upon thy integrity.

A short speech, uttered as it were by the whole body of the Polish court, to Robert Sherley, ambassador from the invincible king of the Persians.

It is not thy rich garments embroidered so thick with gold, and woven by Grecian workmen, that draws our eyes into admiration by beholding thee: it is not thy sparkling jewels, nor those costly precious stones that adorn thy robe, which dazzle our sight. It is not thy comely riding nor skilful managing of that Thracian courser, upon whose back thou sittest whilst the proud beast itself champs on the glistering bit in disdain to be so curbed, that makes us to look after thee. It is not that victorious scimitar of thine, wherewith thou hast made the earth drunk so often with so much blood of those, that are enemies to the Persians, that causeth us to stand gazing at thy presence. No, it is the beauty of thy mind wherewith our eyes are enchanted: it is the excellent music of thy tongue, that so ties our ears to thy

charms, thou being able to speak and to answer so many several nations in their own proper languages.

England's complaint to Persia for her Sherley.

O Persia! thou glorious kingdom, thou chief of Empires, the palace sometimes[1] where wisdom only kept her court, the land that was governed by none but by wise men: yet must I tell thee, and with grief dost thou enforce me to tell thee, that against all law of nations thou robbest me of my subject. Why should the right of another be thine? It is justice for every one to keep their own. But thou makest up thy gain by my loss. Is this equity? Is this tolerable? Cease to do it: and send home (O Persia) that son of mine to me that am his mother: for to me only is he due. But (aye me) the honors of his own country, and the palaces of my kingdom, are by him (belike) neglected and seem not worth the looking on; and though to the eye of the world I may perhaps appear beautiful and great, yet in his eye I show no bigger than a small corner of the world. I do envy thee therefore, O Persia, only for him; yet—sithence I cannot enjoy him, fare thou well, O thou my darling, and with that farewell bear along with thee the praises which I give thee. I rob Persia, Persia robs not me: my loss is to me more honor: for the Persian empire borrows her brightness from the beams of one of the sons of England.

Sherley to his native Country.

O thou my Country, if I should pay back into thy hands

[1] *I.e.*, sometime.

so much as by bond is due unto thee from me, I should then lay down my life at thy feet. But my thoughts aim at great matters, it is not breath I would pay thee, but fame: take thou from me so much honor, as may make me live for ever. Liberty is the goal to which I run, but such a liberty it is, as may free me from the common baseness of the multitude, and make me worthy to be respected by the eye of a king.

Servus hero, I am a servant to that great master, to whose feet all the Persians bow and do reverence: I am his servant that I may be his messenger and bear the treaties of such a king, to other kings in Christendom. I am destined out, to deliver his mind in their own languages, to foreign princes and to the monarchs of the earth. Let them quickly come together, and quickly shall the Turkish fury be calmed, and being weakened in her own strengths, shall be glad to kneel to the power and mercy of others. And thou (O my native country), if thou wouldest be pleased to knit thy forces in this just and universal war, to what dignities mayst thou advance thyself? Whatsoever is dishonorable hath a base descention, and sinks beneath hell, but whatsoever is good and honest, lifts up the unblemished brow on high and makes it level with the front of heaven.

The author's wish and request to virtue, that she would give unto Sherley such a fruitful harvest of his labors that, having conquered the hardness of them, his name may aspire to the full height of his desert.

O virtue! the noblest and boldest guide, thou that givest to men the due crown of praises, prosper thou the honored

enterprises of Sherley: but touching those paths which must lead him to titles of fame and honor, make them even and certain before him; he hath no desire to have his name eaten out by the rust of idleness: no, he will never unworthily sink before his own proposed fortune.

Another of the same author, touching Sir Robert Sherley being called as it were by fate to manage the affairs of foreign princes.

What is the cause that Sherley hath not all this while lived in the same country that first lent him breath? This is the reason:—a spirit so great was not to be contained within so small a circle as his country. Besides—

> He is the child of fate and highly sings
> Of kingly embassies to none but kings.

Crowned with these praises as you hear in Poland, and leaving the fame of his memorable actions behind him, bending his course to other princes of Christendom with the same royal embassage of honorable and christian confederacy against Mahomet and his adherents, it shall not be amiss here to speak of the kingdom of Persia, where Sir Robert received such honorable entertainment, suitable to his noble actions and the virtues of his mind; as also the manners, fashions, rights, and customs, that are and have been observed by the Persians. And first, for their Religion which they have observed of old, doing worship and reverence in their upright zeal to the sun, moon, Venus, fire, earth, water, and winds, erecting neither altars

nor statues, but in open fields offering their sacrifices, which sacrifices were superstitious, and full of idle ceremonies, too tedious to be here rehearsed; for their kings, the golden line of them is drawn out of one family, that custom amongst the Persians never as yet suffered change or alteration; and so severe their laws are in effect, to the punishing of all rebellious treasonable and disobedient people, that whosoever be he that is found repugnant in the least demeanor to the will and affection of the king, he is presently seized upon by the tormentors, his head and arms chopped off, and with his detested body thrown into some common field, without either grave or covering. And for their palaces and royal mansions, this hath ever been the continued custom amongst them, that every king hath had his seat royal erected on some high hill or mountain, the bowels of which he makes his safe treasure house, where all his riches, jewels, and tribute monies are with exceeding carefulness kept hid and secret; and so much they do detest sterility and barrenness, that from the highest to the lowest they take many wives in marriage, counting the fruitful propagation of the empire the only happiness they can raise to it; and so much they thirst after human fruitfulness that the Kings themselves propound great gifts and rewards to those that in one year brings forth the greatest harvest of mankind. From five years old to four and twenty the male children practise to ride great horses, to throw the vulnerable and inevitable dart, to shoot in arbalists or long steel bows, and all such manly exercises which shames many other christian countries, and may justly upbraid them of effeminacy and laziness.

Their victuals for the most part, by which the common sort of people are fed and do live by, are acorns and hedge

pears, their bread coarse and hard, their drink the running springs. For their apparel, the Princes and those that live in greatest respect amongst them, adorn their bodies with a triple robe, and another garment in the fashion of a cloak hanging down to their knees, the inward linings all of white silks and the outward facing like powdered Ermines. In summer for the most part they walk in purple, the winter refuses no color; about their temples they wear a great tiara, being a stately ornament high and round with a cone at the top, from which descends a rich fair pendant of some costly embroidered stuff, as tissue, &c.

Attired in some of which ordinary Persian habits his agent Master Moore is lately arrived in England, bringing happy tidings of this famous English Persian, as also of his coming to England to the exceeding great joy of his native country, laden with honours through every Kingdom, as the deserving ornaments of his virtue and labor. And thus, ingenious Reader, have I set down by true and most credible information a brief epitome of Sir Robert Sherley's entertainment into Cracovia the chief city of Poland; together with all those several speeches delivered to him by the scholars of that country, which although they may seem to the nice ear of our times not altogether so pure and polished as the refined labours of many English wits, yet therein they strived to express both their fashion and affection to the worthy virtues of Sir Robert; and for a taste of their style and manner of writing, it shall not be amiss if you cast your eye upon these verses following, composed by a scholar worthily reputed in that country, one Andreas Loeæchius, and those are they which at this I borrow to shut up the honorable praises of our famous English traveller.

Ad illustrissimum & maximi tum ingenii tum animi virum, Dom. Robertum Sherlæium, Equitem Anglum, Regis Persarum nomine ad Europæ PP. legatum.

Aemule honos animo proavis, lux alta, Britannæ
Qui gentis pessum non sinis ire decus ;
Non uni dat cuncta polus, sed carmina Apollo,
Mars vires, Arcas nuntius ingenium.
Hæc cuncta unus habes, est vis, sunt ora diserta ;[1]
Numina avara aliis, prodiga facta tibi.
Persia se jactat gemino in te munere, Martis
Pectore belligeri, Palladis ingenio.
Tantus honore licet, te Sueci[2] haud subtrahe vena,
At venam excedit pondere vatis amor.
Immo censendum satis est cecinisse poetam,
Quod tibi se fassus carmine & ore rudem.
Parva loquor, ne te venturis subtrahe sæclis :
At fidei, ut famæ suesce parare modum.

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[1] Old ed. "deserta."

[2] Old ed. "Scoti"—which is unintelligible. It was the scholars of "Poland and *Suecia*" (p. 307) who were welcoming Sherley.

FINIS.

THE PEACEMAKER.

The Peace-Maker: Or, Great Brittaines Blessing. Fram'd For the continuance of that mightie Happinesse wherein this Kingdome excells manie Empires. Shewing the Idlenesse of a Quarrelling Reputation, wherein consists neyther Manhood nor Wisdome. Necessarie for all Magistrates, Officers of Peace, Masters of Families, for the confirmation of Youth, and for all his Maiesties most true and faithfull Subiects: To the generall auodying of all Contention and Bloud-shedding. London, Printed by Thomas Purfoot: An. Dom: 1618. *Cvm Privilegio.* 4to.

Some copies are dated 1619.

The reasons for assigning this tract to Middleton are stated in the *Introduction*, pp. xliv.–xlv.

To all our true-loving and Peace-embracing Subjects.

The glory of all virtues is action, the crown of all acts perfection; the perfection of all things, Peace and Union. It is the riches of our beings, the reward of our sufferings, the music on our death-beds. Never had so great a treasure, so poor a purchaser, for man hath the offer of it. The God of Peace sent it, the Lamb of Peace brought it, the Spirit of Peace confirmed it, and we still seek to practise it. With what power then may the good purpose of this work arrive at the hearts of all faithful Christians? and with what cheerfulness and freeness ought it to be embraced of all our loving subjects, having so many glorious seals of honour, power, and virtue to strengthen it? All that is required of us from you, is a faithful and hearty welcome, and that bestowed upon man's best and dearest friend, either in life or death. For peace that hath been a stranger to you, is now become a sister, a dear and natural sister; and to your holiest loves we recommend her.

THE PEACEMAKER.

The Book itself in glory of its name,
Is proud to tell from whence the subject came.

PEACE be to you ; I greet you in the blessing of a God, the salutation of an apostle, and the motto[1] of a king. My subject hath her being in heaven, her theory in holy writ, and her practice in England, *Insula Pacis*, the Land of Peace under the King of Peace.

Like Noah's dove, she was sent out to seek a resting-place, to see if the whole world were not yet covered with the perpetual deluge of blood and enmity, and only here she found the olive leaf. Hitherto hath she been pilot to the ark, and here it first touched shore : here now it hath remained full fifteen years, I am proud to report it.

Rejoice O England with thine espoused Scotland, and let thy handmaid Ireland joy with thee. Let all thy servant Islands be glad, yea, let in strangers to behold and taste thy blessings.

The disturbed French seek succour with thee, the troubled Dutch fly to thy confines, the Italian leaves his hotter climate : these and many more all seek shelter under the shadow of thine olive branches.

O London, blessed Mistress of this happy Britain, build new thy gates, there's Peace entering at them. The God of Peace hath sent this Peace of God, oh ever love her, that she may never leave thee, salute her, and invite her. Let

[1] King James' motto—*Beati Pacifici*. It is inscribed over the fine portrait prefixed to the 1616 folio of his works.

Whitehall (fit emblem for her purity) be her chief palace, and let it say, *Ades, alma salus.*

Peace and Contention lie here on Earth, as trading factors for life and death. Who desires not to have traffic with life? who (weary of life) but would die to live?

Peace is the passage from life to life, come then to the factory of Peace, thou that desirest to have life: behold the substitute of Peace on earth, displaying the flag of Peace, *Beati pacifici.*

Let contention enjoy (without joy) large empires; here we enjoy (with all joy) our happy sanctuary. It was born with him, he brought it with him, after five and thirty years' increase, and here hath multiplied it to fifty with us: oh blessed jubilee, let it be celebrated with all joy and cheerfulness, and all sing, *Beati pacifici.*

And are not the labours blest with the workman? England and Scotland (though not malicious enemies, yet churlish neighbours) are reconciled; feast, love, live, and die together; are indeed no more neither what they were, but a new thing betwixt them, more firm and near in their loving Union, than ever divided in their hearty unkindness; and now both say with one tongue, *Beati pacifici.*

Ireland, that rebellious outlaw, that so many years cried blood and death (filling her marrish grounds with massacres, affording many preys of slaughtered bodies to her ravenous wolves, and in their wombs keeping the brutish obsequies) would know no lord but grew more stubborn in her chastisement, till this white ensign was displayed; then she came running with this hallowed text in her mouth, *Beati pacifici.*

Spain, that great and long-lasting opposite, betwixt whom and England the ocean ran with blood not many years before, nor ever truced her crimson effusion: their merchants on either side trafficked in blood, their Indian ingots brought home in blood (a commerce too cruel for Christian Kingdoms)

yet now shake hands in friendly amity, and speak our blessing with us, *Beati pacifici.*

Nay what christian Kingdom that knows the blessing of peace, has not desired and tasted this our blessing from us? Come they not hither as to the fountain from whence it springs? Here sits Salomon, and hither come the tribes for judgment. Oh happy moderator, blessed father, not father of thy country alone, but father of all thy neighour countries about thee. Spain and her withstanding provinces (long bruised on both sides) thou hast set at peace, turning their bloody leaguers,[1] to leagues of friendship: do not those children now live to bless thee (who had else been buried in their parents' wombs?) and say, *Beati pacifici.*

Denmark and Suevia, Suecia[2] and Poland, Cleve and Brandenburg; have not these and many others come to this oracle of Peace, and received their dooms from it? If the members of a natural body, by concord assist one another; if the politic members of a kingdom help one another, and by it support itself; why shall not the monarchal bodies of many kingdoms, be one mutual Christendom, if still they sing this blessed lesson taught them, *Beati pacifici?*

Let England then (the seat of our Salomon) rejoice in her happy government, yea, her government of governments; and she that can set peace with others, let her (at least) enjoy it herself: let us love Peace, and be at Peace in love. We live in Beth-salem, the house of Peace, then let us ever sing this song of peace, *Beati pacifici.*

Detraction snarls, and tempts fair Peace to show,
The plenty of her fruits, and how they grow.

Detraction to Peace.

Sed ubi fructus? Where are all these rich and opulent blessings that this tender white-robed peace hath brought

[1] *Leaguer* was the military term for the camp of a besieging party.
[2] Old ed. "Sueuia."

with her? *Aetas parentum pejor avis*, &c. Our grandfathers (for the most part) were honester men than our fathers, our fathers better than we, and our children are like enough to be worse than ourselves. Does Peace keep a palace where Charity may warm herself?

Peace answers. Shame, murmurer, hadst thou rather with the forgetful Israelites go back to the flesh-pots of Egypt (bought with blows and burdens) than eat manna on the way to Canaan?

Dost thou thirst here? 'tis for want of sacrifice to him that should refresh thee then.

Thy grandfather prayed for this that thou enjoyest, and though he had it not himself, yet prepared it as a blessing on thee. The sun that daily shines on thee, thou lettest it pass with a careless and neglective eye; but were it hid from thee the change of a moon, thou wouldst then welcome it with all alacrity and cheerfulness.

Were blows more bountiful to thee? Did blood yield thee benefit? War afford thee wealth? Didst thou make that thine own by violence, which was another's by right? It may be, the hand-maid was fruitful, and the mistress barren; but Sarah has now brought forth, and in her seed are the blessings come.

Hagar is despised, Peace hath conceived, and smiling Isaac hath left us Jacob, a new Israel, a prince of God, a man that hath prevailed with God to plant his peace with us.

The trading merchant finds it, who daily ploughs the sea, and as daily reaps the harvest of his labours. What wants England that the world can enrich her with? Tyre sends in her purples; India her spices; Afric her gold; Muscovy her costly skins of beasts; all her neighbour countries their best traffic, and all purchased by friendly commerce, not (as before) by savage cruelty.

The fearless trades and handicraft men sing away their

labours all day (having no note drowned with either noise of drum or cannon) and sleep with peace at night.

The frolic countryman opens the fruitful earth, and crops his plenty from her fertile bosom; nay, even his toiling beasts are trapped with bells, who taste (in their labours) the harmony of peace with their awful governors.

The magistrate constantly draws his sword of justice on offenders, not overawed by party headed contentions.

The kingdom's beauty, the robility, who were wont to be strangers in their native Country, leading the ranks of blood and death against their enemies, have now no enemy, but keep their practice amongst themselves, to pastime with (*Nonne hæc meminisse voluptas?*); and now (more sweet and holy) are pillars at home, that were enforced to be prodigies abroad; all being (by a heavenly metamorphosis) transhaped to become the becoming branches of the great olive tree of Peace. And doth not Charity dwell here with Peace. O blind detraction! Has not in foretimes unwilling necessity erected two hospitals? and now most free and willing charity hath (in augmentation of her glory) raised twenty almshouses; yea, so many for one, and give her true testimony.

Nay, hath she not done the great wonder? built some churches, repaired many, and still her hand is dealing? Is not the sum of all religion established by her? Are not the flesh-eating fires quenched, and our faggots converted to gentler uses? Oh, but those corn-fields must never be without some tares, until the general harvest: Israel must not at once destroy all the inhabitants of the land of promise, but by little and little, lest they boast and say, it was our strength, and not the Lord's hand that did it.

Nor shall our Peace (in her young Plantation) enjoy so full and perfect a tranquillity, but that there will be with us

contentious Canaanites, seditious Jebusites, crafty Gideonites, drunken Amorites, and arrogant Anakims.

Envy shall stand between and hold two brothers of either hand of her; sectarists and schismatics shall break the peace of God, wound the mother of peace (the Church), and bind together false brotherhoods to dissipate the unity and bonds of peace.

Law shall wrangle with her; ebriety and drink shall strike her, pride and ambition shall seek to overthrow her: yea, even her oily and most dangerous enemy, hypocrisy, shall get within to strangle her; yet still shall she stand, and reign, and conquer. *Invidiam pax prosternet*, she shall mount to Heaven, and throw her enemies as low as Hell, where peace shall never come.

Envy shall gnaw her own entrails, Schism shall perish, Law shall be silent, Drunkenness shall burst itself, Pride shall be humbled in her own habitation, and hollow hearted Hypocrisy shall find no peace. *Ubi Deorum numen prætenditur sceleribus, subit animi timor.* Where the Majesty of God is made a colour for mischief, a fear comes into that breast: his peace shall be tremblings, and doubts, and horrors; his heart shall then faint, that told him before like heart-stealing Absolon in his Father's gates, "Thy cause was good," when it was not so. Or like the false and foolish Prophets, that told the people it was *pax, pax*, peace, peace, when it was no peace.

Flamin. Consul.

Ezech. xiii. 10.

The walls were daubed with untempered mortar, and they shall fall, yet still shall Truth have Peace, and the Peacemaker shall preserve the truth; they shall dwell together, and live together. The heavenly soldiers have sung it, the Father hath sent it, the Son hath brought it, the blessed Dove shall preserve it; ever comfort us with it, our Anointed hath received it, we do enjoy it, and see it plentiful in Israel.

Peace takes a view of such as do molest,
And kindle most unquiet in her breast.

Put up the Bell-bearer first, then all the flock will follow: Pride has lost her place, or comes behind for her greater state, 'tis Drunkenness that leads now, and mark the Herd that troop after her; Lust follows close; Contention at her sleeve; Emulation on t'other side; Envy keeps the scent like a bloodhound; Revenge and Murder come coupled together.

The smaller-headed beasts are unseen yet, as Breach of Friendship, unlocking hearty secrets; Slander, Oaths, and Blasphemies, fearful Invocations (all which, custom hath driven so far distant from the soul's eye, as the moon from the ocular sight whose body overbulks the earth's large centre, yet seems as little as her figure taken on the tavern sign, where these brutish orgies are celebrated, abuse of time, riot, prodigality, and lineal succeeding poverty); all these are Peace's professed enemies, her domestic foes, who unless this fore-battle be repulsed and suppressed in the first assault, the rest will follow, though to their own perdition.

Non ignota refero, these are no wonders with us, there may be monsters among them, but too familiar with our acquaintance. Examine the ringleader: drunkenness is no stranger in the world, she came in with the earth's first general curse, and he that escaped the inundation of waters tasted the deluge of wine. Shame fell on him, and his curse to posterity; Noah tasted one, and Shem felt the other; Lot had his portion in her, there drunkenness begat Incest (an unnatural issue of a brutish mother) and her succession, two wicked generations—Moab and Ammon. Drunkenness played the part of a Headsman with Holofernes stooping his neck to the weak arm of a woman, and he that stopped

the Waters of Bethulia from others, had so much of his own wine as made him senseless of either wine or water ever after.

Alexander (*inter epulas*) *Clitum carissimum transfodit*, the friend hath sprinkled his wine bowls with the dear blood of his friend: oh brutish sacrifice! oh Man unmanned! oh absent man! where (out of thy self) dost thou remain, while this fiend possesseth thee? But why do we seek antiquities for proof of a practice so present with us? Had Israel any sin that England hath missed? Was Noah drunk, one of the Ark, and one of the eight reeling there? it is eight to one, that seven of eight do stagger here (if not the whole Vessel). It was a shame to one then, but custom hath made it no shame for all now. Did Lot commit incest with his own daughters? Could we not wish drunkenness to excuse us now? Does not lust (her hellish handmaid) challenge this weapon hers? The example was too soon found, and yet too late to remember: oh, would that had been the first, and that we might never know a second. *Nec linguam nec manum continet ebrius;* how many bosomed counsels have been vomited out of the mouth of a drunkard, though to the ruin and destruction of his former friend?

Oh insania voluntaria! oh wilful madness of man, to depress and quench out all thy faculties of reason with this puddle drunkenness! Thou (that armed in thine own lordly fortitudes) canst reach the stars, measure the earth's large globe, search and understand the sea's profound abyss; yet in this sottish ignorance, canst not find the depth of thine own stomach! The Jew's old proverb hath carried his full sense quite through Christendom, *Homets Ben Jin:* wine must needs acknowledge itself the parent of vinegar; meaning, that a good father may have a different and saucy son. But we have from him the daughter of a worse hair, this common strumpet drunkenness, whom almost all sorts do sleep with: not *Vinum ægrum*, but *ægrotum*, is our issue, a sick and

unwholesome harlot; yet hath spread herself into large offsprings, in most lineal and natural children, as lust, envy, revenge, murder, &c., all impious and turbulent peacebreakers.

Oh Peace! shall we not fear thy longer abode with us, if we embrace thee with no better love? How many loving friends have broke that diamond of amity (whose pieces once dissevered, can never be reconciled) for the embrace of a lascivious courtesan, whose arms are like the iron idol that crushed the cursed sacrifices in pieces?

Envy! Oh what does that *ulcus animæ* amongst us? that Etna in a man, that continually burns itself, *intus et extra*, within and without; that like the cantharides found feeding on the fairest and flourishing roses, so envy is ever opposed against the most sweet, noble, flourishing, and peaceful blossoms. Were she as rare as the comparison, I could call her Phœnix, and wish that this day she would burn herself, and leave her ashes issueless.

Revenge! Whence have we borrowed thee? Oh Salmoneus Terror, shall we play with thunder and lightning, and follow thy precipitated fate? Shall we snatch the sword (the peculiar sword) from the Almighty hand? Have we received wrongs on earth? Consider then, if we have done no wrongs to heaven. If we stand guilty there (as *Quis non?*) do we then revenge? No; we stand disobedient and repugnant to our own just punishments: we have a milder sister given in her stead, Justice, the arbiter of our injuries; but Vengeance is God's alone; which no man ought to take in hand, but as delivered from his hand; nor so to imitate his majesty and greatness, that does it not but by authority, and in the way and path of his goodness.

Murder! Oh Cain-created sin! Cursed catastrophe of all the rest! This is *Summum opus:* here is the full point and end of the labour; all the precedent travellers are here at

home; the end hazarding the endless end: fearful spectacle! here is capital sacrilege; the temple of a Holy Spirit robbed and ruined: here is treason in the highest degree; the workmanship and image of the Creator defaced; unhappy passive, but more, and most of all, unhappy active! Thou that doest murder, dost first deface him in thyself; then, in thy brother. God is the God of peace, *of* mercy, meekness, long suffering, and loving kindnes: all these hast thou expulsed from thyself, and lost thy shape with them; there is neither peace, mercy, meekness, sufferance, nor love in thee. Then in thy brother thou destroyest them: his blood is *Vox Clamans;* and he is enforced in death, from the many mouths of his wounds, to cry out for revenge. But is heaven far off, and will not that move us? Look upon the deed then with natural pity (or a conscience which is as inseparable as thy soul that shall not leave thee living): behold a brother weeping over his brother; a distraughted mother tearing her hair, and rending her heart, for her child's loss; a friend (with tears) embalming his dear friend's body; a raving father ready to send his soul after his son; yea, perhaps his only son, his name and posterity destroyed with him. Then brothers, friends, mothers, fathers, all their curses to be thrown on thee! Are heaven and earth both dull motives to thee? O beware the third place; let Hell affright thee, and let thy conscience describe it to thee.

I return to that which I would wish thee never to pass, and then thou canst not come to the unblessed discovery of it, and its paths (before recited) that lead thee to it. Peace—stay and abide with her, and thou shalt never know her enemies, God's enemies, and thine own enemies: let them that seek Peace, find Peace, enjoy Peace, and have their souls laid up in Eternal Peace.

Of wise men I discourse, by injuries never shaken;
What reputation is, I show, a thing so long mistaken.

In this small particle consists the ground of all quarrels whatsoever—either by suspecting false things, or by aggravating small things. Now how far these two are from the ways of a wise man, and how ill-becoming, reason makes manifest: for suspicion and aggravation are the offsprings of passion, and a wise man is free from passion.

Nor can there be a greater argument of defect, and despair of merit in man, than suspicion; and mark her nutriment, what strange food passion hath provided for it: it feeds upon false things; for indeed, true things are not to be suspected: and how just the punishment meets with the offence; in erring from the truth, it hath falsehood for a reward. But *in pejora ruunt omnia*, the worst devil is behind.

The aggravation of small things, when a spark shall grow to a flaming beacon, a word to a wound, the lie to a life; when every man will be the master of his own revenge, presuming to give law to themselves, and in rage, to right their own wrongs: at which time, the sword is extorted out of the hand of magistracy, contrary to the sacred ordinance of the Almighty.

Now the wise and understanding man is not subject or exposed to any of these injuries whatsoever: neither cares he how many darts of malice or contumely are shot against him, since he knows that he cannot be pierced. Even as there are certain hard stones which iron cannot enter; and the adamant will neither be cut, filed, nor beaten to powder, but abateth the edge of those instruments that are applied unto it; and as there are certain things which cannot be consumed with fire, but continue their hardness and habitude amidst the flames, and as the rocks that are fixed in the heart of the sea, break the waves, and retain no impression of the storms that have assailed them; so the heart of a wise

man is solid, and hath gathered such invincible force, that he stands as secure from injury, as those insensible substances I made mention of. Not that injuries are not offered him, but that he admits them not; so highly raised above all the attaints of worldly wrongs, that all their violences shall be frustrate, before a wise man be offended. Even as arrows or bullets, that are shot into the air, mount higher than our sight, but they fall back again, without touching Heaven; and as celestial things are not subject to human hands; and they that overturn Temples, do no way hurt the Godhead to whom they are consecrated; so, whatsoever injuries are attempted against a wise man, return without effect, and are to him but as cold or heat, rain or hail, the weather of the world.

And for words of contumely, it is held so small, and so slight an injury, as no wise man complains, or revengeth himself for it; therefore, neither do the laws themselves prefix any penalty thereunto, not imagining that they would ever be burthensome. *Quis enim phrenetico Medicus irascitur?* For what physician is angry with a lunatic person? Who will interpret a sick man's reproaches to the worst, that is vexed of a fever? Why, the same affection hath a wise man toward all men, as the physician hath toward his sick Patients; not offended to hear their outrages, he looks upon them, as upon intemperate sick men; therefore is not angry with them, if during their sickness they have been so bold as to speak injuriously against him. And as he sets light by all their words of honour; so torments he himself as little with all their despight and insolences. For he that is displeased for an injury that is done him, will likewise be glad to be honoured at his hands that did it; which a wise man is free from. For he that revenges a contumely, honours him that did it, taking it so much to heart, and respecting it.

Art thou angry with thy superior? Alas, death is at hand, which shall make us equals. Dost thou wish him with whom thou art displeased any more than death? Although thou attemptest nothing against him, he shall be sure of that; thou losest thy labour, then, in offering to do that which will be done without thee.

We laugh, saith the wisest of Philosophers, in beholding the conflict of the Bull and Bear, when they are tied one to another; which, after they have tired one another, the Butcher attends for them both, to drive them to the slaughter-house. The like do we. We challenge him that is coupled with us, Brother or Friend, we charge him on every side: meanwhile, both the conqueror and conquered are near unto their ruin. Rather let us finish that little remainder of our life in quiet and peace, that our end may be a pleasure to no man.

Thou wishest a man's death! and there is always but a little difference betwixt the day of thy desire, and the affliction of the sufferer.

Whilst we are therefore amongst men, let us embrace humanity; be dreadful and dangerous to no man; let us condemn injuries and contumelies; for but looking back, we may behold death presently attend us.

Pisistratus, that lived a Tyrant in Athens, being for his cruelty mocked and reproved by a drunken man, answered that he was no more angry with him, than if a blindfold fellow, having his eyes bound up, should run upon him.

Another said to his friend, I prithee chastise my servant with strokes, because I am angry,—intimating thus much, that a servant ought not to fall into his power that is not master of himself.

But now the compounding of quarrels is grown to a trade: and as a most worthy father of law and equity speaks, there be some counsel learned of duels, that teach young gentle-

men when they are beforehand and when behindhand, and thereby incense and incite them to the duel, and make an art of it: the spur and incitement, false and erroneous imagination of honour and credit, when most commonly those golden hopes end in a halter.

That folly and vain glory should cast so thick a mist before the eye of gentry! to fix their aim and only end upon reputation, and end most lamentably without it, nay, farthest from it: first, to hazard the eternal death of their souls, and the surviving bodies to die the death of a cut-purse.

A miserable effect, and most horrid resolution, when young men, full of towardness and hope, such as the poets call *Auroræ filii*, the sons of the morning, in whom the sweet expectation and comfort of their friends consists, shall be cast away and ruined for ever in so vain a business.

But much more is it to be deplored, when so much noble and gentle blood shall be spilled upon such follies; which, adventured in honorable service, were able to make the fortune of a day, and to change the fortune of a kingdom.

It is evident, then, how desperate an evil this is, which troubles peace, disfurnishes war, brings sudden calamity upon private men, peril upon the state, and contempt upon the law.

They pretend above all things to regard honor, yet chiefly seek the dishonor of God and of Justice; and which is worse than madness in those men, that adventuring to leave this life in anger, presume to press into the next, to the Supper of the Lamb, which is all peace and love, without peace, love, or charity. O that gentlemen would learn to esteem themselves at a just price, how dearly they are bought, how most precious their redemption.

The root of this offence is stubborn; for it despiseth death, which is the utmost of all temporal punishments, and had need of the severity used in France, where the manslayers,

though Gentlemen of great quality, are hanged with their wounds bleeding, lest a natural death should prevent the example of Justice.

This punctuality of reputation is no better than a bewitching sorcery, that enchants the spirits of young men, like the smoke of fashion, that witch Tobacco, which hath quite blown away the smoke of hospitality, and turned the chimneys of their forefathers into the noses of their children. And by all computation (if computation may be kept for folly) I think the vapour of the one, and the vain glory of the other, came into England much upon a voyage, and hath kept as close together as the report follows the powder.

For when, but in the latterness of these times, hath so much private and domestic blood been shed? Like the three Jewish brothers, in that perplexed History of Jerusalem, who, wanting enemies, still flew upon themselves; so these malicious, unthankful spirits, fattened with the abundant blessings of a mellifluous peace, disgorge themselves upon their Christian brothers, like those that surfeit upon too much honey.

And well may this vain glory, or opinion of reputation, be called a Satanical illusion, and apparition of honor, against religion, law, moral virtue, and against all the honorable precedents and examples of the best times, and valiantest nations. For hereby have Gentlemen lost the true knowledge and understanding of fortitude and valor. For true fortitude distinguisheth of the grounds of quarrels, whether they be just; and not only so, but whether they be worthy; and sets a better value upon men's lives, than to bestow them idly; which are not so to be trifled away, but offered up and sacrificed to honorable services, public merits, good causes, and noble adventures.

And behold here thy folly; thou attemptest a way freely to lose thy soul eternally, but not thy reputation. Fool that

thou art, in offering to save that, which indeed is nothing, thou losest all! For reputation is but another man's opinion, and opinion is no substance for thee to consist of. For how canst thou consist of a thing which is without thee? Which may be any man's at an instant, as well as thine; and when thou hast it, it is but a breath: and of what certainty or permanence is it, when they must die that give it thee?

Perhaps, because some have said, that fame hath a perpetuity, thou hastenest to lose thy soul, to provide for thy name. How much thou deceivest thyself! Why, it is no more than the echo of a glory: for as an echo no longer resounds than it is fed with a voice, no longer does fame sound forth man's praises than it is supplied and cherished with deservings: for when thy noise ceases in itself, it will quickly cease the noise of thee. However, at the farthest, a general dissolution will come, when fame, that is next to nothing now, shall have no being then at all.

Happy is then the wise and understanding spirit: for though he be injured, he can lose nothing thereby, neither his fame, nor reputation; for a wise man entertains nothing that is subject to loss. Fortune takes nothing but what she hath given; she gives not virtue, nor wisdom, therefore cannot take that away.

The more thou thinkest upon reputation, the farther off thou art from all contention, unless custom in ignorance, or wilfulness in nature, make thee throw an abuse upon the Word. For what is reputation but consideration? A diligent weighing, considering, and revolving in the mind? And that is quite opposite to rashness: truth will shame thee, if thou confess not so much.

There can be then no reputation in rashness, that is manifest; and what are quarrels but the fruits of rashness? There can be then no reputation in quarrels.

And as it is consideration, it were dreadful to think, that

any man, in the state of his best counsel and advisedness, should attempt to destroy the image of his Creator, in the life of his Christian brother. And therefore divinely have our humane laws bent their hate and punishments against the abhorred act, committed in cold blood: which is as wilful an opposition against man's life (considering what he does) as blasphemy against the Word of Truth; the conscience knowing it offends of set purpose (the only sin against the Holy Ghost). And as the body of every true Christian is said to be the Temple of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. iii. 16), what does the accursed manslayer, but in the blood of his brother destroys the Temple, as the blasphemer wounds the Lord of the Temple?

Behold then, not without a face of horror, the miserable condition the Sons of this age run into. All they venture for is to bring the bloodiness of their action into the compass of honor (as if honor consisted in destruction). Now what impossibility follows that labor, even the weakest may conjecture. For honor is the rumour of a beautiful and virtuous action, which redoundeth from our souls to the view of the world, and by reflection into ourselves, bringing to us a testimony of that which others believe of us, which turns to a great peace and contentment of mind; blessings which were never yet found in a bloodshedder, let his cause be never so glorious. And where there is no Peace, all other benefits have a cessation. It is the only health of thy soul; and that once lost, thy soul sickens immediately, even to death, and can no more taste or relish a joy after than a sick man's palate his nutriment.

Is not this then a delusion of honor? Nay, can there be anything more delusive? Alas, when it is at the greatest height of human glory, it is of a small and slender efficacy, uncertain, a stranger, and as it were separated in the air from him that is honored: for it does not only not enter into

him, nor is inward and essential unto him, but it does not so much as touch him. A poor and miserable purchase at the best for so great and eternal a hazard.

Flatter not thy soul then to her everlasting ruin, in thinking reputation consists in blood shedding. *Sanguis clamat*, as the Almighty speaks in the letter of his own law; blood cries, and with a louder voice to heaven than thy fame can sound on earth; rumour's ten thousand tongues are hoarse to that: they compass but some nook, or angle of the world; the other reaches from the field to heaven.

The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the earth (Gen. iv. 10). And no sooner the cry comes, but the curse follows, in the very next words: *Now therefore thou art cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.* And immediately in the next: *A vagabond and a runagate shalt thou be on the earth.* Which shows the horror of the guilty conscience, which after the deed done, would fain fly from itself; a distraction which follows all the children of wrath unto this day.

Well may peace then have the excellency of her glorious name advanced above all titles and inscriptions: and so much the rather, in that it pleaseth the Almighty Creator himself, to be called the God of Peace, and the Author (1 Cor. xiv. 33). Nay, Love itself, delighting in the name (1 John iv. 16): *God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him;* and (1 Thess. v. 23): *Now the very God of Peace sanctify you throughout*, &c. Christ the Saviour of the World, the Lamb of Peace (John xi. 29): *Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.* There is peace made in taking sin away, which is the only fuel of wrath. And (Ephes. ii. 14): *Christ is our peace, which hath made of both one, and hath broken the stop of the partition wall.*

Moreover, the heavenly soldiers, at the birth of Christ,

praising God, said: *Glory be to God, in the high Heavens, and peace in Earth, and toward men good will.*

And as his most blessed Nativity was the Fountain of Peace, there wanted not the fruits that sprang from that sacred fountain in his departure (John xiv. 27): *Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, nor fear.* Let not your heart, speaking to many, because all his ought to be of one heart, which is a work of peace.

And not leaving, but in the same Evangelist (16, 17): *I will pray my Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.* Intimating thereby, the eternal peace of soul and conscience, by the coming of the Holy Ghost, calling him in the words immediately following, *Even the Spirit of Truth, whom the Father will send in my name* (26); *he comes all peace, and in the name of Peace, of Christ our Saviour.*

And to add more glory to the name of Peace, behold how the incomprehensible Godhead desires to be comprehended, all into Unity, Trinity in Unity; which shows that Unity is the conserver, sustainer and comprehender of all things, both in heaven and earth.

Thou therefore, that in the madness of thy blood attemptest to destroy Unity, thou seekest to destroy that which heaven and earth is sustained by. Most miserable of creatures, thy soul hath but one supporter, and in the tempest of thy fury thou overturnest that and all.

Peace enters here in arms and overthrows
By force of her own strength her strongest foes.

And first behold her contending with her most honourable enemy, even he that with better authority may slay his ten thousand than any other his thousand, ay, his hundred, yea, one single life, either the haughty challenge, the curious

duel, or the bloodthirsty revenge, to wit, War itself; sometimes a principal arrow, shot from the heavenly bow of Justice, a forced arbiter betwixt different kingdoms, and often proves the dear moderator. Yet this great soldier, with all his attributes of fame and honor, falls far short of our high-throned empress, Peace.

Mark how the philosopher hath ordered this battle, and given the colonies, to both these great commanders, *Pacem cum omnibus habebis, bellum cum vitis.* Have peace with all the world, only war with thy sins. *Melior et tutior est certa pax, quam incerta victoria:* for more safe and noble is a certain peace, than a doubtful victory with all his honours attending.

But let us believe no cowardly philosophers; let him that in his hand holds both, and from his hand sends both, be the judge betwixt us.

When was war sent as a blessing, or peace as a punishment? Let his judges judge our cause (Judges v. 8): *They chose new Gods, then was war in the gates.* Here is an offence, and here is a punishment, idolatry and war.

Again: *They turn to the Lord, and the land had peace forty years.* Here is penitence, and here is the blessing, serving God, and peace.

If then the general of blood and death, even War itself, be a prodigy, a curse, and not a blessing, what shall his base imitator be? What honour shall the challenger lay challenge to? What blood shall the revenger dare to shed? or what fame shall the schoolmaster of duels achieve, with all his vainglorious and punctual orders of firsts and seconds; lengths of weapons, distances of place, heights of grounds, equalities of wind and sun? O wicked Askelon and her suburbs, let them be taken, and destroyed together. Why do we quarrel? What is the end of the fairest war? to enjoy peace. See how the servant labours for the mistress, and

foolish they that enjoy their inheritance, yet know it not: thriftless gamesters to play for their own money.

Is thy night quiet, and sweet with Peace? Embrace her in the day, and keep her continually. If thou lettest blood into thy bosom in the day, Peace will not stay with thee at night. Peace wears no parti-coloured coat, no mixed scarlet and white, but white in her purity; nor fat, nor blood, must be eaten in the Peace-offering, Levit. iii. Now ascend Abarim, and climb up to the Mountain of Nebo, and see some part of the Land of Promise, whether this blessed Peace shall lead thee, if she be thy conduct: but be sure to look upwards, and then thou canst not fear the depth beneath thee.

Behold the Father, the God of Peace; the Son, the Lamb of Peace; the blessed Spirit, the Dove of Peace; the angels, servants, and ministers to this power of Peace; infinities and all rejoicing at one soul's entrance into Peace.

Behold the new Jerusalem, Kirjath-salem, the City of Peace; that which was militant and troubled in the wilderness (the Church) behold it there triumphant in ever blessed Peace, that Peace which as it is unintelligible, so is it most unutterable.

Then, if we desire to be inhabitants in this Land of Promise and Peace, observe our entrance. We have yet two Mountains to pass over Jordan by, Geresim and Ebal; and the twelve tribes placed on each side, both to bless or curse us.

Ebal.	Here we have our choice;	*Geresim.*
Pride.	and we are ever going on,	*Humility.*
Malice.	in this Passage. O let us	*Mercy.*
Ambition.	pass by Geresim the Mount	*Charity.*
Schismatical contentions.	of Blessings, the right hand, and the right hill. Turn thy	*Faith.*
Revenge.	back to Ebal, but let none	*Peace.*
Impiety.	of her curses fall upon thee.	*Piety.*

Be thou strong or weak, thou mayest with more ease bear six on thy right hand, than one on thy left.

Pride is a great weight, able to overthrow the strongest man; Malice, a ponderous load, turning thy sleeps to unquiet slumbers, and even there haunting thee in restless dreams; Ambition, a mountain itself to sink thee; Schism, a spirit and conscience troubler; Revenge, an impostume of blood, which broken once, strangles thee with thine own corruption; Impiety, a cloud and mist of darkness, turning thee from the way.

When as on the other side how light and easily mayest thou bear about thee Humility! how sweet a companion is mercy! how loving a fellowship is Charity! how sure a friend is Faith! how nourishing a cordial is Peace! how bright a lamp is Piety! and then how glorious a reward is Eternity, and Peace in Eternity!

Now let us bind ourselves to the Peace, put in security for our good behaviours. Let our souls be bound for our bodies, our bodies for our souls, and let each come in at the General Sessions to save his bail; where we shall find a merciful Judge. If there we can answer we have not broke his Peace, our bonds shall be cancelled. As we have kept the Peace, we shall be rewarded with Peace, and kept in Eternal Peace. Amen.

ADDENDA.

VOL. I.

Introduction, page xxxiv. I have made a slip in saying that Follywit marries his uncle's mistress. The lady had been his grandfather's mistress.

Page lxix., *note*. In that delightful book, *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot*, 1654, p. 144, Edmund Gayton writes:—"Strong passions, left too long unsuppressed, may overthrow the temper of the brain and totally subvert the rational parts; and some passions, counterfeited long, whether of grief or joy, have so altered the personators that players themselves (who are most usually in such employments) have been forced to fly to physic for cure of the disaffection which such high-penned humours, and too passionately and sensibly represented, have occasioned. It have known myself a tyrant, coming from the scene, not able to reduce himself into the knowledge of himself till sack made him (which was his present physic) forget he was an emperor, and renewed all his old acquaintance to him; and it is not out of most men's observation that one most admirable mimic in our late stage so lively and corporally personated a Changeling that he could never compose his face to the figure it had before he undertook

that part." I suppose that the "admirable mimic" was Robbins, who took the part of Antonio in *The Changeling* before the Revolution.

Page 198, line 57. "Soul-quicking."—In *Notes and Queries*, 2d ser., i. 85, the Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith proposes to read "soul-quaking," comparing *A Mad World*, iv. 1, "By that *soul-quaking* thunder to depart." The emendation is undoubtedly correct.

VOL. II.

Page 32, line 47. For "see" Mr. Arrowsmith suggests "fee"—a certain correction.

Page 185, line 110. For "gylster-pipes" read "glyster-pipes."

Page 337, line 76. "Pythagorical rascal" (cf. iii. 235, line 108). Cf. Marmion's *Antiquary*:—"(Enter Petro, in woman's clothes.) Heyday, what! more transmigrations of forms! *I think Pythagoras has been amongst us.*"

VOL. III.

Page 111, line 230. "Do you go well to the ground?" Go to the ground = *alvum exonerare.*

VOL. IV.

Page 364. My footnote is badly printed. For "*Dr.* Rowley" read "*William* Rowley;" and for "the *slaves* of Calymath" read "the *sword* of Calymath."

VOL. V.

Page 337, note 2. For "fraudulent *creditors*" read "fraudulent *debtors.*"

VOL. VIII.

Page 303. The unsigned dedicatory epistle to Sir Thomas Sherley, the father of Robert Sherley, runs as follows :—

To the worthy and noble affected Gentleman, Sir Thomas Sherley, father to that illustrious spark of honour and virtue, Sir Robert Sherley.

SIR,—Not long since it was my happiness to meet with a little poem in Latin, as full freighted with the praises of your worthy renowned son as is his breast with virtues; which no sooner mine eye had visited but the general fame of his nobleness invited me to make his praises as general; and because it had been a great injury to his worthiness that but one tongue should sound forth his encomiums who in so many tongues hath purchased glory, thought it a part of humanity and the office of a native countryman, since his honours were so spacious and general, to make his praises speak more tongues than one; and amongst all especially I chose the voice of his own country as the fittest trumpet for his fame, for whose honour he hath chiefly adventured his life and fortunes. To you, therefore, the happy father of so worthy a son, I dedicate both my love and labour, knowing the universal taste of his nobleness cannot come to the dear thirst of his country more pleasing than to your soul joyful.

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MIDDLETON'S WORKS.

A line having been misplaced in Volume IV. of above, a cancel leaf is herewith annexed for insertion.

You sent before you; 'tis not possible
Your heart should follow your hand.
Sir G. Lamb. Then may both perish!
Mis. Low. Do not wish that so soon, sir: can you make
A three-months' love to a rich widow's bed,
And lay her pillow under a quean's head?
I know you can't, howe'er you may dissemble 't;
You've a heart brought up better.
Sir G. Lamb. Faith, you wrong me in't;
You shall not find it so; I do protest to thee,
I will be lord of all my promises,
And ere 't be long, thou shalt but turn a key,
And find 'em in thy coffer; for my love
In matching with the widow is but policy
To strengthen my estate, and make me able
To set off all thy kisses with rewards;
That the worst weather our delights behold,
It may hail pearl, and shower the widow's gold.
Mis. Low. You talk of a brave world, sir.
Sir G. Lamb. 'Twill seem better
When golden happiness breaks forth itself
Out of the east port[1] of the widow's chamber.
Mis. Low. And here it sets.
Sir G. Lamb. Here shall the downfall be;
Her wealth shall rise from her, and set in thee.
Mis. Low. You men have th' art to overcome poor women;

[1] Gate, outlet, casement.—*East port* is my own correction for the unintelligible *vast part* (which Dyce silently retains) of the old ed.

Pray give my thoughts the freedom of one day,
And all the rest take you.
Sir G. Lamb. I straight obey.—
This bird's my own! [*Aside, and exit.*
Mis. Low. There is no happiness but has her season,
Wherein[1] the brightness of her virtue shines:
The husk falls off in time, that long shut[2] up
The fruit in a dark prison; so sweeps by
The cloud of miseries from wretches' eyes,
That yet, though fain, at length they see to rise;
The secret powers work wondrously and duly.

Enter LOW-WATER.

Low. Why, how now, Kate?
Mis. Low. O, are you come, sir? husband,
Wake, wake, and let not patience keep thee poor,
Rouse up thy spirit from this falling slumber!
Make thy distress seem but a weeping dream,
And this the opening morning of thy comforts;
Wipe the salt dew off from thy careful eyes,
And drink a draught of gladness next thy heart,
T' expel the infection of all poisonous sorrows!
Low. You turn me past my senses!
Mis. Low. Will you but second
The purpose I intend, I'll be first forward;
I crave no more of thee but a following spirit,
Will you but grant me that.
Low. Why, what's the business
That should transport thee thus?

[1] Old ed. "Herein." [2] Old ed. "shuts."

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